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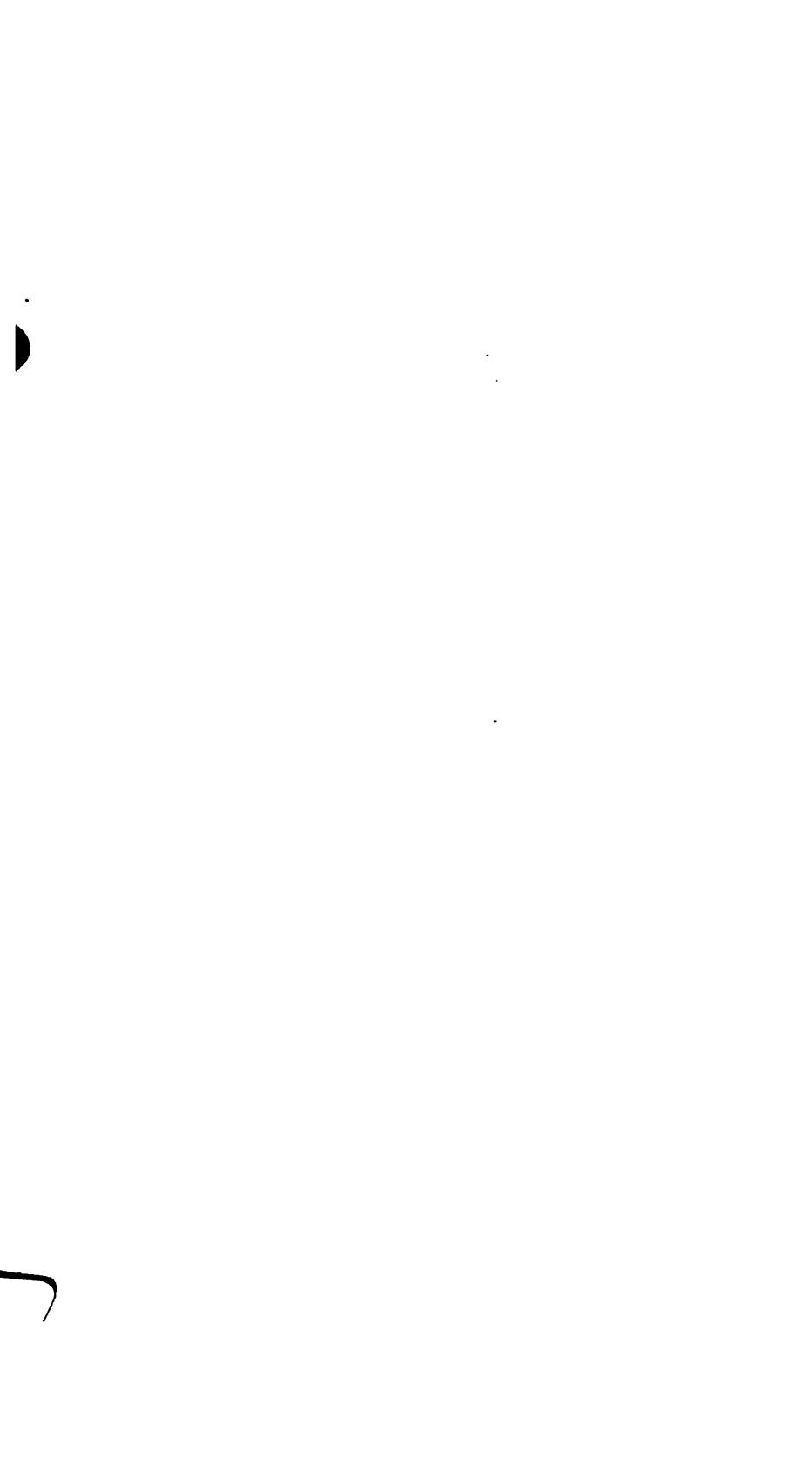
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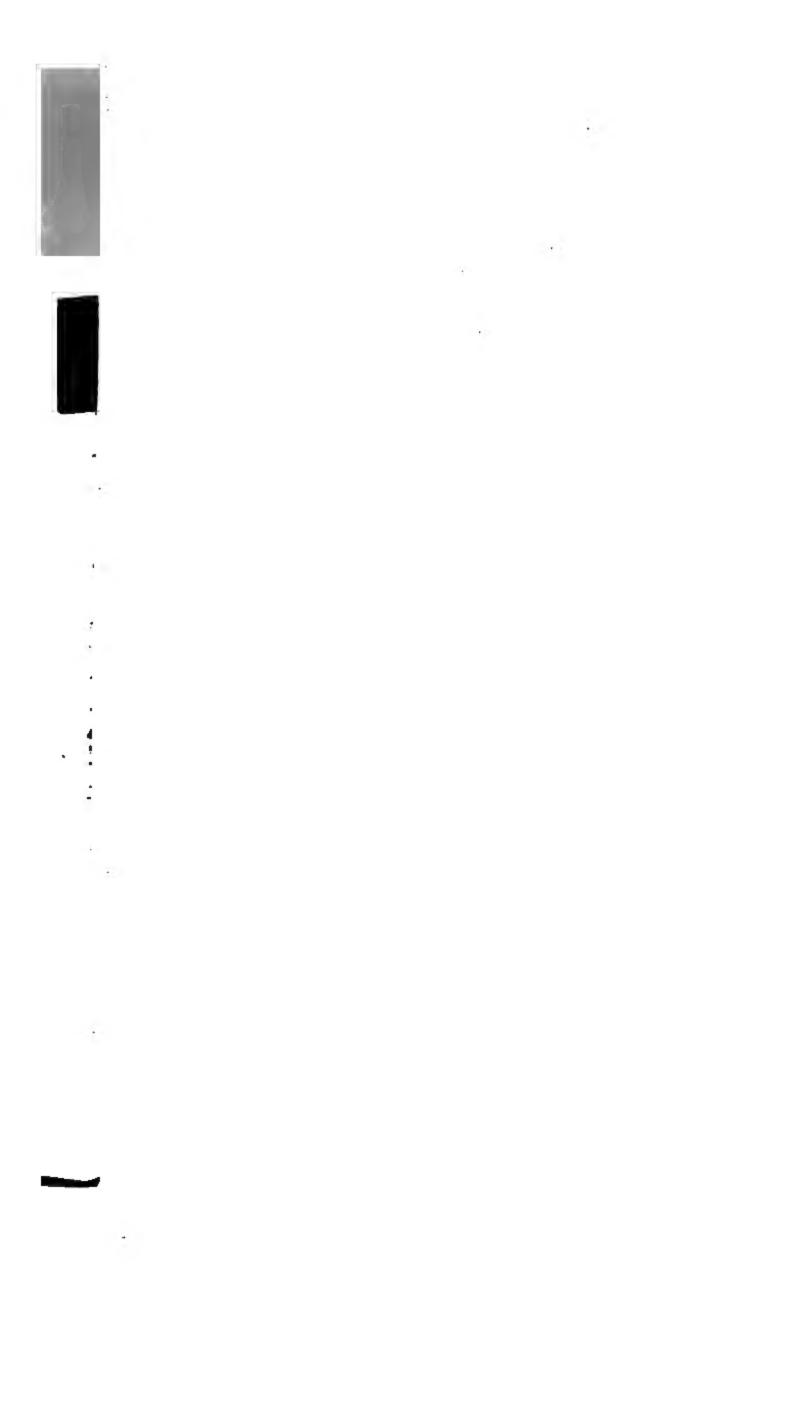




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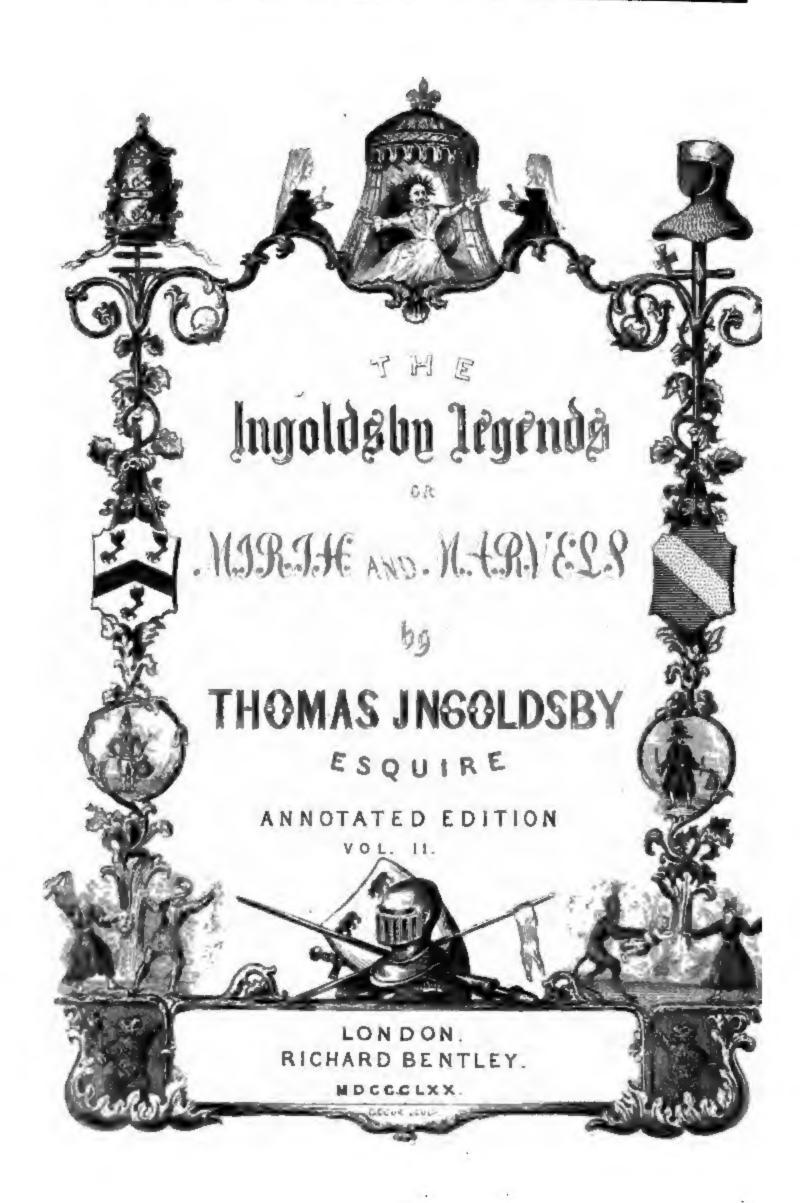


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THE

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS:

OR,

MIRTH AND MARVELS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

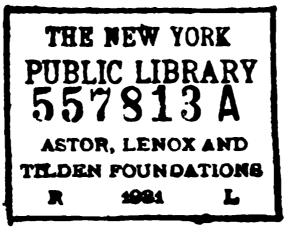
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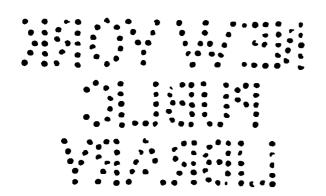
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LONDON:
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BREAD STRELT HILL.



TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

You tell me that "a generous and enlightened Public" has given a favourable reception to those extracts from our family papers, which, at your suggestion, were laid before it some two years since;—and you hint, with all possible delicacy, that a second volume might not be altogether unacceptable at a period of the year when "auld warld stories" are more especially in request.—With all my heart,—the old oak chest is not yet empty; in addition to which, I have recently laid my hand upon a long MS. correspondence of my great Uncle, Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby, a cadet of the family, who somehow contrived to attract the notice of George the Second, and received from his "honour-giving hand" the accolade of knighthood. To this last-named source I am indebted for several of the accompanying histories, while my inestimable friend Simpkinson has bent all the powers of his mighty mind to the task. From Father John's stores I have drawn largely. Our "Honourable" friend Sucklethumbkin - by the way, he has been beating our coverts lately, when he shot a woodcock, and one of the Governor's pointers—gives a graphic account of the Operatic "row" in which he was hereto-

LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY.

fore so conspicuous; while even Mrs. Barney Maguire (néc Mademoiscle Pauline), whose horror of Mrs. Botherby's cap has no jot diminished, furnishes me with the opening Legend of the series from the historictics of her own belle France.

Why will you not run down to Tappington this Christmas? —We have been rather busy of late in carrying into execution the enclosure of Swingfield Minnis under the auspices of my Lord Radnor, and her Majesty's visit to the neighbourhood has kept us quite alive; the Prince in one of his rides pulled up at the end of the avenue, and, as A*** told Sucklethumbkin, was much taken with the picturesque appearance of our old gable-ends. Unluckily we were all at Canterbury that morning, or proud indeed should we have been to offer his Royal Highness the humble hospitalities of the Hall,—and then—fancy Mrs. Botherby's—" My Gracious!" By the way, the old lady tells me you left your night-cap here on your last visit; it is laid up in lavender for you;—come and reclaim The Yule log will burn bright as ever in the cedar room. Bin No. 6 is still one liquid ruby—the old October yet smiles like mantling amber, in utter disdain of that vile concoction of camomile which you so pseudonymously dignify with the title of "Bitter Ale."—Make a start, then;—pitch printer's ink to old Harry,—and come and spend a fortnight with

Yours, till the crack of doom,
THOMAS INCOLDSBY.

Tappington Everard, Dec. 16th, 1842.

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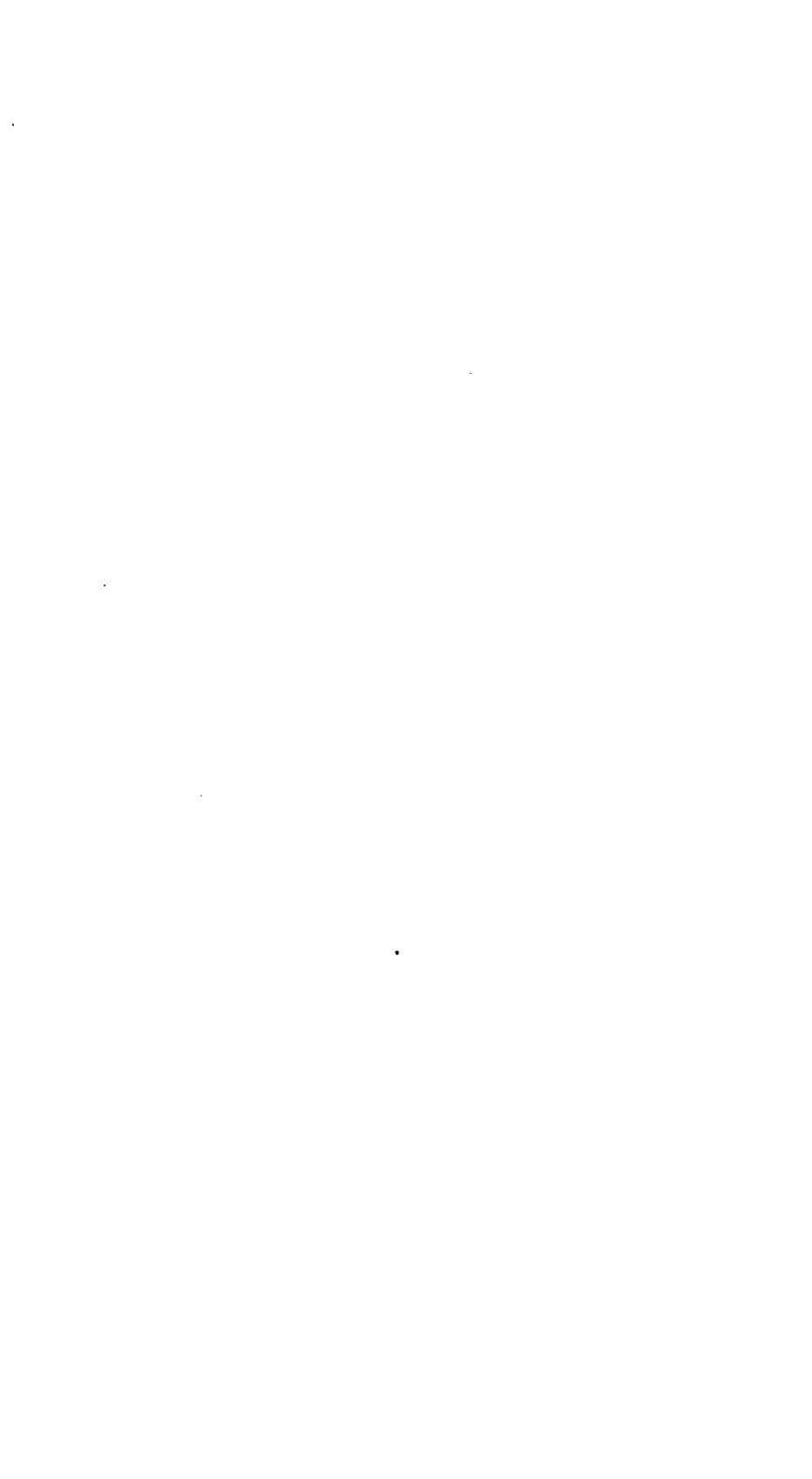
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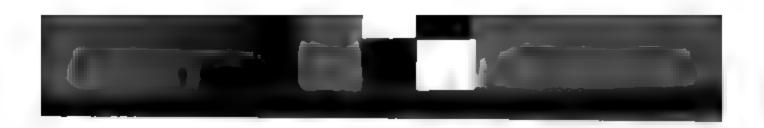
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LAYS OF MANY LANDS.



THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

CANTO L.

FRANÇOIS XAVIER AUGUSTE was a gay Mousque-

The Pride of the Camp, the delight of the Fair;
He'd a mien so distingué, and so débonnaire,
And shrugg'd with a grace so recherché and rare,
And he twirl'd his moustache with so charming an air,
—His moustaches I should say, because he'd a pair,—
And in short, show'd so much of the true sçavoir faire,
All the Ladies in Paris were wont to declare,

That could any one draw

Them from Dian's strict law,

Into what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls a "Fox Paw,"

It would be François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix.

Now, I'm sorry to say,
At that time of day,
The Court of Versailles was a little too gay;
The Courtiers were all much addicted to Play,
To Bourdeaux, Chambertin, Frontignac, St. Peray,

THE INDICATE LABORES

Laine Charen Marian

And Silety is until

On which July Ball sensition has an embase.

While Louis June 1978

Kert about him in sorres.

What the Noblesse, in courtesy termed his "Fune Shores."

—They were call'd by a mode marker name out of doors.—

This we all most aims in

A King's not being

For such courses, when follow I by persons of quality. Are upt to detract on the score of morning.

François Navier Auguste setted mode like the rest of them, Dress'd, drank, and fought, and chasse I will the best of them;

Took his and the position

Till be agreely welli see.

Ho would then sally out in the smeets for a "speece:"

His rapier he'd draw.

Pink a Rugara

(A word which the English translate "Johnny Raw"). For your thorough French Courtier, whenever the fit he's in, Thinks it prime fun to astonish a citizen:

And, porhaps, it's no wonder that this kind of scrapes. In a nation which Voltaire, in one of his japes. Defines "an amalgam of Tigers and Apes."

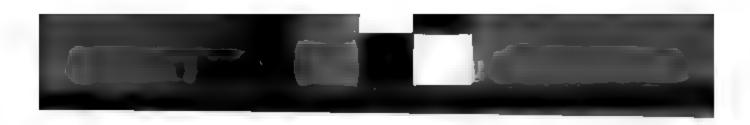
Should be merely considered as "Little Escapes."

But I'm sorry to add.

Things are almost as bad

A great deal nearer home, and that similar pranks
Amongst young men who move in the very first ranks,
Are by no means confined to the land of the Franks.

Be this as it will In the general, still,



Though blame him we must, It is really but just

To our lively young friend, François Xavier Auguste,

To say, that howe'er

Well known his faults were,

At his Bacchanal parties he always drank fair,

And, when gambling his worst, always play'd on the square, So that, being much more of pigeon than rook, he

Lost large sums at faro (a game like "Blind Hookey"),

And continued to lose,

And to give I.O. U.'s,

Till he lost e'en the credit he had with the Jews;

And, a parallel if I may venture to draw

Between François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix,

And his namesake, a still more distinguish'd François,

Who wrote to his "sœur"1

From Pavia, "Mon Cour,

I have lost all I had in the world fors l'honneur,"

So St. Foix might have wrote

No dissimilar note.

" Vive la bagatelle!—toujours gai—idem semper—

I've lost all I had in the world but—my temper!"

From the very beginning,

Indeed, of his sinning,

His air was so cheerful, his manners so winning,

¹ Mrs. Ingoldsby, who is deeply read in Robertson, informs me that this is a mistake; that the lady to whom this memorable billet was delivered by the hands of Pennalosa, was the unfortunate monarch's mamma, and not his sister. I would gladly rectify the error, but, then,—what am I to do for a rhymo?—On the whole, I fear I must content myself, like Talleyrand, with admitting that "it is worse than a fault—it's a blunder!" for which enormity,—as honest old Pepys says when he records having kissed his cookmaid,—"I humbly beg pardon of Heaven and Mrs. Ingoldsby."—T. I.

That once he prevail'd—or his friends coin the tale for him— On the bailiff who "nabb'd" him, himself to "go bail" for him.

Well—we know in these cases
Your "Crabs" and "Deuce Aces"
Are wont to promote frequent changes of places;
Town doctors, indeed, are most apt to declare
That there's nothing so good as the pure "country air,"
Whenever exhaustion of person, or purse, in
An invalid cramps him, and sets him a-cursing,—
A habit, I'm very much grieved at divulging,
François Xavier Auguste was too prone to indulge in.

But what could be done? It's clear as the sun,

That, though nothing's more easy than say "Cut and run!"
Yet a Guardsman can't live without some sort of fun—

E'en I or you,

If we'd nothing to do,

Should soon find ourselves looking remarkably blue.

And, since no one denies

What's so plain to all eyes,

It won't, I am sure, create any surprise
That reflections like these half reduced to despair
François Xavier Auguste, the gay Black Mousquetaire.

Patience par force!
He consider'd, of course,

But in vain—he could hit on no sort of resource—

Love ?—Liquor ?—Law ?—Loo?

They would each of them do,

There's excitement enough in all four, but in none he Could hope to get on sans l'argent—i.e. money.

Love?—no;—ladies like little cadeaux from a suitor.

Liquor?—no,—that won't do, when reduced to "the Pewter."—

Then Law?—'tis the same,

It's a very fine game,

But the fees and delays of "the Courts" are a shame,

As Lord Brougham says himself—who's a very great name,

Though the TIMES made it clear he was perfectly lost in his

Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes,

And don't know his "particles."—

Who wrote the articles,

Showing his Greek up so, is not known very well;

Many thought Barnes, others Mitchell,—some Merivale;

But it's scarce worth debate,

Because from the date

Of my tale one conclusion we safely may draw,

Viz.: 'twas not François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix!

Loo?—no;—that he had tried;

'Twas, in fact, his weak side,

But required more than any a purse well supplied.

"Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo? No!'tis all the same story.

Stay! I have it;—Ma foi! (that's "Odd's Bobs!") there is GLORY!

Away with dull care!

Vive le Roi! Vive la Guerre!

Peste! I'd almost forgot I'm a Black Mousquetaire!

When a man is like me,

Sans six sous, sans souci,

A bankrupt in purse,

And in character worse,

With a shocking bad hat, and his credit at Zero,

What on earth can he hope to become,—but a Hero?

What a famous thought this is!
I'll go as Ulysses

Of old did—like him I'll see manners, and know countries;¹
Cut Paris,—and gaming,—and throats in the Low Countries."

So said, and so done—he arranged his affairs

And was off like a shot to his Black Mousquetaires.

Now it happen'd just then That Field Marshal Turenne

Was a good deal in want of "some active young men,"

To fill up the gaps

Which, through sundry mishaps,

Had been made in his ranks by a certain "Great Condé,"

A General unrivall'd-at least in his own day-

Whose valour was such,

That he did not care much

If he fought with the French,—or the Spaniards,—or Dutch,—

A fact which has stamp'd him a rather "Cool hand,"

Being nearly related to Louis le Grand.

It had been all the same had that King been his brother;

He fought sometimes with one, and sometimes with another;

For war, so exciting,

He took such delight in,

He did not care whom he fought, so he was fighting, And, as I've just said, had amused himself then By tickling the tail of Field Marshal Turenne; Since which, the Field Marshal's most pressing concern Was to tickle some other Chief's tail in his turn.

What a fine thing a battle is !—not one of those Which one saw at the late Mr. Andrew Ducrow's,

¹ Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

Who viewed men's manners, Londons, Yorks, and Derbys.— T. I.



Where a dozen of scene-shifters, drawn up in rows, Would a dozen more scene-shifters boldly oppose,

> Taking great care their blows Did not injure their foes,

And alike, save in colour and cut of their clothes, Which were varied to give more effect to "Tableaux,"

> While Stickney the Great Flung the gauntlet to Fate,

And made us all tremble, so gallantly did he come
On to encounter bold General Widdicombe—
But a real, good fight, like Pultowa, or Lützen,
(Which Gustavus the Great ended all his disputes in),
Or that which Suwarrow engaged without boots in,
Or Dettingen, Fontenoy, Blenheim, or Minden,
Or the one Mr. Campbell describes, Hohenlinden,

Where "the sun was low,"

The ground all over snow,

And dark as mid-winter the swift Iser's flow,—
Till its colour was alter'd by General Moreau;
While the big-drum was heard in the dead of the night,
Which rattled the Bard out of bed in a fright,
And he ran up the steeple to look at the fight.

'Twas in just such another one, (Names only bother one—

Dutch ones, indeed, are sufficient to smother one—)
In the Netherlands somewhere—I cannot say where—

Suffice it that there

La Fortune de guerre

Gave a cast of her calling to our Mousquetaire.

One fine morning, in short, François Xavier Auguste,
After making some scores of his foes "bite the dust,"
Got a mouthful himself of the very same crust;
And though, as the Bard says, "No law is more just

Than for Necis artifices,"—so they call'd fiery Soldados at Rome,—"arte sua perire,"

Yet Fate did not draw

This poetical law

To its fullest extent in the case of St. Foix.

His Good Genius most probably found out some flaw,

And diverted the shot

From some deadlier spot

To a bone which, I think, to the best of my memory, 's Call'd by Professional men the "os femoris;"

And the ball being one of those named from its shape, And some fancied resemblance it bears to the grape,

St. Foix went down,

With a groan and a frown,

And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown.—

-Stagger'd a bit

By this "palpable hit,"

He turn'd on his face, and went off in a fit!

Yes!— a Battle's a very fine thing while you're fighting, These same Ups-and-Downs are so very exciting.

But a sombre sight is a Battle-field

To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,

Where those, who scorn'd to fly or yield,

In one promiscuous carnage lie;

When the cannon's roar

Is heard no more,

And the thick dun smoke has roll'd away, And the victor comes for a last survey Of the well-fought field of yesterday!

No triumphs flush that haughty brow,— No proud exulting look is there,—

His eagle eye is humbled now,
As, earthward bent, in anxious care
It seeks the form whose stalwart pride
But yester morn was by his side!

And there it lies!—on yonder bank
Of corses, which themselves had breath
But yester morn—now cold and dank,
With other dews than those of death!
Powerless, as it had ne'er been born,
The hand that clasp'd his—yester morn!

And there are widows wand'ring there,

That roam the blood-besprinkled plain,
And listen in their dumb despair

For sounds they ne'er may hear again!

One word, however faint and low,—

Ay, e'en a groan,—were music now!

And this is Glory!—Fame!—

But, pshaw!
Miss Muse, you're growing sentimental;
Besides, such things we never saw;
In fact, they're merely Continental.
And then your Ladyship forgets
Some widows came for epaulettes.

So go back to your canter; for one, I declare, Is now fumbling about our capsized Mousquetaire,

A beetle-brow'd hag,

With a knife and a bag,

And an old tatter'd bonnet which, thrown back, discloses The ginger complexion, and one of those noses Peculiar to females named Levy and Moses,

Such as nervous folks still, when they come in their way, shun, Old vixen-faced tramps of the Hebrew persuasion.

You remember, I trust, François Xavier Auguste,

Had uncommon fine limbs, and a very fine bust.

Now there's something—I cannot tell what it may be—
About good-looking gentlemen turn'd twenty-three,
Above all, when laid up with a wound in the knee,
Which affects female hearts, in no common degree,
With emotions in which many feelings combine,
Very easy to fancy, though hard to define;

Ugly or pretty, Stupid or witty,

Young or old, they experience, in country or city, What's clearly not Love—yet it's warmer than Pity— And some such a feeling, no doubt, 'tis that stays The hand you may see that old Jezebel raise,

> Arm'd with the blade, So oft used in her trade,

The horrible calling e'en now she is plying,
Despoiling the dead, and despatching the dying!
For these "nimble Conveyancers," after such battles,
Regarding as treasure trove all goods and chattels,
Think nought, in "perusing and settling" the titles,
So safe as six inches of steel in the vitals.

Now don't make a joke of That feeling I spoke of;

For, as sure as you're born, that same feeling,—whate'er It may be,—saves the life of the young Mousquetaire!—The knife that was levell'd, erewhile, at his throat, Is employ'd now in ripping the lace from his coat, And from what, I suppose, I must call his culotte;

And his pockets, no doubt,

Being turn'd inside out,

That his mouchoir and gloves may be put "up the spout"

(For of coin, you may well conceive, all she can do

Fails to ferret out even a single écu);

As a muscular Giant would handle an elf,

The virago at lasts lifts the soldier himself,

And, like a She Samson, at length lays him down

In a hospital form'd in the neighbouring town!

I am not very sure,
But I think 'twas Namur;
And there she now leaves him, expecting a cure.

CANTO II.

I abominate physic—I care not who knows
That there's nothing on earth I detest like "a dose"—
That yellowish-green-looking fluid, whose huc
I consider extremely unpleasant to view,
With its sickly appearance, that trenches so near
On what Homer defines the complexion of Fear;

Χλωρον δεος, I mean,

A nasty pale green,

Though for want of some word that may better avail, I presume, our translators have rendered it "pale."

For consider the cheeks

Of those "well-booted Greeks,"

Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks,
Their complexion, of course, like a half-decay'd leek's,
And you'll see in an instant the thing that I mean in it,
A Greek face in a funk had a good deal of green in it.

I repeat, I abominate physic; but then,
If folks will go campaigning about with such men
As the Great Prince de Condé, and Marshal Turenne,

They may fairly expect

To be now and then check'd

By a bullet, or sabre-cut. Then their best solace is Found, I admit, in green potions, and boluses;

So, of course, I don't blame St. Foix, wounded and lame,

If he swallow'd a decent quant. suff. of the same; Though I'm told, in such cases, it's not the French plan To pour in their drastics as fast as they can, The practice of many an English Savan,

But to let off a man
With a little ptisanne,
And gently to chafe the patella (knee-pan).

"Oh, woman!" Sir Walter observes, "when the brow 's wrung with pain, what a minist'ring Angel art thou!" Thou'rt a "minist'ring Angel" in no less degree, I can boldly assert, when the pain's in the knee;

And medical friction

Is, past contradiction,

Much better performed by a She than a He.

A fact which, indeed, comes within my own knowledge,
For I well recollect, when a youngster at College,

And, therefore, can quote

A surgeon of note,

Mr. Grosvenor of Oxford, who not only wrote On the subject a very fine treatise, but, still as his Patients came in, certain soft-handed Phyllises Were at once set to work on their legs, arms, and backs, And rubb'd out their complaints in a couple of cracks.

Now they say, To this day,

When sick people can't pay
On the Continent, many of this kind of nurses
Attend, without any demand on their purses;
And these females, some old, others still in their teens,
Some call "Sisters of Charity," others "Beguines."
They don't take the vows; but, half Nun and half Lay,
Attend you; and when you've got better, they say,
"You're exceedingly welcome! There's nothing to pay

Our task is now done, You are able to run,

We never take money; we cure you for fun!"
Then they drop you a court'sey and wish you good day,
And go off to cure somebody else the same way.

—A great many of these at the date of my tale, In Namur walk'd the hospitals, workhouse, and jail.

> Among them was one, A most sweet Demi-nun.

Her cheek pensive and pale; tresses bright as the Sun,—Not carroty—no; though you'd fancy you saw burn Such locks as the Greeks loved, which moderns call auburn, These were partially seen through the veil which they wore all:

Her teeth were of pearl, and her lips were of coral; Her eyelashes silken; her eyes, fine large blue ones, Were sapphires (I don't call these similes new ones; But, in metaphors, freely confess I've a leaning To such, new or old, as convey best one's meaning.)— Then for figure! In faith it was downright barbarity

> To muffle a form Might an anchorite warm

In the fusty stuff gown of a Sœur de la Charité; And no poet could fancy, no painter could draw One more perfect in all points, more free from a flaw, Than hers who now sits by the couch of St. Foix,

Chafing there,

With such care,

And so dove-like an air,

His leg, till her delicate fingers are charr'd
With the Steer's opodeldoc, joint-oil, and Goulard;
—Their Dutch appellations are really too hard
To be brought into verse by a transmarine Bard.—

Now you'll see, And agree,

I am certain, with me,

When a young man's laid up with a wound in his knee;

And a Lady sits there,

On a rush-bottom'd chair,

To hand him the mixtures his doctors prepare,
And a bit of lump-sugar to make matters square;
Above all, when the Lady's remarkably fair,
And the wounded young man is a gay Mousquetaire,
It's a ticklish affair, you may swear, for the pair,
And may lead on to mischief before they're aware.

I really don't think, spite of what friends would call his "Penchant for liaisons," and graver men "follies" (For my own part, I think planting thorns on their pillows, And leaving poor maidens to weep and wear willows, Is not to be classed among mere peccadilloes), His "faults," I should say—I don't think François Xavier Entertain'd any thoughts of improper behaviour

Tow'rds his nurse, or that once to induce her to sin he meant While superintending his draughts and his liniment.

But, as he grew stout,

And was getting about,

Thoughts came into his head that had better been out;

While Cupid's an urchin

We know deserves birching,

He's so prone to delude folks, and leave them the lurch in.

Twas doubtless his doing

That absolute ruin

Was the end of all poor dear Therese's shampooing.—
'Tis a subject I don't like to dwell on; but such
Things will happen—ay, e'en 'mongst the phlegmatic Dutch.

"When Woman," as Goldsmith declares, "stoops to folly, And finds out too late that false man can betray," She is apt to look dismal, and grow "melan-choly," And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

He goes on to remark that "to punish her lover,
Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,
There is but one method" which he can discover
That's likely to answer—that one is to "die!"

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek;
The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart;
The dim yet tearless eyes, that speak
The misery of the breaking heart;

The wasted form, th' enfeebled tone

That whispering mocks the pitying ear;
Th' imploring glances heavenward thrown,

As heedless, helpless, hopeless here:

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C

These wring the false one's heart enough, If "made of penetrable stuff."

And poor Therese Thus pines and decays,

Till, stung with remorse, St. Foix takes a post-chaise,

With, for "wheelers," two bays,

And, for "leaders," two grays,

And soon reaches France by the help of relays, Flying shabbily off from the sight of his victim, And driving as fast as if Old Nick had kick'd him.

> She, poor sinner, Grows thinner and thinner,

Leaves off eating breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner,
Till you'd really suppose she could have nothing in her.—
One evening—'twas just as the clock struck eleven—
They saw she'd been sinking fast ever since seven,—
She breathed one deep sigh, threw one look up to heaven,

And all was o'er!—

Poor Therese was no more—

She was gone!—the last breath that she managed to draw Escaped in one half-utter'd word—'twas "St. Foix!"

Who can fly from himself? Bitter cares, when you feel 'em, Are not cured by travel—as Horace says, "Cælum Non animum mutant qui currunt trans mare!"

It's climate, not mind, that by roaming men vary—

Remorse for temptation to which you have yielded, is

A shadow you can't sell as Peter Schlemil¹ did his;

It haunts you for ever—in bed and at board,—

¹ See the curious allegorical story by Chamisso, where the hero sells his shadow to the devil for an inexhaustible purse.

Ay, e'en in your dreams,
And you can't find, it seems,
Any proof that a guilty man ever yet snored!
It is much if he slumbers at all, which but few,
—François Xavier Auguste was an instance—can do.

Indeed, from the time
He committed the crime

Which cut off poor Sister Therese in her prime, He was not the same man that he had been—his plan Was quite changed—in wild freaks he no more led the van;

> He'd scarce sleep a wink in A week; but sit thinking, From company shrinking— He quite gave up drinking.

At the mess-table, too, where now seldom he came,
Fish, fricassee, fricandeau, potage, or game,
Dindon aux truffes, or turbot à la crême,
No!—he still shook his head,—it was always the same,
Still he never complain'd that the cook was to blame!
Twas his appetite fail'd him—no matter how rare
And recherché the dish, how delicious the fare,—
What he used to like best he no longer could bear;

But he'd there sit and stare
With an air of despair:
Took no care, but would wear
Boots that wanted repair;

Such a shirt too! you'd think he'd no linen to spare. He omitted to shave;—he neglected his hair, And look'd more like a Guy than a gay Mousquetaire.

One thing, above all, most excited remark; In the evening he seldom sat long after dark. Not that then, as of yore, he'd go out for "a lark"

With his friends; but when they, After taking café,

Would have broil'd bones and kidneys brought in on a tray,

-Which I own I consider a very good way,

If a man's not dyspeptic, to wind up the day,—

No persuasion on earth could induce him to stay;

But he'd take up his candlestick, just nod his head

By way of "Good evening!" and walk off to bed.

Yet even when there he seem'd no better off,

For he'd wheeze, and he'd sneeze, and he'd hem! and he'd cough;

And they'd hear him all night,

Sometimes, sobbing outright,

While his valet, who often endeavour'd to peep,

Declared that "his master was never asleep!

But would sigh, and would groan, slap his forehead, and weep;

That about ten o'clock

His door he would lock,

And then never would open it, let who would knock!—

He had heard him," he said,

"Sometimes jump out of bed,

And talk as if speaking to one who was dead!

He'd groan, and he'd moan,

In so piteous a tone,

Begging some one or other to let him alone,

That it really would soften the heart of a stone

To hear him exclaim so, and call upon Heaven;

Then—The bother began always just at eleven!"

François Xavier Auguste, as I've told you before,

I believe, was a popular man in his corps,

And his comrades, not one

Of whom knew of the Nun,

Now began to consult what was best to be done.

Count Cordon Bleu
And the Sieur de la Roue
Confess'd they did not know at all what to do;
But the Chevalier Hippolyte Hector Achille
Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville

Made a fervent appeal

To the zeal they must feel

For their friend, so distinguish'd an officer, 's weal.

"The first thing," he said, "was to find out the matter

That bored their poor friend so, and caused all this clatter—

Mort de ma vie!"

—Here he took some rappee—

"Be the cause what it may, he shall tell it to me!"—

He was right, sure enough—in a couple of days

He worms out the whole story of Sister Therese,

Now entomb'd, poor dear soul! in some Dutch Père la Chaise.

—"But the worst thing of all," François Xavier declares,

"Is, whenever I've taken my candle up-stairs,

There's Therese sitting there—upon one of those chairs!

Such a frown, too, she wears,

And so frightfully glares,

That I'm really prevented from saying my pray'rs,
While an odour—the very reverse of perfume,—
More like rhubarb or senna,—pervades the whole room!"

Hector Achille Stanislaus Emile,

When he heard him talk so, felt an odd sort of feel; Not that he cared for Ghosts—he was far too genteel; Still a queerish sensation came on when he saw

Him whom, for fun,

They'd, by way of a pun

On his person and principles, nicknamed Sans Foi,

—A man whom they had, you see, Mark'd as a Sadducee,—

In his horns, all at once, so completely to draw,
And to talk of a Ghost with such manifest awe!—
It excited the Chevalier Grandville's surprise;
He shrugg'd up his shoulders, he turn'd up his eyes,
And he thought with himself that he could not do less
Than lay the whole matter before the whole Mess.

Repetition's detestable;— So, as you're best able,

Paint to yourself the effect at the Mess-table— How the bold Brigadiers Prick'd up their ears,

And received the account, some with fears, some with sneers;
How the Sieur de la Roue
Said to Count Cordon Bleu,

"Ma foi—c'est bien drôle—Monseigneur, what say you?"
How Count Cordon Bleu
Declared he "thought so too;"—

How the Colonel affirm'd that "the case was quite new;"—
How the Captains and Majors
Began to lay wagers

How far the Ghost part of the story was true;—

How, at last, when ask'd "What was the best thing to do?"

Everybody was silent,—for nobody knew!—And how, in the end, they said, "No one could deal With the matter so well, from his prudence and zeal, As the Gentleman who was the first to reveal This strange story—viz. Hippolyte Hector Achille Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville!"

I need scarcely relate
The plans, little and great,
Which came into the Chevalier Hippolyte's pate
To rescue his friend from his terrible foes,
Those mischievous Imps, whom the world, I suppose
From extravagant notions respecting their hue,
Has strangely agreed to denominate "Blue,"
Inasmuch as his schemes were of no more avail
Than those he had, early in life, found to fail,
When he strove to lay salt on some little bird's tail.

In vain did he try

With strong waters to ply

His friend, on the ground that he never could spy Such a thing as a Ghost, with a drop in his eye; St. Foix never would drink now unless he was dry; Besides, what the vulgar call "sucking the monkey" Has much less effect on a man when he's funky. In vain did he strive to detain him at table Till his "dark hour" was over—he never was able,

Save once, when at Mess,

With that sort of address

Which the British call "Humbug," and Frenchmen "Finesse," (It's "Blarney" in Irish—I don't know the Scotch,)
He fell to admiring his friend's English watch.¹

He examined the face,

And the back of the case,

And the young Lady's portrait there, done on enamel, he "Saw by the likeness was one of the family;"

Cried "Superbe!—Magnifique!"

(With his tongue in his cheek)-

Then he open'd the case, just to take a peep in it, and Seized the occasion to pop back the minute-hand.

^{1 &}quot;Tompion's, I presume?"—FARQUHAR.

With a demi-congé, and a shrug, and grin, he Returns the bijou and—c'est une affaire finie— "I've done him," thinks he, "now, I'll wager a guinea!"

It happen'd that day
They were all very gay;

Twas the Grand Monarque's birthday—that is, 'twas St. Louis's,

Which in Catholic countries, of course, they would view as his—

So when Hippolyte saw Him about to withdraw,

He cried, "Come—that won't do, my fine fellow, St. Foix,—Give us five minutes longer and drink Vive le Roi!"

François Xavier Auguste, Without any mistrust

Of the trick that was play'd, drew his watch from his fob, Just glanced at the hour, then agreed to "hob-nob,"

> Fill'd a bumper, and rose With "Messicurs, I propose—"

He paused—his blanch'd lips fail'd to utter the toast! 'Twas eleven!—he thought it half-past ten at most— Every limb, nerve, and muscle grew stiff as a post,—

> His jaw dropp'd—his eyes Swell'd to twice their own size—

And he stood as a pointer would stand—at a Ghost!
—Then shriek'd, as he fell on the floor like a stone,
"Ah! Sister Therese! now—do let me alone!"

It's amazing by sheer perseverance what men do,—
As water wears stone by the "Sape cadendo,"—
If they stick to Lord Somebody's motto, "Agendo!"

Was it not Robert Bruce?—I declare I've forgot,
But I think it was Robert—you'll find it in Scott—
Who, when cursing Dame Fortune, was taught by a Spider,

"She's sure to come round, if you will but abide her."

Then another great Rob,

Call'd "White-headed Bob,"

Whom I once saw receive such a thump on the "nob," From a fist which might almost an elephant brain, That I really believed, at the first, he was slain, For he lay like a dog on his back on the plain, Till a gentleman present accustom'd to train, Drew out a small lancet, and open'd a vein Just below his left eye, which relieving the pain, He stood up, like a trump, with an air of disdain,

While his "backer" was fain,

—For he could not refrain—

(He was dress'd in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain, And I think I heard somebody call him "Squire Hayne,") To whisper ten words one should always retain,

—"TAKE A SUCK AT THE LEMON, AND AT HIM AGAIN!!!"—A hint ne'er surpass'd, though thus spoken at random, Since Teucer's apostrophe—Nil desperandum!—

—Grandville acted on it, and order'd his Tandem.

He had heard St. Foix say, That no very great way

From Namur was a snug little town call'd Grandpré, Near which, a few miles from the banks of the Maese, Dwelt a pretty twin sister of poor dear Therese, Of the same age, of course, the same father, same mother, And as like to Therese as one pea to another;

> She lived with her Mamma, Having lost her Papa,

Late of contraband schnaps an unlicensed distiller, And her name was Des Moulins (in English, Miss Miller).

> Now, though Hippolyte Hector Could hardly expect her

To feel much regard for her sister's "protector,"
When she'd seen him so shamefully leave and neglect her;

Still, he very well knew

In this world there are few

But are ready much Christian forgiveness to show
For other folk's wrongs—if well paid so to do—
And he'd seen to what acts "Res angustæ" compel beaux
And belles whose affairs have once got out at elbows,
With the magic effect of a handful of crowns
Upon people whose pockets boast nothing but "browns;"

A few francs well applied He'd no doubt would decide

Miss Agnes Des Moulins to jump up and ride As far as head-quarters, next day, by his side; For the distance was nothing, to speak by comparison, To the town where the Mousquetaires now lay in garrison;

> Then he thought, by the aid Of a veil and gown, made

Like those worn by the lady his friend had betray'd,
They might dress up Miss Agnes so like to the Shade,
Which he fancied he saw of that poor injured maid,
Come each night, with her pale face, his guilt to upbraid,
That if once introduced to his room thus array'd,
And then unmask'd as soon as she'd long enough stay'd,
Twould be no very difficult task to persuade
Him the whole was a scurvy trick, cleverly play'd,
Out of spite and revenge, by a mischievous jade!

With respect to the scheme—though I do not call that a gem—

Still I've known soldiers adopt a worse stratagem, And that, too, among the decided approvers Of General Sir David Dundas's "Manœuvres."

> There's a proverb, however, I've always thought clever,

Which my Grandmother never was tired of repeating, "The proof of the pudding is found in the eating!" We shall see, in the sequel, how Hector Achille Had mix'd up the suet and plums for his meal.

The night had set in ;—'twas a dark and a gloomy one ;— Off went St. Foix to his chamber; a roomy one,

Five stories high,

The first floor from the sky,

And lofty enough to afford great facility

For playing a game, with the youthful nobility

Of "crack corps" a deal in

Request, when they're feeling,

In dull country quarters, ennui on them stealing;

A wet wafer's applied

To a sixpence's side,

Then it's spun with the thumb up to stick on the ceiling; Intellectual amusement, which custom allows old troops,— I've seen it here practised at home by our Household troops.

He'd a table, and bed,

And three chairs; and all's said.—

A bachelor's barrack, where'er you discern it, you're Sure to find not overburthen'd with furniture.

François Xavier Auguste lock'd and bolted his door With just the same caution he'd practised before;

Little he knew

That the Count Cordon Bleu,

With Hector Achille and the Sieur de la Roue, Had been up there before him, and drawn ev'ry screw!

And now comes the moment—the watches and clocks
All point to eleven!—the bolts and the locks

Give way—and the party turn out their bag-fox!—

With step noiseless and light,

Though half in a fright,

"A cup in her left hand, a draught in her right,"
In her robe long and black, and her veil long and white,
Ma'amselle Agnes des Moulins walks in as a Sprite!—

She approaches the bed

With the same silent tread,

Just as though she had been at least half a year dead! Then seating herself on the "rush-bottom'd chair," Throws a cold stony glance on the Black Mousquetaire.

If you're one of the "play-going public," kind reader, And not a Moravian or rigid Seceder,

You've seen Mr. Kean,

I mean in that scene

Of Macbeth,—by some thought the crack one of the piece, Which has been so well painted by Mr. M'Clise,—
When he wants, after having stood up to say grace,¹
To sit down to his haggis, and can't find a place;

You remember his stare

At the high-back'd arm-chair,

Where the Ghost sits that nobody else knows is there, And how, after saying "What man dares I dare!"

He proceeds to declare

He should not so much care

"May good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both."—Macbeth.



If it came in the shape of a "tiger" or "bear,"
But he don't like its shaking its long gory hair!
While the obstinate Ghost, as determined to brave him,

With a horrible grin,

Sits, and cocks up his chin,

Just as though he was asking the tyrant to shave him.

And Lennox and Rosse

Seem quite at a loss

If they ought to go on with their sheep's head and sauce; And Lady Macbeth looks uncommonly cross,

And says in a huff

It's all "Proper stuff!"-

All this you'll have seen, Reader, often enough; So, perhaps 'twill assist you in forming some notion Of what must have been François Xavier's emotion,

If you fancy what troubled Macbeth to be doubled,

And, instead of one Banquo to stare in his face Without "speculation," suppose he'd a brace!

I wish I'd poor Fuseli's pencil, who ne'er I believe was exceeded in painting the terrible,

Or that of Sir Joshua

Reynolds, who was so a-

-droit in depicting it-vide his piece

Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease,

Where that prelate is lying

Decidedly dying,

With the King and his suite

Standing just at his feet,

And his hands, as Dame Quickly says, fumbling the sheet; While, close at his ear, with the air of a scorner,

"Busy, meddling," Old Nick's grinning up in the corner.

But painting's an art I confess I am raw in, The fact is I never took lessons in drawing;

Had I done so, instead
Of the lines you have read,

I'd have giv'n you a sketch should have fill'd you with dread: François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,

> His hands widely spread, His complexion like lead,

Ev'ry hair that he has standing up on his head, As when, Agnes des Moulins first catching his view, Now right, and now left, rapid glances he threw, Then shriek'd with a wild and unearthly halloo,

"Mon Dieu! v'la deux!!

By the Pope there are two!!!"

He fell back—one long aspiration he drew.

In flew De la Roue, And Count Cordon Bleu,

Pommade, Pomme-de-terre, and the rest of their crew.

He stirr'd not,—he spoke not,—he none of them knew!

And Achille cried, "Odzooks!

I fear, by his looks,

Our friend, François Xavier, has popp'd off the hooks!"

'Twas too true!

Malheureux!!

It was done!—he had ended his earthly career,—
He had gone off at once with a flea in his ear!
—The Black Mousquetaire was as dead as Small-beer!!

F'Enboie.

A moral more in point I scarce could hope Than this, from Mr. Alexander Pope.¹

¹ See the conclusion of the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.



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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

If ever chance should bring some Cornet gay, And pious Maid—as, possibly, it may,— From Knightsbridge Barracks, and the shades serene Of Clapham Rise, as far as Kensal Green; O'er some pale marble when they join their heads To kiss the falling tears each other sheds; Oh, may they pause !—and think, in silent awe, He, that he reads the words, "Ci gît St. Foix!" She, that the tombstone which her eye surveys Bears this sad line,—" Hic jacet Sour Therese!"— Then shall they sigh, and weep, and murmuring say, "Oh! may we never play such tricks as they!"— And if at such a time some Bard there be, Some sober Bard, addicted much to tea And sentimental song—like Ingoldsby— If such there be—who sings and sips so well, Let him this sad, this tender story tell! Warn'd by the tale, the gentle pair shall boast, "I've 'scaped the Broken Heart!"—"And I the Ghost!!"

NOTES.

"Who wrote to his 'sœur'
From Pavia, 'Mon Cœur,
I have lost all I had in the world fors l'honneur.'"—P. 5.

The current version of the letter of Francis to his mother is one of the innumerable results of the flirtation of "History's Muse" with Romance. So far from existing in the epigrammatic form commonly quoted—Tout est perdu fors l'honneur—the real epistle is a prosy one, and does not even contain the passage in question, which is attributed to a Spanish historian, who thus translates the alleged billet:—"Madama, tote se ha perdido sino es la honora." The original has been printed by M. Champollion, and commences:—

"Madame,—Pour vous advertir comment se forte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses n' m'est demouré que l'honneur et la vie qui est saulve, et pour ce que en nostre adversité cette nouvelle vous fera quelque resconfort, j'ay prié qu'on me laissât pour escrire ces lettres, ce qu'on m'a agreeablement accordé." (See Quarterly Review, 1861.)

"Or that which Suwarrow engaged without boots in."—P. 9.

In the conflict which took place during Suwarrow's celebrated passage of the St. Gothard Alps, he is represented as continuing the whole day in his shirt, with a boot on one leg and a shoe on the other, in accomplishment, as was generally supposed, of some vow or other superstitious observance.

"He was dress'd in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain,
And I think I heard somebody call him 'Squire Hayne."—P. 25.

Mr. "Pea-green" Hayne, as he was called, from a light green coat and waistcoat which he displayed in the Park, was a buck of the period. He made himself especially conspicuous in the year 1825, by appearing as defendant in an action for "breach of promise," brought by the celebrated Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington. The lady got 3,000*l*. damages.

" — vide his piece
Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease."—P. 29.

A reference this to Sir Joshua's treatment of the death of Cardinal Beaufort, in introducing a demon close to the pillow of the dying Prelate, waiting apparently for the "wretch's soul;" or, as a critic of the work says, "exulting in his agonies." It is added, "This personification of a tormented conscience was condemned as an unnatural intermixture of fancy with reality, but Reynolds was simply expressing Shakespeare's image:—

'Oh, beat away the busy, meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.'

Henry VI., Part II., Act iii. Scene 3."



THE next in order of these "Lays of many Lands" refers to a period far earlier in point of date, and has for its scene the banks of what our Teutonic friends are wont to call their "own imperial River!" The incidents which it records afford sufficient proof (and these are days of demonstration), that a propensity to flirtation is not confined to age or country, and that its consequences were not less disastrous to the mail-clad Ritter of the dark ages than to the silken courtier of the seventeenth century. The whole narrative bears about it the stamp of truth, and from the papers among which it was discovered I am inclined to think it must have been picked up by Sir Peregrine in the course of one of his valetudinary visits to "The German Spa."

[This story is a version of a melodrama which appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, and in which Mrs. Honey, dressed in the highly appropriate costume described in the poem, sustained the part of the water-nymph, Lurline.]

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A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS, a gallant young knight,

Was equally ready to tipple or fight,

Crack a crown, or a bottle, Cut surloin, or throttle;

In brief, or as Hume says, "to sum up the tottle," Unstain'd by dishonour, unsullied by fear, All his neighbours pronounced him a preux chevalier.

Despite these perfections, corporeal and mental, He had one slight defect, viz. a rather lean rental; Besides, as 'tis own'd there are spots in the sun, So it must be confess'd that Sir Rupert had one;

> Being rather unthinking, He'd scarce sleep a wink in

A night, but addict himself sadly to drinking,

And, what moralists say

Is as naughty—to play,

To Rouge et Noir, Hazard, Short Whist, Ecarté;
Till these, and a few less defensible fancies,
Brought the Knight to the end of his slender finances.

When at length through his boozing, And tenants refusing

Their rents, swearing "times were so bad they were losing,"
His steward said, "Oh, sir,

It's some time ago, sir,

Since aught through my hands reach'd the baker or grocer, And the tradesmen in general are grown quite complainers." Sir Rupert the Brave thus address'd his retainers:

"My friends, since the stock
Of my father's old Hock
Is out, with the Kirchwasser, Barsac, Moselle,
And we're fairly reduced to the pump and the well,

I presume to suggest, We shall all find it best

For each to shake hands with his friends ere he goes, Mount his horse, if he has one, and—follow his nose;

As to me, I opine,

Left sans money or wine,

My best way is to throw myself into the Rhine, Where pitying trav'llers may sigh, as they cross over, 'Though he lived a *roué*, yet he died a philosopher.'"

The Knight, having bow'd out his friends thus politely, Got into his skiff, the full moon shining brightly,

By the light of whose beam

He soon spied on the stream

A dame, whose complexion was fair as new cream;

Pretty pink silken hose

Cover'd ankles and toes,

In other respects she was scanty of clothes;
For, so says tradition, both written and oral,
Her one garment was loop'd up with bunches of coral.

Full sweetly she sang to a sparkling guitar, With silver cords stretch'd over Derbyshire spar,

And she smiled on the Knight,

Who, amazed at the sight,

Soon found his astonishment merged in delight;

But the stream by degrees

Now rose up to her knees,

Till at length it invaded her very chemise,

While the heavenly strain, as the wave seem'd to swallow her, And slowly she sank, sounded fainter and hollower;

—Jumping up in his boat,

And discarding his coat,

"Here goes," cried Sir Rupert, "by Jingo I'll follow her!"
Then into the water he plunged with a souse
That was heard quite distinctly by those in the house.

Down, down, forty fathom and more from the brink, Sir Rupert the Fearless continues to sink,

> And, as downward he goes, Still the cold water flows

Through his ears, and his eyes, and his mouth, and his nose, Till the rum and the brandy he'd swallow'd since lunch Wanted nothing but lemon to fill him with punch; Some minutes elapsed since he enter'd the flood, Ere his heels touch'd the bottom, and stuck in the mud.

But oh! what a sight

Met the eyes of the Knight,

When he stood in the depth of the stream bolt upright!—

A grand stalactite hall,

Like the cave of Fingal,

Rose above and about him;—great fishes and small Came thronging around him, regardless of danger, And seem'd all agog for a peep at the stranger.

Their figures and forms to describe, language fails— They'd such very odd heads, and such very odd tails; Of their genus or species a sample to gain, You would ransack all Hungerford market in vain;

> E'en the famed Mr. Myers Would scarcely find buyers,

Though hundreds of passengers doubtless would stop To stare, were such monsters exposed in his shop.

But little reck'd Rupert these queer-looking brutes, Or the efts and the newts That crawl'd up his boots

For a sight, beyond any of which I've made mention, In a moment completely absorb'd his attention.

A huge crystal bath, which, with water far clearer Than George Robins's filters, or Thorpe's (which are dearer),

Have ever distill'd,

To the summit was fill'd,

Lay stretch'd out before him,—and every nerve thrill'd

As scores of young women Were diving and swimming

Till the vision a perfect quandary put him in;—All slightly accoutred in gauzes and lawns,

They came floating about him like so many prawns.

Sir Rupert, who (barring the few peccadilloes
Alluded to) ere he leapt into the billows
Possess'd irreproachable morals, began
To feel rather queer, as a modest young man;
When forth stepp'd a dame, whom he recognised soon
As the one he had seen by the light of the moon,
And lisp'd, while a soft smile attended each sentence,
"Sir Rupert, I'm happy to make your acquaintance;

My name is Lurline,
And the ladies you've seen
All do me the honour to call me their Queen;
I'm delighted to see you, sir, down in the Rhine here,
And hope you can make it convenient to dine here."

The Knight blush'd, and bow'd,
As he ogled the crowd

Of subaqueous beauties, then answer'd aloud:
"Ma'am, you do me much honour,—I cannot express
The delight I shall feel—if you'll pardon my dress—
May I venture to say, when a gentleman jumps
In the river at midnight for want of 'the dumps,'
He rarely puts on his knee-breeches and pumps;
If I could but have guess'd—what I sensibly feel—
Your politeness—I'd not have come en déshabille,
But have put on my silk tights in lieu of my steel."
Quoth the lady, "Dear sir, no apologies, pray,
You will take our 'pot-luck' in the family way;

We can give you a dish Of some decentish fish,

And our water's thought fairish; but here in the Rhine, I can't say we pique ourselves much on our wine."

The Knight made a bow more profound than before, When a Dory-faced page oped the dining-room door,

And said, bending his knee,

"Madame, on a servi!"
Rupert tender'd his arm, led Lurline to her place,
And a fat little Mer-man stood up and said grace.

What boots it to tell of the viands, or how she Apologized much for their plain water-souchy,

Want of Harvey's, and Cross's, And Burgess's sauces?

Or how Rupert, on his side, protested, by Jove, he Preferr'd his fish plain without soy or anchovy.

Suffice it the meal

Boasted trout, perch, and eel,

Besides some remarkably fine salmon peel.

The Knight, sooth to say, thought much less of the fishes
Than of what they were served on, the massive gold dishes.
While his eye, as it glanced now and then on the girls,
Was caught by their persons much less than their pearls,
And a thought came across him and caused him to muse,

"If I could but get hold Of some of that gold,

I might manage to pay off my rascally Jews!"

When dinner was done, at a sign to the lasses, The table was clear'd, and they put on fresh glasses;

Then the lady addrest

Her redoubtable guest Much as Dido, of old, did the pious Eneas,

"Dear sir, what induced you to come down and see us?"

Rupert gave her a glance most bewitchingly tender, Loll'd back in his chair, put his toes on the fender,

And told her outright

How that he, a young Knight,

Had never been last at a feast or a fight;

But that keeping good cheer

Every day in the year,

And drinking neat wines all the same as small-beer,

Had exhausted his rent,

And, his money all spent,

How he borrow'd large sums at two hundred per cent.

How they follow'd—and then,

The once civillest of men,

Messrs. Howard and Gibbs, made him bitterly rue it he
'd ever raised money by way of annuity;

And, his mortgages being about to foreclose,

How he jump'd in the river to finish his woes!

Lurline was affected, and own'd, with a tear, That a story so mournful had ne'er met her ear;

> Rupert, hearing her sigh, Look'd uncommonly sly,

And said, with some emphasis, "Ah, Miss! had I

A few pounds of those metals
You waste here on kettles
Then, lord once again
Of my spacious domain,

A free Count of the Empire once more I might reign,
With Lurline at my side,
My adorable bride

(For the parson should come, and the knot should be tied); No couple so happy on earth should be seen As Sir Rupert the Brave and his charming Lurline; Not that money's my object—No, hang it, I scorn it—And as for my rank—but that you'd so adorn it—

I'd abandon it all

To remain your true thrall,

And, instead of 'the *Great*,' be call'd 'Rupert the *Small*;'
—To gain but your smiles, were I Sardanapalus,
I'd descend from my throne, and be Boots at an alehouse."

Lurline hung her head, Turn'd pale, and then red,

1 "Sardanapalus" and "Boots," the Zenith and Nadir of human society.—T. I.

Growing faint at this sudden proposal to wed,

As though his abruptness, in "popping the question"

So soon after dinner, disturb'd her digestion.

Then, averting her eye, With a lover-like sigh,

"You are welcome," she murmur'd, in tones most bewitching, "To every utensil I have in my kitchen!"

Up started the Knight,
Half mad with delight,
Round her finely-form'd waist
He immediately placed

One arm, which the lady most closely embraced,
Of her lily-white fingers the other made capture,
And he press'd his adored to his bosom with rapture.
"And, oh!" he exclaim'd, "let them go catch my skiff, I
Il be home in a twinkling, and back in a jiffy,
Nor one moment procrastinate longer my journey
Than to put up the banns and kick out the attorney."

One kiss to her lip, and one squeeze to her hand, And Sir Rupert already was half-way to land,

For a sour-visaged Triton,

With features would frighten

Old Nick, caught him up in one hand, though no light one, Sprang up through the waves, popp'd him into his funny, Which some others already had half fill'd with money; In fact, 'twas so heavily laden with ore

And pearls, 'twas a mercy he got it to shore;

But Sir Rupert was strong, And, while pulling along,

Still he heard, faintly sounding, the water-nymphs' song.

LAY OF THE NAIADS.

"Away! away! to the mountain's brow,
Where the castle is darkly frowning;
And the vassals, all in goodly row,
Weep for their lord a-drowning!
Away! away! to the steward's room,
Where law with its wig and robe is;
Throw us out John Doe, and Richard Roe,
And sweetly we'll tickle their tobies!"

The unearthly voices scarce had ceased their yelling, When Rupert reach'd his old baronial dwelling.

> What rejoicing was there! How the vassals did stare!

The old housekeeper put a clean shirt down to air, For she saw by her lamp

That her master's was damp,

And she fear'd he'd catch cold, and lumbago, and cramp;
But, scorning what she did,
The Knight never heeded

Wet jacket or trousers, nor thought of repining, Since their pockets had got such a delicate lining.

But oh! what dismay Fill'd the tribe of Ca Sa,

When they found he'd the cash, and intended to pay!

Away went "cognovits," "bills," "bonds," and "escheats,"—

Rupert clear'd off all scores, and took proper receipts.

Now no more he sends out

For pots of brown stout,

Or schnaps, but resolves to do henceforth without,

Abjure from this hour all excess and ebriety, Enrol himself one of a Temp'rance Society,

All riot eschew,

Begin life anew,

And new-cushion and hassock the family pew!

Nay, to strengthen him more in his new mode of life,

He boldly determines to take him a wife.

Now, many would think that the Knight from a nice sense Of honour should put Lurline's name in the licence, And that, for a man of his breeding and quality,

To break faith and troth,

Confirm'd by an oath,

Is not quite consistent with rigid morality;
But whether the nymph was forgot, or he thought her
From her essence scarce wife, but at best wife-and-water,

And declined as unsuited

A bride so diluted—

Be this as it may,

He, I'm sorry to say,

(For, all things consider'd, I own 'twas a rum thing,)
Made proposals in form to Miss *Una Von*—something
(Her name has escaped me), sole heiress and niece
To a highly respectable Justice of Peace.

"Thrice happy's the wooing That's not long a-doing!"

So much time is saved in the billing and cooing—
The ring is now bought, the white favours, and gloves,
And all the et cetera which crown people's loves;
A magnificent bride-cake comes home from the baker,
And lastly appears, from the German Long Acre,
That shaft which the sharpest in all Cupid's quiver is,
A plum-colour'd coach, and rich Pompadour liveries.

'Twas a comely sight
To behold the Knight,

With his beautiful bride, dress'd all in white,
And the bridemaids fair with their long lace veils,
As they all walk'd up to the altar rails,
While nice little boys, the incense dispensers,
March'd in front with white surplices, bands, and gilt censers.

With a gracious air, and a smiling look,
Mess John had open'd his awful book,
And had read so far as to ask if to wed he meant?
And if "he knew any just cause or impediment?"
When from base to turret the castle shook!!!
Then came a sound of a mighty rain
Dashing against each storied pane,

The wind blew loud,
And a coal-black cloud

O'ershadow'd the church, and the party, and crowd; How it could happen they could not divine, The morning had been so remarkably fine!

Still the darkness increased, till it reach'd such a pass That the sextoness hasten'd to turn on the gas;

But harder it pour'd,

And the thunder roar'd

As if heaven and earth were coming together; None ever had witness'd such terrible weather.

> Now louder it crash'd, And the lightning flash'd, Exciting the fears Of the sweet little dears

In the veils, as it danced on the brass chandeliers; The parson ran off, though a stout-hearted Saxon, When he found that a flash had set fire to his caxon.



Though all the rest trembled, as might be expected, Sir Rupert was perfectly cool and collected,

> And endeavour'd to cheer His bride, in her ear

Whisp'ring tenderly, "Pray don't be frighten'd, my dear; Should it even set fire to the castle, and burn it, you're Amply insured, both for buildings and furniture."

But now from without,
A trustworthy scout
Rush'd hurriedly in,
Wet through to the skin,

Informing his master "the river was rising, And flooding the grounds in a way quite surprising."

> He'd no time to say more, For already the roar

Of the waters was heard as they reach'd the church door, While, high on the first wave that roll'd in, was seen Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline; And all might observe, by her glance fierce and stormy, She was stung by the spretæ injurid formæ.

What she said to the Knight, what she said to the bride, What she said to the ladies who stood by her side, What she said to the nice little boys in white clothes, Oh, nobody mentions,—for nobody knows; For the roof tumbled in, and the walls tumbled out, And the folks tumbled down, all confusion and rout,

The rain kept on pouring, The flood kept on roaring,

The billows and water-nymphs roll'd more and more in ;

Ere the close of the day

All was clean wash'd away----

One only survived who could hand down the news, A little old woman that open'd the pews;

She was borne off, but stuck,

By the greatest good luck,

In an oak-tree, and there she hung, crying and screaming, And saw all the rest swallow'd up the wild stream in:

In vain, all the week,

Did the fishermen seek

For the bodies, and poke in each cranny and creek;

In vain was their search

After aught in the church,

They caught nothing but weeds, and perhaps a few perch;

The Humane Society

Tried a variety

Of methods, and brought down, to drag for the wreck, tackles, But they only fish'd up the clerk's tortoiseshell spectacles.

MORAL.

Of liquor, and how you run after the fair!

Shun playing at shorts—avoid quarrels and jars—
And don't take to smoking those nasty cigars!

—Let no run of bad luck, or despair for some Jewess-eyed

Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide!

Don't sit up much later than ten or eleven!—

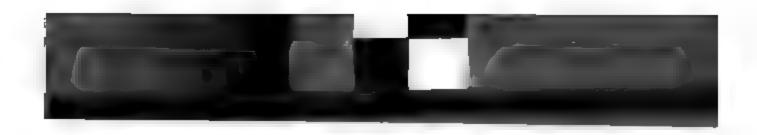
Be up in the morning by half after seven!

Keep from flirting—nor risk, warn'd by Rupert's mis-carriage,
An action for breach of a promise of marriage;—

Don't fancy odd fishes!

Don't prig silver dishes!

And to sum up the whole, in the shortest phrase I know, BEWARE OF THE RHINE, AND TAKE CARE OF THE RHINO!

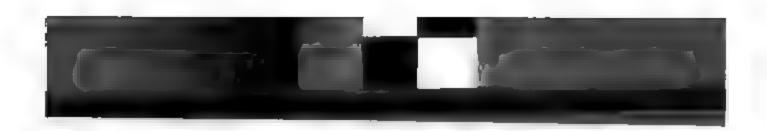


NOTE

"Meurs. Howard and Gibbs made him bitterly rue it he 'd ever raised money by way of annuity."—P. 40.

Mesers. Howard and Gibbs, an eminent firm of conveyancers, agents for capitalists, dealers in annuities, &c., who "flourished" some thirty or forty years ago. But advancing money even at two hundred per cent. does not always "lead on to fortune," especially when neither interest nor principal is paid, and the eminent firm eventually entered upon that facile descent, down which they had conducted so many of their clients.

And now for "Sunny Italy,"—the "Land of the unforgotten brave,"—the land of blue skies and black-eyed Signoras.— I cannot discover from any recorded memoranda that "Uncle Perry" was ever in Venice, even in Carnival time—that he ever saw Garrick in Shylock I do not believe, and am satisfied that he knew nothing of Shakspeare, a circumstance that would by no means disqualify him from publishing an edition of that Poet's works. I can only conclude that, in the course of his continental wanderings, Sir Peregrine had either read or heard of the following history, especially as he furnishes us with some particulars of the eventual destination of his dramatis personæ which the Bard of Avon has omitted. If this solution be not accepted, I can only say, with Mr. Puff, that probably "two men hit upon the same idea, and Shakspeare made use of it first."



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

"" * Of the Merchant of Venice there are two 4to. editions in 1600, one by Heyes and the other by Roberts. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francia Egerton have copies of the edition by Heyes, and they very importantly. " * It must be acknowledged that this is a very easy and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment's doubt or dispute.

" * Readers in general are not at all aware of the nonsense they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakspeare!"

Reasons for a new Edition of Shakspeare's Works, by J. Payne Collier.

BELIEVE there are few
But have heard of a Jew,
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a "Screw"
In money transactions, as ever you knew;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.,
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
Who'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,
When press'd for a loan, at the very first sight
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in Flight.\(^1\)
It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;

¹ There was—perhaps is,—in the bill-discounting business, a well-known and no less obliging "party" of this name, "to be heard of" somewhere in the City.

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Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do, Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives, We've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives, That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives!"

In proof of this rule,

A thoughtless young fool,

Bassanio, a Lord of the Tomnoddy school,

Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,

A "swelling" (Payne Collier would read "swilling") "port,"

And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,

Had shrunk his "weak means," and was "stump'd" and

"hard up,"

Took occasion to send
To his very good friend
Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
And who'd often before had the kindness to lend
Him large sums, on his note, which he'd managed to spend.

- "Antonio," said he,
- "Now listen to me;

I've just hit on a scheme which, I think, you'll agree. All matters consider'd, is no bad design, And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine

"In the first place, you know all the money I've got,
Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,
And in making those loans you have made a bad shot;
Now do as the boys do when, shooting at sparrows
And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,
—Shoot another the same way—I'll watch well its track,
And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them back!—



So list to my plan,

And do what you can

To attend to and second it, that's a good man!

"There's a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare, at A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat Was giving last season, we all used to stare at. Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine, Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,

Her iron strong box Seems bursting its locks,

It's stuff'd so with shares in 'Grand Junctions' and 'Docks,'

Not to speak of the money she's got in the Stocks, French, Dutch, and Brazilian, Columbian, and Chilian,

In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,
Not 'kites,' manufactured to cheat and inveigle,
But the right sort of 'flimsy,' all sign'd by Monteagle.¹
Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,
And more speculations I need not detail, ways
Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think'em,
Contribute a deal to improving one's income;

In short, she's a Mint!—

Now I say, deuce is in't

If, with all my experience, I can't take a hint, And her 'eye's speechless messages,' plainer than print At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

> In short, my dear Tony, My trusty old crony,

Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan-I

¹ Better known as Spring Rice, Chancellor, and subsequently Comptroller of the Exchequer.

Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are brutes, Of all sorts and sizes, preferring their suits

To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts;

Yet Portia—she's named from that daughter of Cato's—

Is not to be snapp'd up like little potatoes,

And I have not a doubt I shall rout every lout

Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out— Surmount every barrier, Carry her, marry her!

—Then hey! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed, For her Three-and-a-half per Cents.—New and Reduced!"

> With a wink of his eye His friend made reply

In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,
"Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say 'die!'
—Well—I hardly know how I shall do't, but I'll try,—
Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,
But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash;
The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is
Tossing about, as you know, in my argosies,
Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,—I
've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—
Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay;—

A sixth, by the way, I consign'd t'other day

To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais, A country where silver's as common as clay.

Meantime, till they tack,

And come, some of them, back,
What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,
My account with Jones, Lloyd, and Co., looks rather blue;



While, as for the 'ready,' I'm like a Church-mouse,—I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

But, no matter for that, Let me just get my hat,

And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,
And we'll go forth at once to the market—we two,—
And try what my credit in Venice can do;
I stand well on 'Change, and, when all's said and done, I
Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money."

They were going to go,

When, lo! down below,
In the street, they heard somebody crying, "Old Clo'!"

"By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose!—I knew
We should not have to search long. Salanio, run you,

"Salarino,—quick!—haste! ere he get out of view,
And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew!"

With a pack, Like a sack

Of old clothes, at his back, And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack, Saying, "Rest you fair, Signior Antonio!----vat, pray, Might your vorship be pleash'd for to vant in ma vay?"

> -" Why, Shylock, although, As you very well know,

I am what they call 'warm,'—pay my way as I go,
And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,
I can break through a rule, to oblige an old friend;
And that's the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise
Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your ways,
And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,
Unless you've a couple of names to the bill,

Why, for once, I'll put mine to it, Yea, seal and sign to it— Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you'll say As to 'doing' a bill at three months from to-day? Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags?"

> "—Vell, ma tear," says the Jew, "I'll see vat I can do!

But Mishter Antonio, hark you, 'tish funny You say to me, 'Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money!'

> Ven you very vell knows How you shpit on ma clothes,

And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch Dat I put too much int'resht py half in ma pouch, And vhile I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch, You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.

—Vell!—no matters, ma tear,—

Von vord in your ear!

I'd be friends mit you bote—and to make dat appear, Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill, Only von littel joke musht be put in de pill;—

Ma tear, you musht say,

If on such and such day

Such sum, or such sums, you shall fail to repay, I shall cut vere I like, as de pargain is proke, A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke."

So novel a clause Caused Bassanio to pause; But Antonio, like most of those sage "Johnny Raws" Who care not three straws About Lawyers or Laws,



And think cheaply of "Old father Antic," because
They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,
"Pooh-pooh'd" the whole thing—"Let the Smouch have his
way—

Why, what care I, pray, For his penalty?—Nay,

It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay;

And, come what come may,

I hardly need say

My ships will be back a full month ere the day." So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey, And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he

Affix'd with all speed

' His name to a deed,

Duly stamp'd and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney. Thus again furnish'd forth, Lord Bassanio, instead Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread, With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Head,

In the morning "made play,"

And, without more delay,

Started off in the steamboat for Belmont next day.

But scarcely had he

From the harbour got free,

And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea, Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old,
And, if rolling in gold,
Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,
For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses
Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,

Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace and some be, Your aquilæ generate sometimes Columbæ.¹ Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd "one fair daughter," And every gallant who caught sight of her thought her A jewel—a gem of the very first water;

A great many sought her,

Till one at last caught her,

And, upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,

To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,

That the very same night Bassanio thought right

To give all his old friends that farewell "invite," And while Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite, On "wings made by a tailor" the damsel took flight.

> By these "wings" I'd express A grey duffle dress,

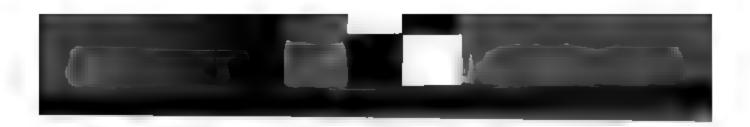
With brass badge and muffin cap, made, as by rule,
For an upper class boy in the National School.
Jessy ransack'd the house, popp'd her breeks on, and when so
Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,
An "Unthrift," who lost not a moment in whisking

Her into the boat, And was fairly afloat

Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,
And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket
Who'd help'd her in getting aboard of the packet,
Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,
And bowing and scraping, and singing and dancing,

Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.—Hor.



Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest; And, if left to herself, he, no doubt, had succeeded, For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did;

> But an obstacle lay, Of some weight, in his way.

The defunct Mr. P., who was now turn'd to clay, Had been an odd man, and, though all for the best he meant, Left but a queer sort of "Last will and testament,"—

Bequeathing her hand,
With her houses and land,
&c., from motives one don't understand,
As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,
To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

Like a good girl, she did Just what she was bid; In one of three caskets her picture she hid, And clapp'd a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one, Tried first, but they both fail'd in choosing the right one Another from Naples, who shoed his own horses;

A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count D'Orsay's;—

A young English Baron;—a Scotch Peer his neighbour;—A dull drunken Saxon, all moustache and sabre;—All follow'd, and all had their pains for their labour.

Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole!

Put his conjuring cap on,—consider'd the whole,—

The gold put aside as Mere "hard food for Midas."

The silver bade trudge
As a "pale common drudge;"
Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,
Came plump on the picture, and found out the riddle.

Now you're not such a goose as to think, I dare say, Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a day,

Any more than the dome

Of St. Peter's at Rome

Was built in the same space of time; and, in fact, Whilst Bassanio was doing

His billing and cooing,

Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act; Meanwhile, that unfortunate bill became due, Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,

And Antonio grew

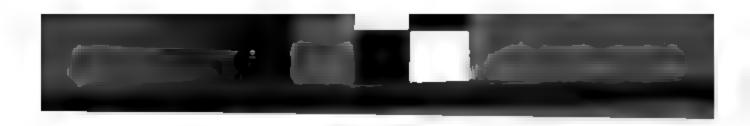
In a deuce of a stew,

For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do; (The bitter old Israelite would not renew,)

What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and embargoes, his

Funds were all stopp'd, or gone down in his argosies, None of the set having come into port, And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news
Of this step of the Jew's,
And his fix'd resolution all terms to refuse,
Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of "the Blues,"
Especially, too, as it came from the pen
Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day—then,



When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

"Dear Friend," it continued, "all's up with me—I

Have nothing on earth now to do but to die!

And, as death clears all scores, you're no longer my debtor;

I should take it as kind

Could you come—never mind—

If your love don't persuade you, why—don't let this letter!"

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er

Ere a post-chaise and four

Was brought round to the door,

And Bassanio, though doubtless he thought it a bore,

Gave his Lady one kiss, and then started at score.

But scarce in his flight Had he got out of sight,

Ere Portia, addressing a groom, said, "My lad, you a Journey must take on the instant to Padua; Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws, Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause,

And give him this note, Which I've hastily wrote,

Take the papers he'll give you—then push for the ferry Below, where I'll meet you—you'll do't in a wherry, If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it——Stay!—bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it."

Giovanni (that's Jack)
Brought out his back,
Made a bow to his mistress, then jump'd on its back,
Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.

The Signora soon follow'd, herself, taking as her Own escort Nerissa her maid, and Balthazar.

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show!"
As Captain Macheath says,—and when one's in debt,
The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know,
Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
They should bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose;

Yet here, a worse fate, Stands Antonio, of late

A Merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state,
With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepared for the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life;
—On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head, as before,

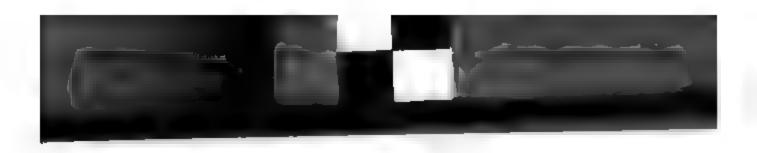
Imperturbable stands,

As he waits their commands,
With his scales and his great snicker-snee in his hands;
—Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified Lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,

Though his hopes are but feeble, Does his possible

To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him—still

He points to the bond He so often has conn'd, And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.





THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENO TILDEN FO''':

So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse, Says, "I can say no more—let the law take its course." Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew, As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe

> From the toe to the heel, And grasping the steel,

With a business-like air was beginning to feel Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal, When the dandified Judge puts a spoke in his wheel.

"Stay, Shylock," says he,

"Here's one thing—you see

This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood!

—The words are 'A pound of flesh,'—that's clear as mud—
Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind!—if you spill
One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,
I'll hang you like Haman!—By Jingo, I will!"

When apprised of this flaw,
You never yet saw
Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw
As in Shylock, who cried, "Plesh ma heart! ish that law?"—

-Off went his three hats, And he look'd as the cats

Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.

"—'Ish't the law?'—why, the thing won't admit of a query—No doubt of the fact,

Only look at the act;

Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—
Nay, if, rather than cut, you'd relinquish the debt,
The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
See Foscari's 'Statutes at Large'—'If a Stranger
A Citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,

The whole of his property, little or great, Shall go, on conviction, one-half to the State, And one to the person pursued by his hate;

> And, not to create Any farther debate,

The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate.'
So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy!
Defendant and Plaintiff are now wisy wersy."

What need to declare

How pleased they all were

At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?

Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,

His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon?—

How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,

To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?—

How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing,

Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring

Which Mrs. Bassanio had giv'n to her spouse,

With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house?—

How when he, and the spark Who appear'd as his clerk,

Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their jetty coats,

There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?—

How they pouted, and flouted, and acted the cruel,

Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel?—

How they scolded and broke out, Till, having their joke out,

They kiss'd, and were friends, and, all blessing and bless'd

Drove home by the light

Of a moonshiny night

Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan Knight,

Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid? 1

All this, if 'twere meet,

I'd go on to repeat,

But a story spun out so's by no means a treat; So I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains I have taken to rummage among his remains, No edition of Shakspeare, I've met with, contains; But, if the account which I've heard be the true one, We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

In an MS. then, sold
For its full weight in gold,
And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tomnoddy, I'm told
It's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,
Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain;
Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,
Became known by the name of the "Flower of Dumblane."

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen, Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,

And whose goodness to paint

All colours were faint,

Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint,"
And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,
Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,
He went over to England, got nat'ralised there,
And espoused a rich heiress in Hanover Square.

"In such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night."

Merchant of Venice, Act v. So. 1.

That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
But converted, I think may be possibly true;
But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
By changing the y in his name into er,
Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up,
And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,
I cannot believe—but shall still think them two men
Till some Sage proves the fact "with his usual acumen."

MORAL.

It's uncommonly hard

If an Editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,

Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear

A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,

"PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUNDRUMS!!"

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches, "You're 'no that far wrong' in assuming the breeches!"

Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools To look well to assets—nor play with edge-tools!

Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,

What caution they need when they deal with old-clothesmen!

So bid John and Mary

To mind and be wary,

And never let one of them come down the are'!

NOTES.

" A sixth, by the way,
I consign'd t'other day
To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais."—P. 52.

"In 1822, a year remarkable for its stock-jobbing bubbles, a person styling himself Sir Gregor M'Gregor, and—in virtue of a certain contract with H.M. Frederick Augustus, King of the Mosquito nation—Cacique of Poyais, contrived to open a loan of 200,000L, a large proportion of which was actually subscribed. In pursuance of his scheme, he appointed various ministers of state, officered several regiments, and bestowed a liberal allowance of titles and orders. In addition to this, two or three shiploads of miserable creatures were sent out as emigrants, and landed on the Mosquito shore, in North America, where, on the western side of Black River, the pleasant realm of Poyais was supposed to lie. Most of these poor wretches perished miserably; some few, wasted with hunger and sickness, were fortunately brought off."—Life and Remains of T. Hook.

"He went over to England, got nat'ralised there,
And espoused a rich heiress in Hanover Square."—P. 63.

The lady here alluded to was the daughter of a wealthy Government contractor, and as the Countess St. Antonio occupied a conspicuous position in the world of fashion. Her Sunday evenings in Hanover Square attained a special celebrity. Eventually, by the advancement of her husband, she was raised to the rank of Duchess.

From St. Mark to St. Lawrence—from the Rialto to the Escurial—from one Peninsula to another!—it is but a hop, step, and jump-your toe at Genoa, your heel at Marseilles, and a good hearty spring pops you down at once in the very heart of Old Castile. That Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby, then a young man, was at Madrid soon after the Peace of Ryswick, there is extant a long correspondence of his to prove. Various passages in it countenance the supposition that his tour was partly undertaken for political purposes; and this opinion is much strengthened by certain allusions in several of his letters addressed, in after life, to his friend Sir Horace Mann, then acting in the capacity of Envoy to the Court of Tuscany. Although the Knight spent several months in Spain, and visited many of her principal cities, there is no proof of his having actually "seen Seville," beyond the internal evidence incidentally supplied by the following legend. The events to which it alludes were, of course, of a much earlier date, though the genealogical records of the "Kings of both the Indies" have been in vain consulted for the purpose of fixing their precise date, and even Mr. Simpkinson's research has failed to determine which of the royal stock rejoicing in the name of Ferdinand is the hero of the legend. The conglomeration of Christian names usual in the families of the haute noblesse of Spain adds to the difficulty; not that this inconvenient accumulation of prefixes is peculiar to the country in question: witness my excellent friend Field-Marshal Count Herman Karl Heinrich Socrates von der Nodgerrie zü Pfefferkorn, whose appellations puzzled the

recording clerk of one of our Courts lately,—and that not a little.

That a splendid specimen of the genus Homo, species Monk, flourished in the earlier moiety of the 15th century, under the appellation of Torquemada, is notorious,—and this fact might seem to establish the era of the story; but then his name was John—not Dominic—though he was a Dominican, and hence the mistake, if any, may perhaps have originated—but then again the Spanish Queen to whom he was Confessor was called Isabella, and not Blanche—it is a puzzling affair altogether.

From his own silence on the subject it may well be doubted whether the worthy transcriber knew himself the date of the transactions he has recorded; the authenticity of the details, however, cannot be well called in question.—

Be this as it may, I shall make no further question, but at once introduce my "pensive public" to THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

CANTO I.

WITH a moody air, from morn till noon,
King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon;
From morn till eve
He does nothing but grieve;
Sighings and sobbings his midriff heave,
And he wipes his cyes with his ermined sleeve,
And he presses his feverish hand to his brow,
And he frowns, and he looks I can't tell you how;
And the Spanish Grandees,
In their degrees,

Are whispering about in twos and in threes,
And there is not a man of them seems at his ease,
But they gaze on the monarch, as watching what he does,
With their very long whiskers and longer Toledos.
Don Gaspar, Don Guzman, Don Juan, Don Diego,
Don Gomez, Don Pedro, Don Blas, Don Rodrigo,
Don Jerome, Don Giacomo join Don Alphonso

In making inquiries
Of grave Don Ramirez,
The Chamberlain, what it is makes him take on so;

A Monarch so great that the soundest opinions

Maintain the sun can't set throughout his dominions:

But grave Don Ramirez

In guessing no nigher is

Than the other grave Dons who propound these inquiries; When, pausing at length, as beginning to tire, his Majesty beckons, with stately civility,

> To Señor Don Lewis Condé d'Aranjuez,

Who in birth, wealth, and consequence second to few is,
And Señor Don Manuel, Count de Pacheco,
A lineal descendant from King Pharaoh-Neco,
Both Knights of the Golden Fleece, highborn Hidalgos,
With whom e'en the King himself quite as a "pal" goes.

"Don Lewis," says he,

"Just listen to me;

And you, Count Pacheco—I think that we three,

On matters of State, for the most part agree,—

Now you both of you know

That some six years ago,

Being then, for a King, no indifferent Beau,

At the altar I took, like my forebears of old,

The Peninsula's paragon,

Fair Blanche of Aragon,

For better, for worse, and to have and to hold—

And you're fully aware,

When the matter took air,

How they shouted, and fired the great guns in the Square, Cried 'Viva!' and rung all the bells in the steeple,

And all that sort of thing

The mob do when a King

Brings a Queen Consort home for the good of his people.

"Well!—six years and a day Have flitted away

Since that blessed event, yet I'm sorry to say— In fact it's the principal cause of my pain— I don't see any signs of an Infant of Spain!—

> Now I want to ask you, Cavaliers true,

And Counsellors sage,—what the deuce shall I do?—
The State—don't you see?—hey?—an heir to the throne—
Every monarch—you know—should have one of his own—
Disputed succession—hey?—terrible Go!—

Hum !--hey ?--Old fellows !--you see !--don't you know?"--

Now Reader, dear,

If you've ever been near

Enough to a Court to encounter a Peer

When his principal tenant's gone off in arrear,

And his brewer has sent in a long bill for beer,

And his butcher and baker, with faces austere,

Ask him to clear

Off, for furnish'd good cheer, Bills, they say, "have been standing for more than a year,"

And the tailor and shoemaker also appear

With their "little account"
Of "trifling amount,"

For Wellingtons, waistcoats, pea-jackets, and—gear Which to name in society's thought rather queer,—While Drummond's chief clerk, with his pen in his ear, And a kind of a sneer, says, "We've no effects here!"

—Or if ever you've seen

An Alderman, keen

After turtle, peep into a silver tureen,

In search of the fat call'd par excellence "green,"
When there's none of the meat left—not even the lean!—
Or if ever you've witness'd the face of a sailor
Return'd from a voyage, and escaped from a gale, or
Poetice "Boreas," that "blustering railer,"
To find that his wife, when he hastens to "hail" her,
Has just run away with his cash—and a tailor,—
If one of these cases you've ever survey'd,

You'll, without my aid,
To yourself have portray'd
The beautiful mystification display'd,
And the puzzled expression of manner and air
Exhibited now by the dignified pair,
When thus unexpectedly ask'd to declare
Their opinions as Counsellors, several and joint,

On so delicate, grave, and important a point.

Señor Don Lewis Condé d'Aranjuez

At length forced a smile 'twixt the prim and the grim, And look'd at Pacheco—Pacheco at him—
Then, making a rev'rence, and dropping his eyes,
Cough'd, hemm'd, and deliver'd himself in this wise:

"My Liege!—unaccustom'd as I am to speaking In public—an art I'm remarkably weak in— I feel I should be—quite unworthy the name Of a man and a Spaniard—and highly to blame,

Were there not in my breast

What—can't be exprest,—

And can therefore,—your Majesty,—only be guess'd— —What I mean to say is—since your Majesty deigns To ask my advice on your welfare—and Spain's—

And on that of your Majesty's Bride—that is, Wife—It's the—as I may say—proudest day of my life!
But as to the point—on a subject so nice
It's a delicate matter to give one's advice,

Especially, too,

When one don't clearly view

The best mode of proceeding,—or know what to do;

My decided opinion, however, is this,

And I fearlessly say that you can't do amiss,

If, with all that fine tact Both to think and to act,

In which all know your Majesty so much excels—You are graciously pleased to—ask somebody else!"

Here the noble Grandee
Made that sort of congée,
Which, as Hill¹ used to say, "I once happen'd to see"
The great Indian conjurer, Ramo Samee,
Make, while swallowing what all thought a regular choker,
Viz. a small sword as long and as stiff as a poker.

Then the Count de Pacheco,
Whose turn 'twas to speak, o-mitting all preface, exclaim'd with devotion,
"Sire, I beg leave to second Don Lewis's motion!"

Now a monarch of Spain
Of course could not deign
To expostulate, argue, or, much less, complain
Of an answer thus giv'n, or to ask them again;
So he merely observed, with an air of disdain,
"Well, gentlemen,—since you both shrink from the task
Of advising your Sovereign—pray, whom shall I ask?"

¹ An allusion to the "Tom Hill" described before. See vol. i. page 283.

Each felt the rub,
And in Spain not a Sub,
Much less an Hidalgo, can stomach a snub,
So the noses of these
Castilian Grandees

Rise at once in an angle of several degrees,
Till the under lip's almost becoming the upper,
Each perceptibly grows, too, more stiff in the crupper.

Their right hands rest On the left side the breast,

While the hilts of their swords by their left hands deprest Make the ends of their scabbards to cock up behind, Till they're quite horizontal instead of inclined, And Don Lewis, with scarce an attempt to disguise The disgust he experiences, gravely replies, "Sire, ask the Archbishop—his Grace of Toledo!—He understands these things much better than we do!"

-Pauca Verba!-enough,

Each turns off in a huff,
This twirling his moustache, that fingering his ruff,
Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail.

King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon,
With a moody brow, and he looks like a "Spoon,"
And all the Court Nobles, who form the ring,
Have a spooney appearance, of course, like the King,
All of them eyeing King Ferdinand
As he goes up and down with his watch in his hand,
Which he claps to his ear as he walks to and fro,—
"What is it can make the Archbishop so slow?"
Hark!—at last there's a sound in the courtyard below,
Where the Beefeaters all are drawn up in a row,—

I would say the "Guards," for in Spain they're in chief eaters

Of omelettes and garlick, and can't be call'd Beefeaters.

In fact, of the few Individuals I knew

Who ever had happen'd to travel in Spain,
There has scarce been a person who did not complain
Of their cookery, and dishes, as all bad in grain,
And no one I'm sure will deny it who's tried a

Vile compound they have that's call'd Olla podrida.

(This, by the bye,

's a mere rhyme to the eye,

For in Spanish the *i* is pronounced like an *e*,

And they've not quite our mode of pronouncing the *d*.

In Castile, for instance, it is giv'n through the teeth,

And what we call Madrid, they sound more like Madreeth.)

Of course you will see in a moment they've no men

That at all correspond with our Beefeating Yeomen;

So call them "Walloons," or whatever you please,

By their rattles and slaps they're not "standing at ease,"

But, beyond all disputing,

Engaged in saluting

Some very great person among the Grandees;— Here a Gentleman Usher walks in and declares, "His Grace the Archbishop's a-coming up-stairs!"

The Most Reverend Don Garcilasso Quevedo
Was just at this time, as he
Now held the Primacy,
(Always attach'd to the See of Toledo,)
A man of great worship Officii virtute,
Versed in all that pertains to a Counsellor's duty,

Well skill'd to combine Civil law with divine;

As a statesman, inferior to none in that line;

As an orator, too,

He was equall'd by few;

Uniting, in short, in tongue, headpiece, and pen,
The very great powers of three very great men,
Talleyrand,—who will never drive down Piccadilly more
To the Traveller's Club-House!—Charles Phillips—and Phillimore.1

Not only at home, But even at Rome

There was not a Prelate among them could cope
With the Primate of Spain in the eyes of the Pope.
(The Conclave was full, and they'd not a spare hat, or he
'd long since been Cardinal Legate d latere,
A dignity fairly his due, without flattery,
So much he excited among all beholders

Their marvel to see

At his age—thirty-three—

Such a very old head on such very young shoulders.)
No wonder the King, then, in this his distress,
Should send for so sage an adviser express,

Who, you'll readily guess, Could not do less

Than start off at once, without stopping to dress, In his haste to get Majesty out of a mess.

His Grace the Archbishop comes up the back way, Set apart for such Nobles as have the *entrée*, Viz. Grandees of the first class, both cleric and lay; Walks up to the monarch, and makes him a bow,

¹ The one gentleman learned in criminal, the other in ecclesiastical law.

As a dignified clergyman always knows how, Then replaces the mitre at once on his brow;

> For, in Spain, recollect, As a mark of respect

To the Crown, if a Grandee uncovers, it's quite As a matter of option, and not one of right; A thing not conceded by our Royal Masters, Who always make Noblemen take off their "castors,"

> Except the heirs male Of John Lord Kinsale,

A stalwart old Baron, who, acting as Henchman To one of our early Kings, kill'd a big Frenchman; A feat which his Majesty deigning to smile on, Allow'd him thenceforward to stand with his "tile" on And all his successors have kept the same privilege Down from those barbarous times to our civil age.

Returning his bow with a slight demi-bob, And replacing the watch in his hand in his fob, "My Lord," said the King, "here's a rather tough job,

Which it seems, of a sort is To puzzle our Cortes,

And since it has quite flabbergasted that Diet, I Look to your Grace with no little anxiety

Concerning a point

Which has quite out of joint

Put us all with respect to the good of society:—

Your Grace is aware

That we've not got an Heir;

Now, it seems, one and all, they don't stick to declare That of all our advisers there is not in Spain one Can tell, like your Grace, the best way to obtain one;

So put your considering cap on—we're curious To learn your receipt for a Prince of Asturias."

One without the nice tact
Of his Grace would have backt
Out at once, as the Noblemen did,—and, in fact,
He was, at the first, rather posed how to act—

One moment—no more!—

Bowing then, as before,

He said, "Sire, 'twere superfluous for me to acquaint The 'Most Catholic King' in the world, that a Saint

Is the usual resource

In these cases,—of course

Of their influence your Majesty well knows the force;

If I may be, therefore, allow'd to suggest

The plan which occurs to my mind as the best,

Your Majesty may go

At once to St. Jago,

Whom, as Spain's patron Saint, I pick out from the rest;

If your Majesty looks

Into Guthrie, or Brooks,

In all the approved Geographical books
You will find Compostella laid down in the maps
Some two hundred and sev'nty miles off; and, perhaps,
In a case so important, you may not decline

A pedestrian excursion to visit his shrine;

And, Sire, should you choose

To put peas in your shoes,

The Saint, as a Gentleman, can't well refuse So distinguish'd a Pilgrim,—especially when he Considers the boon will not cost him one penny!"

His speech ended, his Grace bow'd, and put on his mitre As tight as before, and perhaps a thought tighter.

"Pooh! pooh!" says the King,

"I shall do no such thing!

It's nonsense,—Old fellow—you see—no use talking—
The peas set apart, I abominate walking—
Such a deuced way off, too—hey?—walk there—what, me?
Pooh!—it's no Go, Old fellow!—you know—don't you see?"

"Well, Sire," with much sweetness the Prelate replied,
"If your Majesty don't like to walk—you can ride!

And then if you please,

In lieu of the peas,

A small portion of horsehair, cut fine, we'll insert,
As a substitute, under your Majesty's shirt;
Then a rope round your collar instead of a laced band,—
A few nettles tuck'd into your Majesty's waistband,—
Asafætida mix'd with your bouquet and civet,
I'll warrant you'll find yourself right as a trivet!"

"Pooh! pooh!
I tell you,"

Quoth the King, "it won't do!"—
A cold perspiration began to bedew

His Majesty's cheek, and he grew in a stew,
When José de Humez, the King's privy-purse-keeper,
(Many folks thought it could scarce have a worse keeper,)
Came to the rescue, and said with a smile,
"Sire, your Majesty can't go—'twould take a long while,
And you won't post it under Two SHILLINGS A MILE!!

Twenty-seven pounds ten

To get there—and then

Twenty-seven pounds ten more to get back agen!!
Sire, the tottle's enormous—you ought to be King
Of Golconda as well as the Indies, to fling
Such a vast sum away upon any such thing!"

At this second rebuff
The Archbishop look'd gruff,
And his eye glanced on Humez as if he'd say "Stuff!"
But seeing the King seem'd himself in a huff,
He changed his demeanour, and grew smooth enough;
Then taking his chin 'twixt his finger and thumb,
As a help to reflection, gave vent to a "Hum!"
'Twas the pause of an instant—his eye assumed fast
That expression which says, "Come, I've got it at last!"

"There's one plan," he resumed, "which, with all due respect to Your Majesty, no one, I think, can object to——Since your Majesty don't like the peas in the shoe—or to Travel—what say you to burning a Jew or two?—

Of all cookeries, most

The Saints love a roast!

And a Jew's, of all others, the best dish to toast;

And then for a Cook

We have not far to look—

Father Dominic's self, Sire, your own Grand Inquisitor, Luckily now at your Court is a visitor; Of his Rev'rence's functions there is not one weightier Than Heretic-burning—in fact, 'tis his métier.

Besides Alguazils

Who still follow his heels,

He has always Familiars enough at his beck at home,
To pick you up Hebrews enough for a hecatomb!
And depend on it, Sire, such a glorious specific
Would make every Queen throughout Europe prolific!"

Says the King, "That'll do!
Pooh! pooh!—burn a Jew?
Burn half a score Jews—burn a dozen—burn two—

Your Grace, it's a match, Burn all you can catch,

Men, women, and children—Pooh! pooh!—great and small—Old clothes—slippers—sealing-wax—Pooh!—burn them all—

For once we'll be gay,

A grand Auto-da-fé

Is much better fun than a ball or a play!"

So the warrant was made out without more delay, Drawn, seal'd, and deliver'd, and

(Signed)

YO EL RE!

CANTO II.

There is not a nation in Europe but labours

To toady itself, and to humbug its neighbours—

"Earth has no such folks—no folks such a city,
So great, or so grand, or so fine, or so pretty,"

Said Louis Quatorze,

"As this Paris of ours!"—

—Mr. Daniel O'Connell exclaims, "By the Pow'rs, Ould Ireland's on all hands admitted to be
The first flow'r of the earth, and first Gim of the sea!"—
—Mr. Bull will inform you that Neptune,—a lad he,
With more of affection than rev'rence, styles "Daddy,"—

Did not scruple to "say

To Freedom, one day,"

That if ever he changed his aquatics for dry land, His home should be Mr. B.'s "Tight little Island."—

He adds, too, that he,

The said Mr. B.,

Of all possible Frenchmen can fight any three;

That, with no greater odds, he knows well how to treat them,
To meet them, defeat them, and beat them, and eat them.—
In Italy, too, 'tis the same to the letter;

There each Lazzarone Will cry to his crony,

"See Naples, then die! and the sooner the better!"

The Portuguese say, as a well-understood thing,

"Who has not seen Lisbon² has not seen a good thing!"—While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under,

"QUIEN NO HA VISTO SEVILLA

No ha visto maravilla!"

"He who ne'er has view'd Seville has ne'er view'd a Wonder!"

And from all I can learn this is no such great blunder.

In fact, from the river,

The famed Guadalquiver,

Where many a knight's had cold steel through his liver,3

The prospect is grand. The Iglesia Mayor

Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,

With its lofty Giralda, while two or three score

Of magnificent structures around, perhaps more,

As our Irish friends have it, are there "to the fore;"

Then the old Alcazar,

More ancient by far,

As some say, while some call it one of the palaces Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,

Down whose current clear and strong,

Chiefs, confused in mutual slaughter,

Moor and Christian, roll along."-Old Spanish Romance.-T. 1.

^{1 &}quot;Vedi Napoli e poi mori!"

^{2 &}quot;Quem naō tem visto Lisboa Naō tem visto cousa boa."

^{3 &}quot;Rio verde, Rio verde, &c."

[&]quot;Glassy water, glassy water,

With its horse-shoe shaped arches of Arabesque tracery. Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,

Saracenic and rich;

And more buildings, "the which," As old Lilly, in whom I've been looking a bit o' late,

Says, "You'd be bored should I now recapitulate;" 1

In brief, then, the view Is so fine and so new,

It would make you exclaim, 'twould so forcibly strike ye,
If a Frenchman, "Superbe!"—if an Englishman, "Crikey!!"

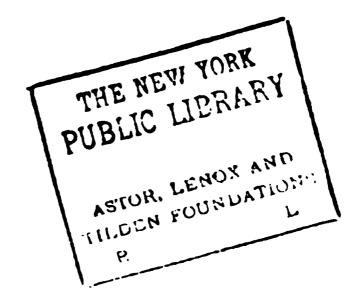
Yes! thou art "Wonderful!"—but oh,
'Tis sad to think, 'mid scenes so bright
As thine, fair Seville, sounds of woe,
And shrieks of pain, and wild affright,
And soul-wrung groans of deep despair,
And blood, and death should mingle there!

Yes! thou art "Wonderful!" the flames
That on thy towers reflected shine,
While earth's proud Lords and high-born Dames,
Descendants of a mighty line,
With cold unalter'd looks are by
To gaze, with an unpitying eye,
On wretches in their agony.

All speak thee "Wonderful"—the phrase
Befits thee well—the fearful blaze
Of you piled faggot's lurid light,
Where writhing victims mock the sight,—
The scorch'd limb shrivelling in its chains,—
The hot blood parch'd in living veins,—

¹ Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

*Propria quæ maribus.—T. I.





THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

The crackling nerve—the fearful knell
Rung out by that remorseless bell,—
Those shouts from human fiends that swell,—
That withering scream,—that frantic yell,—
All, Seville,—all too truly, tell
Thou art a "MARVEL"—and a Hell!
God!—that the worm whom thou hast made
Should thus his brother worm invade!
Count deeds like these good service done,
And deem THINE eye looks smiling on!!

Yet there at his ease, with his whole Court around him, King Ferdinand sits "in his GLORY"—confound him!—

Leaning back in his chair,

With a satisfied air,

And enjoying the bother, the smoke and the smother, With one knee cock'd carelessly over the other;

His pouncet-box goes

To and fro at his nose,

As somewhat misliking the smell of old clothes, And seeming to hint, by this action emphatic, That Jews, e'en when roasted, are not aromatic;

There, too, fair Ladies

Partaking, as usual, of wafers and ices,

From Xeres and Cadiz,

Catalinas, and Julias, and fair Iñesillas,
In splendid lace-veils and becoming mantillas;
Elviras, Antonias, and Claras, and Floras,
And dark-eyed Jacinthas, and soft Isidoras,
Are crowding the "boxes," and looking on coolly as
Though 'twas but one of their common tertulias,¹

A sort of Spanish "kettle-drum."

Snow-water, and melons cut out into slices,
And chocolate,—furnish'd at coffee-house prices;

While many a suitor, And gay coadjutor

In the eating-and-drinking line, scorns to be neuter:
One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor
From travel in England, is tempting his "future"
With a luxury neat as imported, "The Pewter,"
And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses
With a three-corner'd sandwich, and soupçon of "Guinness's;"
While another, from Paris but newly come back,
Hints "the least taste in life" of the best cogniac.

Such ogling and eyeing, In short, and such sighing,

And such complimenting (one must not say l——g)
Of smart cavaliers with each other still vying,

Mix'd up with the crying And groans of the dying,

All hissing, and spitting, and broiling, and frying,
Form a scene, which, although there can be no denying
To a bon Catholique it may prove edifying,
I doubt if a Protestant smart Beau, or merry Belle,
Might not shrink from it as somewhat too terrible.
It's a question with me if you ever survey'd a
More stern-looking mortal than old Torquemada,
Renown'd Father Dominic, famous for twisting domestic and foreign necks all over Christendom;

Morescoes or Jews,

Not a penny to choose,

If a dog of a heretic dared to refuse
A glass of old port, or a slice from a griskin,
The good Padre soon would so set him a frisking,
That I would not, for—more than I'll say—be in his skin.

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

'Twas just the same thing with his own race and nation, And Christian Dissenters of every persuasion,

> Muggletonian, or Quaker, Or Jumper, or Shaker,

No matter with whom in opinion partaker, George Whitfield, John Bunyan, or Thomas Gat-acre, They'd no better chance than a Bonze or a Fakir; If a woman, it skill'd not—if she did not deem as he Bade her to deem touching Papal supremacy,

By the Pope, but he'd make her! From error awake her,

Or else—pop her into an oven and bake her!

No one, in short, ever came half so near, as he

Did, to the full extirpation of heresy;

And if, in the times of which now I am treating,

There had been such a thing as a "Manchester Meeting,"

"Pretty pork" he'd have made "Moderator" and "Minister,"

Had he but caught them on his side Cape Finisterre;—

Pye-Smith, and the rest of them once in his bonfire,

hence-

-forth you'd have heard little more of the "Conference." And—there on the opposite side of the ring, He, too, sits "in his Glory," confronting the King, With his cast-iron countenance frowning austerely, That match'd with his en bon point body but queerly, For, though grim his visage, his person was pursy,

Belying the rumour

Of fat folks' good-humour;

Above waves his banner of "Justice and Mercy,"
Below and around stand a terrible band adding much to the scene,—viz. The "Holy Hermandad,"
That's "Brotherhood,"—each looking grave as a Granddad.

Within the arena Before them is seen a

Strange, odd-looking group, each one dress'd in a garment Not "dandified" clearly, as certainly "varment," Being all over vipers and snakes, and stuck thick With multiplied *silhouette* profiles of NICK;

And a cap of the same,

All devils and flame,

Extinguisher-shaped, much like Salisbury Spire, Except that the latter's of course somewhat higher;

A long yellow pin-a-fore

Hangs down, each chin afore,

On which, ere the wearer had donn'd it, a man drew The Scotch badge, a Saltire, or Cross of St. Andrew; Though I fairly confess I am quite at a loss To guess why they should choose that particular cross,

Or to make clear to you

What the Scotch had to do

At all with the business in hand,—though it's true
That the vestment aforesaid, perhaps, from its hue,
Viz. yellow, in juxtaposition with blue,
(A tinge of which latter tint could but accrue
On the faces of wretches, of course, in a stew
As to what their tormentors were going to do,)
Might make people fancy, who no better knew,
They were somehow connected with Jeffrey's Review;

Especially too

As it's certain that few

Things would make Father Dominic blither or happier Than to catch hold of *it*, or its *Chef*, Macvey Napier.— No matter for that—my description to crown, All the flames and the devils were turn'd upside down On this habit, facetiously term'd *San Benito*,

THE AUTO-DA-FE.

Much like the dress suit

Of some nondescript brute

From the show-van of Wombwell, (not George,) or Polito.1

And thrice happy they,"

Dress'd out in this way

To appear with éclat at the Auto-da-fé,

Thrice happy indeed whom the good luck might fall to

Of devils tail upward, and "Fuego revolto;"

For, only see there, In the midst of the Square,

Where, perch'd up on poles six feet high in the air, Sit, chain'd to the stake, some two, three, or four pair Of wretches, whose eyes, nose, complexion, and hair Their Jewish descent but too plainly declare, Each clothed in a garment more frightful by far, a Smock-frock sort of gaberdine, call'd a Samarra, With three times the number of devils upon it,—A proportion observed on the sugar-loaf'd bonnet, With this farther distinction—of mischief a proof—That every fiend Jack stands upright on his hoof!

While the pictured flames, spread Over body and head,

Are three times as crook'd, and three times as red! All, too, pointing upwards, as much as to say, "Here's the real bonne bouche of the Auto-da-fé!"

Torquemada, meanwhile,
With his cold, cruel smile,
Sits looking on calmly, and watching the pile,

¹ The upper rooms at Exeter 'Change were occupied as a menagerie, successively by Pidcock, Polito, and Cross. Sir George Wombwell was a mar of fashion, and the father of the present baronet.

^{*} O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint !

As his hooded "Familiars" (their names, as some tell, come From their being so much more "familiar" than "welcome")

Have, by this time, begun

To be "poking their fun,"

And their firebrands, as if they were so many posies

Of lilies and roses,

Up to the noses

Of Lazarus Levi, and Money Ben Moses;

While similar treatment is forcing out hollow moans

From Aby Ben Lasco, and Ikey Ben Solomons,1

Whose beards—this a black, that inclining to grizzle—

Are smoking, and curling, and all in a fizzle;

The King, at the same time, his Dons and his visitors,

Sit, sporting smiles, like the Holy Inquisitors,—

Enough!—no more!—

Thank Heaven, 'tis o'er!

The tragedy's done! and we now draw a veil

O'er a scene which makes outraged humanity quail;

The last fire's exhausted, and spent like a rocket,

The last wretched Hebrew's burnt down in his socket!

The Barriers are open, and all, saints and sinners,

King, Court, Lords, and Commons, gone home to their dinners,

With a pleasing emotion

Produced by the notion

Of having exhibited so much devotion,

All chuckling to think how the Saints are delighted

At having seen so many "Smouches" ignited:-

All, save Privy-purse Humez,

Who sconced in his room is,

¹ Aby Belasco, a low Jew prizefighter, and something worse. Ikey Solomons, a notorious "fence" or receiver of stolen goods, of the same persuasion.

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

And, Cocker in hand, in his leather-back'd chair,
Is puzzling to find out how much the "affair"
(By deep calculations, the which I can't follow) cost,—
The tottle, in short, of the whole of the Holocaust.

Perhaps you may think it a rather odd thing, That, while talking so much of the Court and the King,

In describing the scene

Through which we've just been

I've not said one syllable as to the Queen;

Especially, too, as her Majesty's "Whereabouts,"

All things consider'd, might well be thought thereabouts;

The fact was, however, although little known,

Sa Magestad had hit on a plan of her own,

And suspecting, perhaps, that an Auto alone

Might fail in securing this "Heir to the throne,"

Had made up her mind,

Although well inclined

Towards galas and shows of no matter what kind,

For once to retire,

And bribe the Saints higher

Than merely by sitting and seeing a fire,—

A sight, after all, she did not much admire;

So she lock'd herself up,

Without platter or cup,

In her Oriel, resolved not to take bite or sup,

Not so much as her matin-draught (our "early purl"),

Nor put on her jewels, nor e'en let the girl,

Who help'd her to dress, take her hair out of curl,

But to pass the whole morning in telling her beads,

And in reading the lives of the Saints, and their deeds,

^{1 &}quot;The tottle (total) of the whole" was a pleonasm it was the fashion to attribute to the late Mr. Joseph Hume.

And in vowing to visit, without shoes or sandals, Their shrines, with unlimited orders for candles, Holy water, and Masses of Mozart's and Handel's.¹

And many a Pater, and Ave, and Credo

Did She, and her Father Confessor, Quevedo,
(The clever Archbishop, you know, of Toledo,)

Who came, as before, at a very short warning,
Get through, without doubt, in the course of that morning;

Shut up, as they were,

With nobody there

To at all interfere with so pious a pair;

And the Saints must have been stony-hearted indeed,

If they had not allow'd all these pains to succeed.

Nay, it's not clear to me but their very ability

Might, Spain throughout,

Have been brought into doubt,

Had the Royal bed still remain'd cursed with sterility;

St. Jago, however, who always is jealous

In Spanish affairs, as their best authors tell us,

And who, if he saw

Anything like a flaw

In Spain's welfare, would soon sing "Old Rose, burn the bellows!"

Set matters to rights like a King of good fellows;

By his interference,

Three-fourths of a year hence,

There was nothing but capering, dancing, and singing, Cachucas, Boleros, and bells set a-ringing,

1 "That is, She would have order'd them—but none are known, I fear, as his, For Handel never wrote a Mass—and so She'd David Perez's—

Bow! wow! wow!

Fol, lol, &c. &c."

(Postliumous Note by the Ghost of James Smith, Esq.)—T. I.

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

In both the Castiles, Triple-bob-major peals,

Rope-dancing, and tumbling, and somerset-flinging,

Seguidillas, Fandangos,

While ev'ry gun bang goes;

And all the way through, from Gibraltar to Biscay,

Figueras and Sherry make all the Dons frisky,

(Save Moore's "Blakes and O'Donnells," who stick to the whisky;)

All the day long

The dance and the song

Continue the general joy to prolong;

And even long after the close of the day

You can hear little else but "Hip! hip! hip! hurray!"

The Escurial, however, is not quite so gay,

For, whether the Saint had not perfectly heard

The petition the Queen and Archbishop preferr'd,—

Or whether his head, from his not being used

To an Auto-da-fé, was a little confused,—

Or whether the King, in the smoke and the smother,

Got bother'd, and so made some blunder or other,

I am sure I can't say;

All I know is, that day

There must have been some mistake!—that, I'm afraid, is Only too clear,

Inasmuch as the dear

Royal Twins, — though fine babies, — proved both little LADIES!!

MORAL.

Reader!—Not knowing what your "persuasion" may be, Mahometan, Jewish, or even Parsee, Take a little advice which may serve for all three!

First—"When you're at Rome, do as Rome does!" and note all her

Ways—drink what She drinks! and don't turn Tea-totaller!
In Spain, raison de plus,

You must do as they do,

Inasmuch as they're all there "at sixes and sevens,"

Just as, you know,

They were, some years ago,

In the days of Don Carlos and Brigadier Evans;

Don't be nice then—but take what they've got in their shops, Whether griskins, or sausages, ham, or pork-chops!

Next—Avoid Fancy-trousers!—their colours and shapes Sometimes, as you see, may lead folks into scrapes!

For myself, I confess

I've but small taste in dress,

My opinion is, therefore, worth nothing—or less—

But some friends I've consulted,—much given to watch one's

Apparel—do say

It's by far the best way,

And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does—buy Scotch one's!

I might now volunteer some advice to a King,—
Let Whigs say what they will, I shall do no such thing,
But copy my betters, and never begin
Until, like Sir Robert, "I'm duly CALLED IN!"

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

NOTES.

"Disputed succession—hey?—terrible Go!— Hum!—hey?—Old fellows!—you see!—don't you know?" P. 70.

In King Ferdinand a few readers may possibly recognise something of the mannerism of the late much-loved Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope. "A man he was to all the country dear,"—and not the least so to Thomas Ingoldsby. St. Burian, by the way, was worth, perhaps, a trifle more than forty pounds per annum. It is said that the ex-Guardsman found a little difficulty in obtaining admission to holy orders, which was overcome only by the intervention of royalty. The story goes that the following laconic correspondence passed on the occasion:—

" DEAR CORK,

" Ordain Stanhope.

" Yours, York."

" DEAR YORK,

"Stanhope's ordained.

" Yours, Cork."

The signature, however, ascribed to the Bishop, throws a doubt upon the authenticity of the anecdote, and, submitted to the critical eye of Mr. Hayward, it would be probably tossed aside among his mock pearls of history."

"Pye-Smith, and the rest of them once in his bonfire, hence-forth you'd have heard little more of the 'Conference.'"

P. 85.

Dr. John Pye-Smith was a leading Nonconformist divine. He took an active part in politics, and was one of the 620 ministers of all denominations who were present at the Anti-Corn Law Con-

ference, held in the Town Hall at Manchester, August 17, 1841. Unable, from his infirmities, to speak on that occasion, he was permitted to read an address, which was afterwards circulated throughout the kingdom. This was followed by a petition against the Corn Laws, drawn up by him at the request of his brethren.

"It's by far the best way,
And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does—buy Scotch ones!"
P. 92.

This portion of the noble Lord's costume is matter of history, commemorated alike by *Punch* and Lord Campbell:—" Having slowly risen, solemnly looked round, and taken some time to adjust, not his *toga*, but his *Ettrick check trowsers*, he thus began, &c." The italics are the noble biographer's.

"Until, like Sir Robert, 'I'm duly CALLED IN!"-P. 92.

An allusion to Sir Robert Peel's memorable reply, in 1841, when challenged to produce his financial scheme, which turned out to be the imposition of an income-tax.

A LEGEND OF LANGUEDOC.

Veluti in speculum.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

O'er the champaign far and wide,
With town and stronghold many a one,
Wash'd by the wave of the blue Garonne,
And from far Auvergne to Rousillon,
And away to Narbonne,
And the mouths of the Rhone;
And his Lyonnois silks and his Narbonne honey,
Bring in his lordship a great deal of money.

A thousand lances, stout and true,
Attend Count Raymond's call;
And Knights and Nobles, of high degree,
From Guienne, Provence, and Burgundy,
Before Count Raymond bend the knee,
And vail to him one and all.

And Isabel of Aragon

He weds, the Pride of Spain,—

You might not find so rich a prize,

A Dame so "healthy, wealthy, and wise;"

So pious withal—with such beautiful eyes— So exactly the Venus de Medicis size— In all that wide domain.

> Then his cellar is stored As well as his board,

With the choicest of all La Belle France can afford; Chambertin, Château Margaux, La Rose, and Lafitte, With Moet's Champagne, "of the Comet year," "neat As imported,"—"fine sparkling,"—and not over sweet; While his Chaplain, good man, when call'd in to say grace, Would groan, and put on an elongated face At such turtle, such turbot, John Dory, and plaice; Not without blushing, pronouncing a benison. Worthy old soul! on such very fat venison,

Sighing to think

Sighing to think

Such victuals and drink

Are precisely the traps by which Satan makes men his own,

And grieving o'er scores

Of huge barbecued Boars,

Which he thinks should not darken a Christian man's doors, Though 'twas all very well Pagan Poets should rate 'em As "Animal propter convivia natum."

> He was right, I must say, For at this time of day,

When we're not so precise, whether cleric or lay,
With respect to our food, as in time so passe,
We still find our Boars, whether grave ones or gay,
After dinner at least, very much in the way
(We spell the word now with an E, not an A);
And as honest Père Jacques was inclined to spare diet, he
Gave this advice to all grades of society,
"Think loss of pudding, and think more of picty"

As to his clothes, Oh! nobody knows

What lots the Count had of cloaks, doublets, and hose,

Pantoufics, with bows

Each as big as a rose,

And such shirts with lace ruffles, such waistcoats, and those Indescribable garments it is not thought right To do more than whisper to *oreilles* polite.

Still in spite of his power, and in spite of his riches, In spite of his dinners, his dress, and his—which is The strangest of all things—in spite of his Wife, The Count led a rather humdrum sort of life. He grew tired, in fact, of mere eating and drinking, Grew tired of flirting, and ogling, and winking

At nursery-maids

As they walk'd the Parades,

The Crescents, the Squares, and the fine Colonnades, And the other gay places, which young ladies use As their *promenade* through the good town of Thoulouse.

He was tired of hawking, and fishing, and hunting, Of billiards, short-whist, chicken-hazard, and punting;

Of popping at pheasants,
Quails, woodcocks, and—peasants:
Of smoking, and joking,
And soaking, provoking
Such headaches next day
As his fine St. Peray,

Though the best of all Rhone wines can never repay, Till weary of war, women, roast-goose, and glory, With no great desire to be "famous in story,"

> All the day long This was his song,

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"Oh dear! what will become of us?
Oh dear! what shall we do?
We shall die of blue devils if some of us
Can't hit on something that's new!"

Meanwhile his sweet Countess, so pious and good,
Such pomps and such vanities stoutly eschew'd,
With all fermented liquors and high-season'd food,
Devill'd kidneys, and sweetbreads, and ducks and green peas;
Baked sucking-pig, goose, and all viands like these,
Hash'd calf's-head included, no longer could please,
A curry was sure to elicit a breeze,
So was ale, or a glass of Port wine after cheese.

Indeed, anything strong,

As to tipple, was wrong;

She stuck to "fine Hyson," "Bohea," and "Souchong," And similar imports direct from Hong Kong.

In vain does the family doctor exhort her

To take with her chop one poor half-pint of porter;

No!—she alleges
She's taken the pledges!
Determined to aid
In a gen'ral Crusade

Against publicans, vintners, and all of that trade,
And to bring in sherbet, ginger-pop, lemonade,
Eau sucrée, and drinkables mild and home-made;
So she claims her friends' efforts, and vows to devote all hers

Solely to found "The Thoulousian Teetotallers."

Large sums she employs In dressing small boys

In long duffle jackets, and short corduroys,

And she boxes their ears when they make too much noise;

In short she turns out a complete Lady Bountiful, Filling with drugs and brown Holland the county full.

Now just at the time when our story commences, It seems that a case

Past the common took place,

To entail on her ladyship further expenses,
In greeting with honour befitting his station
The Prior of Arles, with a Temperance Legation,
Despatch'd by Pope Urban, who seized this occasion

To aid in diluting that part of the nation,

An excellent man,

One who stuck to his can

Of cold water "without"-and he'd take such a lot of it-

None of your sips

That just moistens the lips;

At one single draught he'd toss off a whole pot of it,-

No such bad thing

By the way, if they bring

It you iced, as at Verey's, or fresh from the spring, When the Dog Star compels folks in town to take wing, Though I own even then I should see no great sin in it, Were there three drops of Sir Felix's gin in it.

Well, leaving the lady to follow her pleasure, And finish the pump with the Prior at leisure, Let's go back to Raymond, still bored beyond measure,

And harping away

On the same dismal lay,

"Oh dear! what will become of us?

Oh dear! what can we do?

We shall die of blue devils if some of us Can't find out something that's new!"

At length in despair of obtaining his ends
By his own mother wit, he takes courage, and sends,
Like a sensible man as he is, for his friends,
Not his Lyndhursts or Eldons, or any such high sirs,
But only a few of his "backstairs" advisers;

"Come hither," says he,

"My gallants so free,

My bold Rigmarole, and my brave Rigmaree, And my grave Baron Proser, now listen to me! You three can't but see I'm half dead with ennui.

What's to be done?

I must have some fun,

And I will too, that's flat—ay, as sure as a gun, So find me out 'something new under the sun,' Or I'll knock your three jobbernowls all into one;—

You three

Agree!

Come, what shall it be?

Resolve me—propound in three skips of a flea!"
Rigmarole gave a "Ha!" Rigmaree gave a "Hem!"
They look'd at Count Raymond—Count Raymond at them,
As much as to say, "Have you nihil ad rem!"

At length Baron Proser

Responded, "You know, sir,

That question's some time been a regular poser;

Dear me!—Let me see,—

In the way of a 'spree'

Something new?—Eh?—No!—Yes!——No!—'tis really no go, sir."

Says the Count, "Rigmarole,

You're as jolly a soul,

On the whole, as King Cole, with his pipe and his bowl; Come, I'm sure you'll devise something novel and droll."—



In vain—Rigmarole with a look most profound, With his hand to his heart and his eye to the ground, Shakes his head as if nothing was there to be found.

"I can only remark,

That as touching a 'lark'

I'm as much as your Highness can be, in the dark; I can hit on no novelty—none, on my life, Unless, peradventure, you'd 'tea' with your wife!"

Quoth Raymond, " Enough!

Nonsense!—humbug!—fudge!—stuff!
Rigmarole, you're an ass,—you're a regular Muff!
Drink tea with her Ladyship?—I?—not a bit of it!
Call you that fun?—faith I can't see the wit of it;

Mort de ma vie!

My dear Rigmaree,

You're the man, after all,—come, by way of a fee,
If you will but be bright, from the simple degree
Of a knight I'll create you at once a Mar-quis!
Put your conjuring cap on—consider and see,
If you can't beat that stupid old 'Sumph' with his 'tea!'"

"That's the thing! that will do!

Ay, marry, that's new!"

Cries Rigmaree, rubbing his hands, "that will please—My 'Conjuring cap'—it's the thing;—it's 'the cheese! It was only this morning I pick'd up the news; Please your Highness, a Conjurcr's come to Thoulouse;

I'll defy you to name us

A man half so famous

For devildoms,—Sir, it's the great Nostradamus! Cornelius Agrippa, 'tis said, went to school to him; Gyngell's an ass, and old Faustus a fool to him;

Talk of Lilly, Albertus, Jack Dee!—pooh! all six He'd soon put in a pretty particular fix: Why, he'd beat, at digesting a sword, or 'Gun tricks,' The great Northern Wizard himself all to sticks!

I should like to see you

Try to sauter le coup

With this chap at short whist, or unlimited loo,
By the Pope you'd soon find it a regular 'Do:'
Why, he does as he likes with the cards,—when he's got 'em,
There's always an Ace or a King at the bottom;
Then for casting Nativities!—only you look
At the volume he's publish'd,—that wonderful book!
In all France not another, to swear I dare venture, is
Like, by long chalks, his 'Prophetical Centuries'—
Don't you remember how, early last summer, he
Warn'd the late King 'gainst the Tournament mummery?
Didn't his Majesty call it all flummery,

Scorning

The warning,

And get the next morning

His poke in the eye from that clumsy Montgomery?
Why, he'll tell you before
You're well inside his door,

All your Highness may wish to be up to, and more!"

"Bravo!—capital!—come, let's disguise ourselves—quick!
—Fortune's sent him on purpose here, just in the nick;
We'll see if old Hocus will smell out the trick;
Let's start off at once—Rigmaree, you're a brick!"

The moon in gentle radiance shone
O'er lowly roof and lordly bower,
O'er holy pile and armèd tower,



And danced upon the blue Garonne;
Through all that silver'd city fair,
No sound disturb'd the calm, cool air,
Save the lover's sigh alone!
Or where, perchance, some slumberer's nose
Proclaim'd the depth of his repose,
Provoking from connubial toes

A hint—or elbow bone;
It might, with such trifling exceptions, be said,
That Thoulouse was as still as if Thoulouse were dead,
And her "oldest inhabitant" buried in lead.

But hark! a sound invades the ear,

Of horses' hoofs, advancing near!

They gain the bridge—they pass—they're here!

Side by side

Two strangers ride,

For the streets in Thoulouse are sufficiently wide, That is, I'm assured they are—not having tried.

—See, now they stop Near an odd-looking shop,

And they knock, and they ring, and they won't be denied.

At length the command
Of some unseen hand
Chains, and bolts, and bars obey,
And the thick-ribb'd oaken door, old and gray,
In the pale moonlight gives, slowly, way.

They leave their steeds to a page's care,
Who comes mounted behind on a Flanders mare,
And they enter the house, that resolute pair,
With a blundering step but a dare-devil air,
And ascend a long, darksome, and rickety stair;

While, arm'd with a lamp that just helps you to see How uncommonly dark a place can be,
The grimmest of lads with the grimmest of grins,
Says, "Gentlemen, please to take care of your shins!
Who ventures this road need be firm on his pins!
Now turn to the left—now turn to the right—
Now a step—now stoop—now again upright—
Now turn once again, and directly before ye
's the door of the great Doctor's Labora-tory."

A word! a blow! And in they go!

No time to prepare, or to get up a show,
Yet everything there they find quite comme il faut;
Such as queer-looking bottles and jars in a row,
Retorts, crucibles, such as all conjurers stow
In the rooms they inhabit, huge bellows to blow
The fire burning blue with its sulphur and tow;
From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low,
With a tail such as that which, we all of us know,
Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow:
Pickled snakes, potted lizards, in bottles and basins
Like those at Morel's, or at Fortnum and Mason's;
All articles found, you're aware without telling,
In every respectable conjuror's dwelling.

Looking solemn and wise, Without turning his eyes,

Or betraying the slightest degree of surprise,
In the midst sits the Doctor—his hair is white,
And his cheek is wan—but his glance is bright,
And his long black roquelaure, not over tight,
Is mark'd with strange characters much, if not quite,



Like those on the bottles of green and blue light Which you see in a chemist's shop-window at night. His figure is tall and erect—rather spare about Ribs,—and no wonder—such folks never care about

Eating or drinking,
While reading and thinking
Don't fatten—his age might be sixty or thereabout.

Raising his eye so grave and so sage, From some manuscript work of a bygone age, The seer very composedly turns down the page,

> Then shading his sight With his hand from the light,

Says, "Well, Sirs, what would you at this time of night! What brings you abroad these lone chambers to tread, When all sober folks are at home and abed?"—

-" Trav'llers we,

In our degree,

All strange sights we fain would see, And hither we come in company;

We have far to go, and we come from far,

Through Spain and Portingale, France and Navarre; We have heard of your name,

And your fame; and our aim,
Great Sir, is to witness, ere yet we depart
From Thoulouse,—and to-morrow at cockcrow we start—
Your skill—we would fain crave a touch of your art!"

" Now nave, now nave-no trav'llers ye!

Nobles ye be Of high degree!

With half an eye that one may easily see,—

Count Raymond, your servant!—Yours, Lord Rigmarce!

I must call you so now since you're made a Mar-quis; Faith, clever boys both, but you can't humbug me!

No matter for that!

I see what you'd be at—
Well—pray no delay,
For it's late, and ere day

I myself must be hundreds of miles on my way; So tell me at once what you want with me—say!

Shall I call up the dead

From their mouldering bed?—

Shall I send you yourselves down to Hades instead?

Shall I summon old Harry himself to this spot?"—

"Ten thousand thanks, No! we had much rather not.

We really can't say

That we're curious that way;

But, in brief, if you'll pardon the trouble we're giving, We'd much rather take a sly peep at the living?

Rigmaree, what say you, in This case, as to viewing

Our spouses, and just ascertain what they're doing?"

"Just what pleases your Highness—I don't care a sou in
The matter—but don't let old Nick and his crew in!"

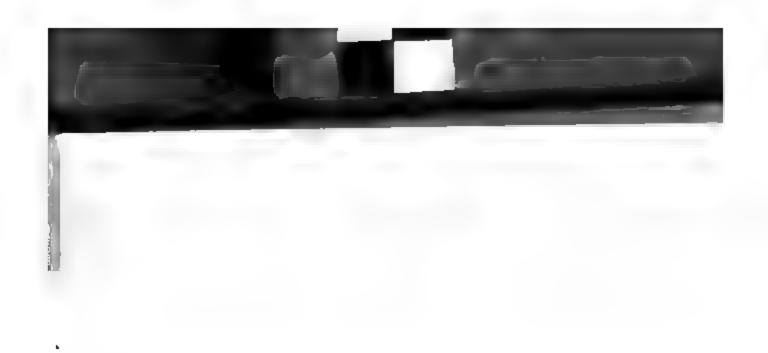
—"Agreed!—pray proceed then, most sage Nostradamus,
And show us our wives—I dare swear they won't shame us!"

A change comes o'er the wizard's face, And his solemn look by degrees gives place To a half grave, half comical, kind of grimace.

"For good or for ill,

I work your will!

Yours be the risk and mine the skill; Blame not my heart if unpleasant the pill!"



PUB....
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R



He takes from a shelf, and he pops on his head, A square sort of cap, black, and turn'd up with red; And desires not a syllable more may be said;

He goes on to mutter,

And stutter, and splutter

Hard words, such as no men but wizards dare utter.

"Dies mies!—Hocus pocus—

Adsis Demon! non est jokus!

Hi Cocolorum !--don't provoke us !--

Adeato!

Presto!

Put forth your best toe!"

And many more words to repeat which would choke us,—Such a sniff then of brimstone!—it did not last long,
Or they could not have borne it, the smell was so strong.

A mirror is near, So large and so clear,

If you priced such a one in a drawing-room here, .

And was ask'd fifty pounds, you'd not say it was dear;
But a mist gather'd round at the words of the seer,

Til at length, as the gloom

Was subsiding, a room

On its broad polish'd surface began to appear,

And the Count and his comrade saw plainly before 'em The room Lady Isabel call'd her "Sanctorum."

They start, well they might, With surprise at the sight;

Methinks I hear some lady say, "Serve 'em right!"

For on one side the fire

Is seated the Prior,

At the opposite corner a fat little Friar;

By the side of each gentleman, easy and free, Sits a lady, as close as close well may be, She might almost as well have been perch'd on his knee.

Dear me! dear me!

Why, one's Isabel—she

On the opposite side's La Marquise Rigmaree!—

To judge from the spread

On the board, you'd have said

That the partie quarrée had like aldermen fed,

And now from long flasks, with necks cover'd with lead,

They were helping themselves to champagne, white and red.

Hobbing and nobbing,

And nodding and bobbing,

With many a sip

Both from cup and from lip,

And with many a toast follow'd up by a "Hip!-

Hip!—hip!—huzzay!"

—The Count, by the way,

Though he sees all they're doing, can't hear what they say,

Notwithstanding both he

And Mar-quis Rigmaree

Are so vex'd and excited at what they can see,

That each utters a sad word beginning with D.

That word once spoke,

The silence broke,

In an instant the vision is cover'd with smoke!

But enough has been seen. "Horse! horse! and away!"

They have, neither, the least inclination to stay

E'en to thank Nostradamus, or ask what's to pay.—

They rush down the stair,

How, they know not, nor care;



The next moment the Count is astride on his bay, And my Lord Rigmaree on his mettlesome gray;

> They dash through the town, Now up, and now down;

And the stones rattle under their hoofs as they ride, As if poor Thoulouse were as mad as Cheapside;1

> Through lane, alley, and street, Over all that they meet;

The Count leads the way on his courser so fleet, My Lord Rigmaree close pursuing his beat, With the page in the rear to protect the retreat. Where the bridge spans the river, so wide and so deep, Their headlong career o'er the causeway they keep, Upsetting the watchman, two dogs, and a sweep, All the town population that was not asleep. They at length reach the castle, just outside the town, Where—in peace it was usual with Knights of renown— The portcullis was up, and the drawbridge was down. They dash by the sentinels—" France et Thoulouse?" Ev'ry soldier (—they then wore cock'd hats and long queues, Appendages banish'd from modern reviews) His arquebus lower'd, and bow'd to his shoes; While Count Raymond push'd on to his lady's boudoir—he Had made up his mind to make one at her soirée.

> He rush'd to that door, Where ever before

He had rapp'd with his knuckles, and "tirl'd at the pin,"
Till he heard the soft sound of his Lady's "Come in!"
But now, with a kick from his iron-heel'd boot,
Which, applied to a brick wall, at once had gone through't,

^{1 &}quot;The stones did rattle underneath, As if Cheapeide were mad." Gilpin's Tour in Middlesex and Hants.—T. 1. 109

He dash'd open the lock; It gave way at the shock!

—(Dear ladies, don't think, in recording the fact,
That your bard's for one moment defending the act,
No—it is not a gentleman's—none but a low body
Now could perform it)—and there he saw—NOBODY!!

Nobody ?—No!!
Oh, ho!—Oh, ho!

There was not a table—there was not a chair Of all that Count Raymond had ever seen there (They'd maroon-leather bottoms well stuff'd with horsehair),

That was out of its place!—

There was not a trace

Of a party—there was not a dish or a plate— No sign of a tablecloth—nothing to prate Of a supper, symposium, or sitting up late; There was not a spark of fire left in the grate, It had all been poked out, and remain'd in that state.

> If there was not a fire, Still less was there Friar,

Marquise, or long glasses, or Countess, or Prior!

And the Count, who rush'd in open-mouth'd, was struck dumb,
And could only ejaculate, "Well!—this is rum!"

He rang for the maids—had them into the room

With the butler, the footman, the coachman, the groom.

He examined them all very strictly—but no!

Notwithstanding he cross- and re-question'd them so,

'Twas in vain—it was clearly a case of "No Go!"

"Their Lady," they said,

"Had gone early to bed,

Having rather complain'd of a cold in her head— The stout little Friar, as round as an apple, Had pass'd the whole night in a vigil in chapel,



While the Prior himself, as he'd usually done,
Had rung in the morning, at half after one,
For his jug of cold water and twopenny bun,
And been visible, since they were brought him, to none.

But," the servants averr'd,

"From the sounds that were heard

To proceed now and then from the Father's sacellum,

They thought he was purging His sins with a scourging,

And making good use of his knotted flagellum."

For Madame Rigmaree,

They all testified, she

Had gone up to her bed-chamber soon after tea, And they really supposed that there still she must be,

Which her spouse, the *Mar-quis*, Found at once to agree

With the rest of their tale, when he ran up to see.

Alack for Count Raymond! he could not conceive How the case really stood, or know what to believe; Nor could Rigmaree settle to laugh or to grieve.

> There was clearly a hoax, But which of the folks

Had managed to make them the butt of their jokes, Wife or wizard, they both knew no more than Jack Nokes;

That glass of the wizard's

Stuck much in their gizzards,

His cap, and his queer cloak all X's and Izzards;
Then they found, when they came to examine again,
Some slight falling off in the stock of champagne,
Small, but more than the butler could fairly explain.
However, since nothing could make the truth known,
Why,—they thought it was best to let matters alone.

The Count in the garden Begg'd Isabel's pardon

Next morning for waking her up in a fright,
By the racket he'd kick'd up at that time of night;
And gave her his word he had ne'er misbehaved so,
Had he not come home as tipsy as David's sow.
Still, to give no occasion for family snarls,
The Friar was pack'd back to his convent at Arles;

While as for the Prior,

At Raymond's desire,

The Pope raised his rev'rence a step or two higher,
And made him a bishop in partibus—where
His see was I cannot exactly declare,
Or describe his cathedral, not having been there,
But I daresay you'll all be prepared for the news,
When I say 'twas a good many miles from Thoulouse,
Where the prelate, in order to set a good precedent,
Was enjoin'd, as a sine qual non, to be resident.

You will fancy with me,

That Count Raymond was free,

For the rest of his life, from his former ennui;

Still it somehow occurr'd that as often as he

Chanced to look in the face of my Lord Rigmaree,

There was something or other—a trifling degree

Of constraint—or embarrassment—easy to see,

And which seem'd to be shared by the noble Mar-quis,

While the ladies—the queerest of all things, by half in

My tale, never met from that hour without laughing!

MORAL.

Good gentlemen all, who are subjects of Hymen, Don't make new acquaintances rashly, but try men, Avoid above all things your cunning (that's sly) men!



Don't go out o' nights

To see conjuring sleights,

But shun all such people, delusion whose trade is;

Be wise!—stay at home and take tea with the ladies.

If you chance to be out, At a "regular bout,"

And get too much of "Abbot's Pale Ale" or "Brown Stout," Don't be cross when you come home at night to your spouse, Nor be noisy, nor kick up a dust in the house!

Be careful yourself, and admonish your sons,
To beware of all folks who love twopenny buns!
And don't introduce to your wife or your daughter,
A sleek, meek, weak gent—who subsists on cold water!

NOTES.

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.—This is the only legend which is not entirely from the pen of Thomas Ingoldsby. It was revised, and to some extent rewritten by him, but the larger portion was furnished by the present writer.

"Don't you remember how, early last summer, he Warn'd the late King 'gainst the Tournament mummery?"

P. 102.

Nostradamus was a celebrated astrologer of the sixteenth century. He published a volume of metrical rhapsodies under the title of "Prophetical Centuries," and after the death of Henry II., from a wound received from the lance of the Count de Montgomeri at a tournament, it was discovered that one of these prophecies could refer to no other event, and that therefore—the inference was obvious—it must have been intended to foretell the calamity in question.

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"From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low, With a tail, such as that which, we all of us know, Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow."—P. 104.

Mr. Waterton, in his "Wanderings in South America," tells an extraordinary story of his capture, single-handed, of a cayman or alligator. "The feat," he says, "was accomplished by jumping on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his forelegs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me as a bridle! The beast lashed the sand with his long tail, but I was out of reach of the strokes by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unconcerned spectator."

It has been already hinted that Mr. Peters had been a "traveller" in his day. The only story which his lady would ever allow "her P." to finish—he began as many as would furnish an additional volume to the "Thousand and One Nights"—is the next I shall offer. The subject, I fear me, is not over new, but will remind my friends

"Of something better they have seen before."

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY—AND BILLITER SQUARE.

"Stant littore Puppies!"-VIRGIL.

Twas a litter, a litter of five,
Four are drown'd, and one left alive,
He was thought worthy alone to survive;
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up
To eat of his bread, and to drink of his cup,
He was such a dear little cock-tail'd pup!

The Bagman taught him many a trick:
He would carry and fetch, and run after a stick,

Could well understand
The word of command,
And appear to doze
With a crust on his nose

Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand:
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.
Never was puppy so bien instruit,
Or possess'd of such natural talent as he;

And as he grew older, Every beholder

Agreed he grew handsomer, sleeker, and bolder.—

Time, however his wheels we may clog, Wends steadily still with onward jog, And the cock-tail'd puppy's a curly-tail'd dog!

When, just at the time

He was reaching his prime,

And all thought he'd be turning out something sublime, One unlucky day,

How, no one could say,

Whether soft *liaison* induced him to stray, Or some kidnapping vagabond coax'd him away,

> He was lost to the view; Like the morning dew,—

He had been, and was not—that's all that they knew!
And the Bagman storm'd, and the Bagman swore
As never a Bagman had sworn before;
But storming or swearing but little avails
To recover lost dogs with great curly tails.—

In a large paved court, close by Billiter Square, Stands a mansion, old, but in thorough repair, The only thing strange, from the general air Of its size and appearance, is how it got there; In front is a short semicircular stair

Of stone steps,—some half score,—
Then you reach the ground-floor,
With a shell pattern'd architrave over the door.
It is spacious, and seems to be built on the plan
Of a Gentleman's house in the reign of Queen Anne;

Which is odd, for although,

As we very well know,

Under Tudors and Stuarts the City could show Many Noblemen's seats above Bridge and below, Yet that fashion soon after induced them to go

From St. Michael Cornhill, and St. Mary-le-Bow,
To St. James, and St. George, and St. Anne in Soho.—
Be this as it may,—at the date I assign
To my tale,—that's about Seventeen Sixty-nine,—
This mansion, now rather upon the decline,
Had less dignified owners,—belonging, in fine,
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne—
A respectable House in the Manchester line.

There were a score
Of Bagmen and more,
Who had travell'd full oft for the firm before;
But just at this period they wanted to send
Some person on whom they could safely depend—
A trustworthy body, half agent, half friend—
On some mercantile matter, as far as Ostend;
And the person they pitch'd on was Anthony Blogg,
A grave, steady man, not addicted to grog,—
The Bagman, in short, who had lost this great dog.

"The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!—
That is the place where we all wish to be,
Rolling about on it merrily!"—

So all sing and say By night and by day,

In the boudoir, the street, at the concert, and play,
In a sort of coxcombical roundelay;—
You may roam through the City, transversely or straight
From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,
And every young Lady who thrums a guitar,
Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,

With affected devotion,
Promulgates his notion

Of being a "Rover" and "child of the Ocean"—

Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,
They all of them long for the "Wide, Wide Sea!"

But, however they dote,
Only set them afloat

In any craft bigger at all than a boat,
Take them down to the Nore,
And you'll see that, before

The "Wessel" they "Woyage" in has made half her way Between Shellness Point and the pier at Herne Bay, Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree, They'll be all of them heartily sick of "the Sea!"

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size
Inferior far to that described by Byron,
Where "palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,"—
—That too's a stone one, this is made of iron—
And little donkey-boys your steps environ,
Each proffering for your choice his tiny hack,
Vaunting its excellence; and, should you hire one,
For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,
The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres—and back.

And there, on many a raw and gusty day,

I've stood, and turn'd my gaze upon the pier,

And seen the crews, that did embark so gay

That self-same morn, now disembark so queer;

Then to myself I've sigh'd and said, "Oh dear!

Who would believe you sickly-looking man's a

London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaneer!"—

But hold, my Muse!—for this terrific stanza Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza.

"So now we'll go up, up, up,
And now we'll go down, down, down,
And now we'll go backwards and forwards,
And now we'll go roun', roun', roun'."—
—I hope you've sufficient discernment to see,
Gentle Reader, that here the discarding the d
Is a fault which you must not attribute to me;
Thus my Nurse cut it off when, "with counterfeit glee,"
She sang, as she danced me about on her knee,
In the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and three:—
All I mean to say is, that the Muse is now free
From the self-imposed trammels put on by her betters,
And no longer like Filch, midst the felons and debtors
At Drury Lane, dances her hornpipe in fetters.\footnote{1}

Resuming her track,

At once she goes back

To our hero, the Bagman—Alas! and Alack!

Poor Anthony Blogg Is as sick as a dog,

Spite of sundry unwonted potations of grog, By the time the Dutch packet is fairly at sea, With the sands call'd the Goodwins a league on her lee.

And now, my good friends, I've a fine opportunity
To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,
And talking of "caulking,"
And "quarter-deck walking,"

¹ The "hornpipe in fetters" used to form one of the attractions of the Beggar's Opera.

"Fore and aft," And "abaft,"

"Hookers," "barkeys," and "craft,"

(At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laught,¹)

Of binnacles,—bilboes,—the boom call'd the spanker,

The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor;

Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,

Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces,

And "Shiver my timbers!" and other odd phrases

Employ'd by old pilots with hard-featured faces;—

Of the expletives seafaring Gentlemen use,

The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews;—

How the sailors, too, swear, How they cherish their hair,

And what very long pigtails a great many wear.—
But, Reader, I scorn it—the fact is, I fear,
To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear
As Marryat, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,
Or Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear
Of the "Nauticals" just at the end of the year
Eighteen thirty-nine—(how Time flies!—Oh, dear!)—
With a well-written preface, to make it appear
That his play, the "Sea-Captain," 's by no means small-beer;
There!—" brought up the rear"—you see there's a mistake
Which none of the authors I've mention'd would make:
I ought to have said, that he "sail'd in their wake."—
So I'll merely observe, as the water grew rougher
The more my poor hero continued to suffer,
Till the sailors themselves cried, in pity, "Poor Buffer!"

Still rougher it grew, And still harder it blew,

¹ In a capital mock nautical novel called The Admiral's Daughter.

And the thunder kick'd up such a halliballoo, That even the Skipper began to look blue;

While the crew, who were few, Look'd very queer, too,

And seem'd not to know what exactly to do,
And they who'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,
"Wind N.E.—blows a hurricane—rains cats and dogs."

In short, it soon grew to a tempest as rude as

That Shakspeare describes near the "still vext Bermudas," 1

When the winds, in their sport,

Drove aside from its port

The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,
And swamp'd it to give "the King's Son, Ferdinand," a
Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda,
While her Pa met the rest, and severely rebuked 'em
For unhandsomely doing him out of his Dukedom.
You don't want me, however, to paint you a Storm,
As so many have done, and in colours so warm;
Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,
Mr. Ainsworth more gravely,—see also Lucretius,
—A writer who gave me no trifling vexation
When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.2—

Suffice it to say

That the whole of that day,

And the next, and the next, they were scudding away

Quite out of their course,

Propell'd by the force

Of those flatulent folks known in Classical story as Aquilo, Libs, Notus, Auster, and Boreas,

Driven quite at their mercy 'Twixt Guernsey and Jersey,

¹ See Appendix.

² St. Paul's School, of which Thomas Ingoldsby had been "Captain."

Till at length they came bump on the rocks and the shallows In West longitude, One, fifty-seven, near St. Maloes.

There you will not be surprised

That the vessel capsized,

Or that Blogg, who had made, from intestine commotions, His specifical gravity less than the Ocean's,

Should go floating away,

Midst the surges and spray,

Like a cork in a gutter, which, swoln by a shower, Runs down Holborn-hill about nine knots an hour.

You've seen, I've no doubt, at Bartholomew fair, Gentle Reader,—that is, if you've ever been there,— With their hands tied behind them, some two or three pair Of boys round a bucket set up on a chair,

Skipping, and dipping

Eyes, nose, chin, and lip in,

Their faces and hair with the water all dripping,
In an anxious attempt to catch hold of a pippin,
That bobs up and down in the water whenever
They touch it, as mocking the fruitless endeavour;
Exactly as Poets say,—how, though, they can't tell us,—
Old Nick's Nonpareils play at bob with poor Tantalus.

-Stay!-I'm not clear,

But I'm rather out here;

'Twas the water itself that slipp'd from him, I fear;
Faith, I can't recollect—and I haven't Lempriere.—
No matter,—poor Blogg went on ducking and bobbing,
Sneezing out the salt water, and gulping and sobbing,
Just as Clarence, in Shakspeare, describes all the qualms he
Experienced while dreaming they'd drown'd him in Malmsey.

"O Lord," he thought, "what pain it was to drown!" And saw great fishes with great goggling eyes,

Glaring as he was bobbing up and down,
And looking as they thought him quite a prize;
When, as he sank, and all was growing dark,
A something seized him with its jaws!—A shark?—

No such thing, Reader:—most opportunely for Blogg, 'Twas a very large, web-footed, curly-tail'd Dog!

I'm not much of a trav'ller, and really can't boast That I know a great deal of the Brittany coast,

> But I've often heard say, That e'en to this day

The people of Granville, St. Maloes, and thereabout Are a class that society doesn't much care about; Men who gain their subsistence by contraband dealing, And a mode of abstraction strict people call "stealing;" Notwithstanding all which, they are civil of speech, Above all to a stranger who comes within reach;

And they were so to Blogg, When the curly-tail'd Dog

At last dragg'd him out, high and dry on the beach.

But we all have been told,

By the proverb of old,

By no means to think "all that glitters is gold;"

And, in fact, some advance
That most people in France

Join the manners and air of a Maître de Danse
To the morals—(as Johnson of Chesterfield said)—
Of an elderly Lady, in Babylon bred,

Much addicted to flirting, and dressing in red.—
Be this as it might,

It embarrass'd Blogg quite

To find those about him so very polite.

A suspicious observer perhaps might have traced The petites soins, tender'd with so much good taste, To the sight of an old-fashion'd pocket-book, placed In a black leather belt well secured round his waist, And a ring set with diamonds, his finger that graced, So brilliant, no one could have guess'd they were paste.

The group on the shore Consisted of four;

You will wonder, perhaps, there were not a few more; But the fact is they've not, in that part of the nation, What Malthus would term, a "too dense population;" Indeed the sole sign there of man's habitation

> Was merely a single Rude hut, in a dingle

That led away inland direct from the shingle, Its sides clothed with underwood, gloomy and dark, Some two hundred yards above high-water mark:

> And thither the party, So cordial and hearty,

Viz. an old man, his wife, and two lads, made a start, he, The Bagman, proceeding,

With equal good breeding,

To express, in indifferent French, all he feels,
The great curly-tail'd Dog keeping close to his heels.—
They soon reach'd the hut, which seem'd partly in ruin,
All the way bowing, chattering, shrugging, Mon-Dieuing,
Grimacing, and what sailors call parley-vooing.

Is it Paris, or Kitchener, Reader, exhorts
You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,
To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it?

(Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one Call, at the Garrick, "a c—d Committee one," An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one.)

However, it's clear

That, with sound table-beer,

Such a mess as I speak of is very good cheer;

Especially too

When a person's wet through,

And is hungry, and tired, and don't know what to do. Now just such a mess of delicious hot pottage Was smoking away when they enter'd the cottage, And casting a truly delicious perfume Through the whole of an ugly, old, ill-furnish'd room;

"Hot, smoking hot,"

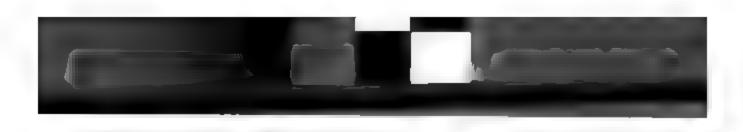
On the fire was a pot,

Well replenish'd, but really I can't say with what;
For, famed as the French always are for ragoûts,
No creature can tell what they put in their stews,
Whether bull-frogs, old gloves, or old wigs, or old shoes;
Notwithstanding, when offer'd, I rarely refuse,
Any more than poor Blogg did, when, seeing the reeky
Repast placed before him, scarce able to speak, he
In ecstasy mutter'd, "By Jove, Cocky-leeky!"

In an instant, as soon

As they gave him a spoon, Every feeling and faculty bent on the gruel, he No more blamed Fortune for treating him cruelly, But fell tooth and nail on the soup and the *bouilli*.

Meanwhile that old man standing by,
Subducted his long coat-tails on high,
With his back to the fire, as if to dry
A part of his dress which the watery sky



Had visited rather inclemently.—
Blandly he smiled, but still he look'd sly,
And a something sinister lurk'd in his eye.
Indeed, had you seen him his maritime dress in,
You'd have own'd his appearance was not prepossessing
He'd a "dreadnought" coat, and heavy sabots
With thick wooden soles turn'd up at the toes,
His nether man cased in a striped quelque chose,
And a hump on his back, and a great hook'd nose,
So that nine out of ten would be led to suppose
That the person before them was Punch in plain clothes.

Yet still, as I told you, he smiled on all present, And did all that lay in his power to look pleasant.

> The old woman, too, Made a mighty ado,

Helping her guest to a deal of the stew;
She fish'd up the meat, and she help'd him to that,
She help'd him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,
And it look'd like Hare—but it might have been Cat.
The little garçons too strove to express
Their sympathy towards the "Child of distress"
With a great deal of juvenile French politesse;

But the Bagman bluff Continued to "stuff"

Of the fat, and the lean, and the tender and tough,
Till they thought he would never cry "Hold, enough!"
And the old woman's tones became far less agreeable,
Sounding like peste! and sacre! and diable!

I've seen an old saw, which is well worth repeating, That says,

> "Good Entynge Beserbeit good Prynkunge." 127

You'll find it so printed by Caxton or Enghan, And a very good proverb it is to my thinking.

Blogg thought so too;—
As he finish'd his stew,

His ear caught the sound of the word "Morbleu!"
Pronounced by the old woman under her breath.
Now, not knowing what she could mean by "Blue Death!"
He conceived she referr'd to a delicate brewing
Which is almost synonymous,—namely, "Blue Ruin."
So he pursed up his lip to a smile, and with glee,
In his cockneyfied accent, responded "Oh, Vee!"

Which made her understand he

Was asking for brandy;

So she turn'd to the cupboard, and, having some handy, Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it, An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it; In fact you perceive her mistake was the same as his, Each of them "reasoning right from wrong premises;"

—And here by the way,

Allow me to say,

Kind Reader, you sometimes permit me to stray—'Tis strange the French prove, when they take to aspersing, So inferior to us in the science of cursing:

Kick a Frenchman down stairs,

How absurdly he swears!

odd 'tis to hear him, when heat to a i

And how odd 'tis to hear him, when beat to a jelly, Roar out, in a passion, "Blue Death!" and "Blue Belly!"

"To return to our sheep" from this little digression:—Blogg's features assumed a complacent expression As he emptied his glass, and she gave him a fresh one;

Too little he heeded, How fast they succeeded.



Perhaps you or I might have done, though, as he did; For when once Madam Fortune deals out her hard raps,

It's amazing to think

How one "cottons" to Drink!

At such times, of all things in nature, perhaps, There's not one that is half so seducing as Schnaps.

Mr. Blogg, beside being uncommonly dry, Was, like most other Bagmen, remarkably shy,

-" Did not like to deny"-

"Felt obliged to comply"

Every time that she ask'd him to "wet t'other eye;"
For 'twas worthy remark that she spared not the stoup,
Though before she had seem'd so to grudge him the soup.

At length the fumes rose

To his brain; and his nose

Gave hints of a strong disposition to doze,

And a yearning to seek "horizontal repose."-

His queer-looking host,

Who, firm at his post,

During all the long meal had continued to toast

That garment 'twere rude to

Do more than allude to,

Perceived, from his breathing and nodding, the views

Of his guest were directed to "taking a snooze:"

So he caught up a lamp in his huge dirty paw,

With (as Blogg used to tell it) "Mounseer, swivny maw!"

And "marshall'd" him so

"The way he should go,"

Upstairs to an attic, large, gloomy, and low,

Without table or chair,

Or a moveable there,

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Save an old-fashion'd bedstead, much out of repair,
That stood at the end most removed from the stair.—

With a grin and a shrug

The host points to the rug,

Just as much as to say, "There!—I think you'll be snug!"

Puts the light on the floor,

Walks to the door,

Makes a formal Salaam, and is then seen no more; When just as the ear lost the sound of his tread, To the Bagman's surprise, and, at first, to his dread, The great curly-tail'd Dog crept from under the bed!—

—It's a very nice thing when a man's in a fright, And thinks matters all wrong, to find matters all right; As, for instance, when going home late-ish at night Through a Churchyard, and seeing a thing all in white, Which, of course, one is led to consider a Sprite,

To find that the Ghost

Is merely a post,

Or a miller, or chalky-faced donkey at most;
Or, when taking a walk as the evenings begin
To close, or, as some people call it, "draw in,"
And some undefined form, "looming large" through the haze,
Presents itself, right in your path, to your gaze,

Inducing a dread

Of a knock on the head,

Or a sever'd carotid, to find that, instead Of one of those ruffians who murder and fleece men, It's your uncle, or one of the "Rural Policemen;"—

Then the blood flows again

Through artery and vein;

You're delighted with what just before gave you pain;

You laugh at your fears—and your friend in the fog Meets a welcome as cordial as Anthony Blogg Now bestow'd on his friend—the great curly-tail'd Dog.

For the Dog leap'd up, and his paws found a place On each side his neck in a canine embrace, And he lick'd Blogg's hands, and he lick'd his face, And he waggled his tail as much as to say, "Mr. Blogg, we've foregather'd before to-day!" And the Bagman saw, as he now sprang up,

What, beyond all doubt, He might have found out

Before, had he not been so eager to sup:
'Twas Sancho!—the Dog he had rear'd from a pup!—
The Dog who when sinking had seized his hair,—
The Dog who had saved, and conducted him there,—
The Dog he had lost out of Billiter Square!!

It's passing sweet, An absolute treat,

When friends, long sever'd by distance, meet,—
With what warmth and affection each other they greet!
Especially too, as we very well know,
If there seems any chance of a little cadeau,
A "Present from Brighton," or "Token" to show,
In the shape of a work-box, ring, bracelet, or so,
That our friends don't forget us, although they may go
To Ramsgate, or Rome, or Fernando Po.
If some little advantage seems likely to start,
From a fifty-pound note to a two-penny tart,
It's surprising to see how it softens the heart,
And you'll find those whose hopes from the other are strongest,
Use, in common, endearments the thickest and longest.

But it was not so here; For although it is clear,

When abroad, and we have not a single friend near, E'en a cur that will love us becomes very dear, And the balance of interest 'twixt him and the Dog Of course was inclining to Anthony Blogg,

> Yet he, first of all, ceased To encourage the beast,

Perhaps thinking "Enough is as good as a feast;"
And besides, as we've said, being sleepy and mellow,
He grew tired of patting, and crying "Poor fellow!"
So his smile by degrees harden'd into a frown,
And his "That's a good dog!" into "Down, Sancho! down!"

But nothing could stop his mute fav'rite's caressing, Who, in fact, seem'd resolved to prevent his undressing,

Using paws, tail, and head,

As if he had said,

"Most beloved of masters, pray, don't go to bed; You had much better sit up, and pat me instead!" Nay, at last, when determined to take some repose, Blogg threw himself down on the outside the clothes,

Spite of all he could do,

The Dog jump'd up too,

And kept him awake with his very cold nose;

Scratching and whining,

And moaning and pining,

Till Blogg really believed he must have some design in Thus breaking his rest; above all, when at length The Dog scratch'd him off from the bed by sheer strength.

Extremely annoy'd by the "tarnation whop," as it 's call'd in Kentuck, on his head and its opposite,

Blogg show'd fight; When he saw, by the light

Of the flickering candle, that had not yet quite Burnt down in the socket, though not over bright, Certain dark-colour'd stains, as of blood newly spilt, Reveal'd by the dog's having scratch'd off the quilt,— Which hinted a story of horror and guilt!—

'Twas "no mistake,"—

He was "wide awake"

In an instant; for, when only decently drunk, Nothing sobers a man so completely as "funk."

And hark !—what's that ?—

They have got into chat

In the kitchen below—what the deuce are they at?— There's the ugly old Fisherman scolding his wife— And she!—by the Pope! she's whetting a knife!—

At each twist

Of her wrist,

And her great mutton fist,

The edge of the weapon sounds shriller and louder!—

The fierce kitchen fire

Had not made Blogg perspire

Half so much, or a dose of the best James's powder.—
It ceases—all's silent!—and now, I declare
There's somebody crawls up that rickety stair.

The horrid old ruffian comes, cat-like, creeping;—
He opens the door just sufficient to peep in,
And sees, as he fancies, the Bagman sleeping!
For Blogg, when he'd once ascertain'd that there was some
"Precious mischief" on foot, had resolved to play "'Possum;"—

Down he went, legs and head, Flat on the bed,

Apparently sleeping as sound as the dead;

While, though none who look'd at him would think such a thing,

Every nerve in his frame was braced up for a spring.

Then, just as the villain Crept, stealthily still, in,

And you'd not have insured his guest's life for a shilling, As the knife gleam'd on high, bright and sharp as a razor, Blogg, starting upright, "tipp'd" the fellow "a facer;"——Down went man and weapon.—Of all sorts of blows, From what Mr. Jackson¹ reports, I suppose There are few that surpass a flush hit on the nose.

Now, had I the pen of old Ossian or Homer, (Though each of these names some pronounce a misnomer,

And say the first person

Was call'd James M'Pherson,

While, as to the second, they stoutly declare

He was no one knows who, and born no one knows where,)

Or had I the quill of Pierce Egan, a writer²

Acknowledged the best theoretical fighter

For the last twenty years, By the lively young Peers,

Who, doffing their coronets, collars, and ermine, treat
Boxers to "Max," at the One Tun in Jermyn Street;—
—I say, could I borrow these Gentlemen's Muses,
More skill'd than my meek one in "fibbings" and bruises,

A celebrated master of the noble art of self-defence; the friend and tutor of Lord Byron and the "Corinthians" of the day.

² Editor of Bell's Life, and author, of so far as the letterpress goes, of the adventures of Tom and Jerry.

I'd describe now to you As prime a "Set-to,"

And "regular turn-up," as ever you knew;
Not inferior in "bottom" to aught you have read of
Since Cribb, years ago, half knock'd Molyneux' head off.
But my dainty Urania says, "Such things are shocking!"

Lace mittens She loves,

Detesting "The Gloves;"
And turning, with air most disdainfully mocking,
From Melpomene's buskin, adopts the silk stocking.

So, as far as I can see,

I must leave you to "fancy"

The thumps, and the bumps, and the ups and the downs, And the taps, and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns, That pass'd 'twixt the Husband, Wife, Bagman, and Dog, As Blogg roll'd over them, and they roll'd over Blogg;

While what's call'd "The Claret"

Flew over the garret;

Merely stating the fact,

As each other they whack'd,

The Dog his old master most gallantly back'd,

Making both the garçons, who came running in, sheer off, With "Hippolyte's" thumb, and "Alphonso's" left ear off;

Next, making a stoop on

The buffeting group on

The floor, rent in tatters the old woman's jupon;

Then the old man turn'd up, and a fresh bite of Sancho's

Tore out the whole seat of his striped Calimancoes.—

Really, which way

This desperate fray

Might have ended at last, I'm not able to say,

The dog keeping thus the assassins at bay—

But a few fresh arrivals decided the day;

For bounce went the door,
In came half a score
Of the passengers, sailors, and one or two more
Who had aided the party in gaining the shore!

It's a great many years ago—mine then were few—Since I spent a short time in the old Courageux;—

I think that they say She had been, in her day,

A First-rate,—but was then what they term a Rasée,—
And they took me on board in the Downs, where she lay,
(Captain Wilkinson held the command, by the way.)
In her I pick'd up, on that single occasion,
The little I know that concerns Navigation,
And obtain'd, inter alia, some vague information
Of a practice which often, in cases of robbing,
Is adopted on shipboard—I think it's call'd "Cobbing."
How it's managed exactly I really can't say,
But I think that a Boot-jack is brought into play—
That is, if I'm right:—it exceeds my ability

To tell how 'tis done;

But the system is one

Of which Sancho's exploit would increase the facility. And, from all I can learn, I'd much rather be robb'd Of the little I have in my purse, than be "cobb'd;"—

That's mere matter of taste;

But the Frenchman was placed—

I mean the old scoundrel whose actions we've traced— In such a position, that, on this unmasking,

His consent was the last thing the men thought of asking.

The old woman, too,

Was obliged to go through,

With her boys, the rough discipline used by the crew, Who, before they let one of the set see the back of them, "Cobb'd" the whole party,—ay, "every man Jack of them."

MORAL.

And now, Gentle Reader, before that I say

Farewell for the present, and wish you good day,

Attend to the moral I draw from my lay!

If ever you travel, like Anthony Blogg,
Be wary of strangers!—don't take too much grog!—
And don't fall asleep, if you should, like a hog!—
Above all—carry with you a curly-tail'd Dog!

Lastly, don't act like Blogg, who, I say it with blushing, Sold Sancho next month for two guineas at Flushing; But still on these words of the Bard keep a fix'd eye,

INGRATUM SI DIXERIS, OMNIA DIXTI!!!

L'ENVOYE.

I felt so disgusted with Blogg, from sheer shame of him, I never once thought to inquire what became of him; If you want to know, Reader, the way, I opine,

To achieve your design,—
—Mind, it's no wish of mine,—
Is,—(a penny will do't,)—by addressing a line
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne.

APPENDIX.1

Since penning this stanza, a learn'd Antiquary Has put my poor Muse in no trifling quandary, By writing an essay to prove that he knows a

> Spot which, in truth, is The real "Bermoothes,"

In the Mediterranean,—now call'd Lampedosa;
—For proofs, having made, as he farther alleges, stir,
An entry was found in the old Parish Register,
The which at his instance the excellent Vicar extracted: viz. "Caliban, base son of Sycorax."

—He had rather, by half, Have found Prospero's "Staff;"

But 'twas useless to dig, for the want of a pick or axe—Colonel Pasley, however, 'tis everywhere said,
Now he's blown up the old Royal George at Spithead,
And the great cliff at Dover, of which we've all read,
Takes his whole apparatus, and goes out to look
And see if he can't try and blow up "the Book."
—Gentle Reader, farewell!—If I add one more line,
"He'll be, in all likelihood, blowing up mine!"

¹ See p. 122.

NOTES.

"Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one Call, at the Garrick, a 'c——d Committee one."—P. 126.

Mr. STEPHEN PRICE, the American manager of Drury Lane Theatre, was the "witty one" alluded to, a gentleman remarkable, among other conversational peculiarities, for the force of his epithets, and whose manners were, to say the least, a little peculiar. It was delightful to watch him approaching the table of a new member with the inquiry, "Well, sir, what have ye got there—a chop, sir ? Waiter," taking up the chop—not a committee one—on his victim's fork, "d'ye call that a chop fit to set before a gentleman? Take it away, sir, and get the gentleman another." Of course he had his enemies; all "truly great men" have. Old Dowton, the actor, used to say of him, "He promised to be a brother to me. So he was; renounce me! Abel had a brother, and his name was Cain!" A wager was his delight. "I'll bet you a guinea, sir," he said one day to Mr. Hope Vere, with reference to some point in dispute. "No, Mr. Price," replied his friend, "I am not in the habit of betting on such matters." "Then pray, sir," returned the agreeable Stephen, "what right have you to make an assertion which you are not prepared to substantiate with a bet?" Mr. Price's antipathy to the Committee of the Garrick was cordial, and, I think, reciprocated.

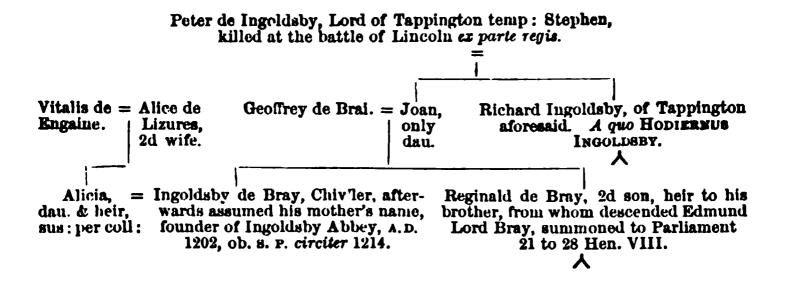
"Since penning this stanza, a learn'd Antiquary
Has put my poor Muse in no trifling quandary."—P. 138.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter, in a Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c., of Shakspeare's Tempest, 1839, identifies Prospero's island with that of Lampedosa, in the Mediterranean.

In the windows of the great Hall, as well as in those of the long Gallery and the Library at Tappington, are and have been many of them from a very early period various "storied panes" of stained glass, which, as Blue Dick's exploits did not extend beyond the neighbouring city, have remained unfractured down to the present time. Among the numerous escutcheons there displayed, charged with the armorial bearings of the family and its connexions, is one in which a chevron between three eagles' cuisses, sable, is blazoned quarterly with the engrailed saltire of the Ingoldsbys. Mr. Simpkinson from Bath,—whose merits as an antiquary are so well known and appreciated as to make eulogy superfluous, not to say impertinent,—has been for some time bringing his heraldic lore to bear on these monumenta vetusta. He pronounces the coat in question to be that of a certain Sir Ingoldsby Bray who flourished temp: Ric. I. and founded the Abbey of Ingoldsby, in the county of Kent and diocese of Rochester, early in the reign of that monarch's successor. The history of the origin of that pious establishment has been rescued from

Richard Culmer, parson of Chartham, commonly so called, distinguished himself, while Laud was in the Tower, by breaking the beautiful windows in Canterbury Cathedral, "standing on the top of the city ladder, near sixty steps high, with a whole pike in his hand, when others would not venture so high." This feat of Vandalism the cærulean worthy called "rattling down proud Becket's glassie bones."—T. I.

the dirt and mildew in which its chartularies have been slumbering for centuries, and is here given. The link of connexion between the two families is shown by the accompanying extract from our genealogical tree.



In this document it will be perceived that the death of Lady Alice Ingoldsby is attributed to strangulation super-induced by suspension, whereas in the veritable legend annexed no allusion is made to the intervention of a halter. Unluckily Sir Ingoldsby left no issue, or we might now be "calling Cousins" with (ci devant) Mrs. Otway Cave, in whose favour the abeyance of the old Barony of Bray has recently been determined by the Crown. To this same Barony we ourselves were not without our pretensions, and, teste Simpkinson, had "as good a right to it as anybody else." The "Collective wisdom of the Country" has, however, decided the point, and placed us among that very numerous class of claimants who are "wrongfully kept out of their property and dignities—by the right owners."

I seize with pleasure this opportunity of contradicting a malicious report that Mr. Simpkinson has, in a late publication, confounded King Henry the Fifth with the *Duke* of Monmouth, and positively deny that he has ever repre-

sented Walter Lord Clifford (father to Fair Rosamond), as the leader of the O. P. row.¹

The great O. P. (old prices) row originated in an attempt, in 1808, on the part of Mr. Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theatre, to raise the prices of admission. After a determined fight the management was compelled to yield. The gentleman who made himself most conspicuous among the malcontents was a Mr. Henry Clifford, a barrister, who brought a successful action against Brandon, the boxkeeper, for giving him into custody, and who subsequently took the chair at the "reconciliation dinner." The blunders in the text are intended as a "quiz" on the comical anachronisms into which Mr. Britton, the antiquary, was occasionally betrayed.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

A LEGEND OF PALESTINE-AND WEST KENT.

"I'll devise thee brave punishments for him!"
SHAKSPERE.

OUT and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,
"Come east, come west,
Come lance in rest,
Come falchion in hand, I'll tickle the best
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!"

Oh, they came west, and they came east,
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
And they hammer'd away
At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,— But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint;

> Twenty and three, Of high degree,

Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,

All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!

"Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!"

"Twenty and three!

Twenty and three!—

All of them Nobles of high degree;

There they be lying on Ascalon lea!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

"What news? what news? come, tell to me!

What news? what news, thou little Foot-page?—

I've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age

Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!

What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?

Come tell me now, thou Page so small!"

"Oh, Hawk and Hound
Are safe and sound,
Beast in byre, and Steed in stall;
And the Watch-dog's bark,
As soon as it's dark,
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall!"

—" I care not a pound
For Hawk or for Hound,
For Steed in stall, or for Watch-dog's bay;
Fain would I hear
Of my dainty dear;
How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay?"—
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
"What news? what news, thou naughty Foot-page?"—

That little Foot-page full low crouch'd he, And he doff'd his cap, and he bended his knee, "Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me: Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall, Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall;

She sits alone,
And she makes her moan;
Dance and song
She considers quite wrong;

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

Feast and revel

Mere snares of the Devil;—

She mendeth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!

When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'"

"Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!

There, in thy breast,
'Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near, That little Foot-page he blench'd with fear;

"Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?
King Richard's confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare
To him do I bear,

And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!"

"Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page! No learned clerk, I trow, am I,

But well, I ween,

May there be seen

Dame Alice's hand with half an eye;

Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,

From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;

Although no clerk,

Well may I mark

The particular turn of her P's and her Q's!"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page;
VOL. II.

The scroll he seizes, The Page he squeezes,

And buffets,—and pinches his nose till he sneezes;—
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days 'stead of little Queen's-heads.

When the contents of the scroll met his view, Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,

> Backward he drew His mailèd shoe,

And he kick'd that naughty Foot-page, that he flew Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew, I may not say whither—I never knew.

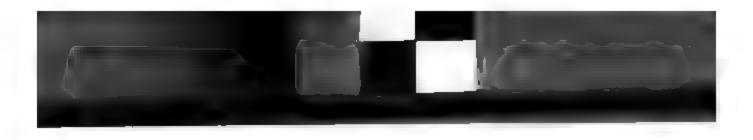
"Now count the slain
Upon Ascalon plain,—
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!"

"Twenty and three!
There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimson'd lea!—
Twenty and three?—
—Stay—let me see!
Stretch'd in his gore
There lieth one more!

By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and four!—
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows where
Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
Though one got away, and ran up a tree!"

"Look nigher, look nigher,
My trusty Squire!"—

"One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!!"



THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

"A boon, a boon, King Richard," quoth he,

"Now Heav'n thee save,

A boon I crave,

A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;

A year and a day

Have I been away,

ng Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;

King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
And tears like raindrops fall from her eyes,
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth, 'Alack!
Oh, when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'
A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,
"Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"

King Richard said right graciously,

"Of all in my host

That I love the most,

I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!

Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;

But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

PYTTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
And a belted Knight,
In armour dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee;
With signs of grief and sounds of woe,
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,

O Holy Father, pardon and grace!

In my fury and rage

A little Foot-page

I have left, I fear me, in evil case:

A scroll of shame

From a faithless dame

Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear;

I gave him a 'lick'

With a stick, And a kick,

That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where!
Had he as many necks as hairs,

He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;

A soldier, I trow,

Of the Cross art thou;

Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!

Ill it beseems that a soldier true

Of Holy Church should vainly sue:

-Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,

A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,

Well mote we spare

A Page—or a pair,

For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

But stout and true

Soldiers, like you,

Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!-

Be prayers for the dead

Duly read,

Let a mass be sung, and a Pater be said;



THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

So may your qualms of conscience cease, And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace!"

O Holy Father, pardon and grace!

Dame Alice, my wife,

The bane of my life,
I have left, I fear me, in evil case!
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;
'Twere bootless to tell how I storm'd and swore;
Alack! alack! too surely I knew
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,
And away to Ingoldaby Hall I flew!

And away to Ingoldaby Hall I flew!

Dame Alice I found,—

She sank on the ground,—

I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!

With jibe and jeer, and mock and scoff,

I twisted it on—till I twisted it off!—

All the King's Doctors and all the King's men

Can't put fair Alice's head on agen!"

"Well-a-day! well-a-day!

Sir Ingoldaby Bray,
Why really—I hardly know what to say:—
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
Because she's perhaps been a little too gay.—
—Monk must chant and Nun must pray;
For each mass they sing, and each pray'r they say,

For a year and a day Sir Ingoldsby Bray

A fair rose-noble must duly pay!
So may his qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave.

O Holy Father, pardon and grace!

No power could save

That paramour knave;

I left him, I wot, in evil case!

There, 'midst the slain

Upon Ascalon plain,

Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,

His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,

And his head lies—I can't tell your Holiness where!"

"Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,

To hack and to hew

A champion true

Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight!

Foul sin her warriors so to slay,

When they're scarcer and scarcer every day!—

—A chauntry fair,

And of Monks a pair,

To pray for his soul for ever and aye,

Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay

For plenty of lights

To burn there o' nights-

None of your rascally 'dips'—but sound,—
Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound;—
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!—
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!"

"Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay! Less penance may serve!" quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray;

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

"No champion free of the Cross was he; No belted Baron of high degree;

No Knight nor Squire Did there expire;

He was, I trow, but a bare-footed Friar!
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
With his monks around him, and early and late
May look from loop-hole, and turret, and gate,
—He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate!"

"Now Thunder and turf!" Pope Gregory said,
And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head—
"Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!
A horrible thing has come to pass!
What!—cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
And say he was 'only (!!!) a bare-footed Friar!'—
'What Baron or Squire,

Or Knight of the shire Is half so good as a holy Friar?'

O, turpissime!
Vir nequissime!

Sceleratissime!—quissime!—issime!— Never, I trow, have the Servi servorum

Had before 'em

Such a breach of decorum,

Such a gross violation of morum bonorum,

And won't have again sæcula sæculorum!—

Come hither to me,
My Cardinals three,
My Bishops in partibus,
Masters in Artibus,

Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.

Doctors and Proctors of every degree!

Go fetch me a book!—go fetch me a bell

As big as a dustman's!—and a candle as well—

I'll send him—where good manners won't let me tell!"

—"Pardon and grace!—now pardon and grace!"
—Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—
"Med culpd!—in sooth I'm in pitiful case,
Peccavi! peccavi!—I've done very wrong!
But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,
And I'll fight for Holy Church all the day long;
And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,
And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,

And Holy Church shall come in for her share!"

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down, And he somewhat relax'd his terrible frown, And his Cardinals three they pick'd up his crown.

"Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,
And you really will fight like a trump all day long;—
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
And Holy Church shall come in for her share,—

Why, my Cardinals three,

You'll agree With me,

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
And I think that the Penitent need not despair!
If it be so, as you seem to say,
Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!
An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
Whose innermost wall's encircling bound

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;
And there in that Abbey all the year round,
A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross-buns;

And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Without delay, Shall hie him again To Ascalon plain,

And gather the bones of the foully slain; And shall place said bones, with all possible care, In an elegant shrine in his abbey so fair;

And plenty of lights
Shall be there o' nights;

None of your rascally 'dips,' but sound, Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound;

> And Monk and Nun Shall pray, each one,

For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon!
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,
Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,

Nor adorn his body, Nor drink gin-toddy, Nor indulge in a pipe,— But shall dine upon tripe,

And blackberries gather'd before they are ripe,
And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure
Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and liqueur!"

(Sir Ingoldsby Bray

Here gave way

To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
But he swallow'd it down, by an effort again;

And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a Mere repetition of O, med culpá!)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,

Subjecting his back

To thump and to thwack,

Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar, With a stout cat-o'-ninetails of whip-cord and wire;

And nor he, nor his heir,¹
Shall take, use, or bear
Any more, from this day,
The surname of Bray,

As being dishonour'd, but all issue male he has Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an alias! So his qualms of conscience at length may cease, And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace!"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Is off like a shot away and away,

Over the brine To far Palestine,

To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

"Look out, my Squire,
Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a barefooted Friar!
And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head!"

¹ His brother Reginald, it would seem by the pedigree, disregarded this prohibition.—T. I.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

FYTTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,
With right of free-warren (whatever that be);
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
All in full leaf at the right time of year;
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear:
But it's really delightful in spring-time,—and near
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear.
Cobham woods to the right,—on the opposite shore
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind,—and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.

So charming a spot, It's rarely one's lot

To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
And there they all stand each in their degree,
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
Two by two, in their regular mode,
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Alas! one might almost say that of this sacred, and once splendid edifice, peritrunt etiam ruinæ. An elderly gentleman, however, of ecclesiastical cut, who oscillates between the Garrick Club and the Falcon in Gravesend, and is said by the host to be a "foreigneering Bishop," does not scruple to identify the ruins still to be seen by the side of the high Dover road, about a mile and a half below the town, with those of the haunted Sacellum. The general features of the landscape certainly correspond, and tradition, as certainly, countenances his conjecture.—T. I.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand, Cockle in hat, and staff in hand, Come marching in pairs, a holy band! Little boys twelve, dress'd all in white, Each with his brazen censer bright, And singing away with all their might, Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight;

Next high in air

Twelve yeomen bear

On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,

A patent sarcophagus firmly rear'd,

Of Spanish mahogany (not veneer'd),

And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side

Is a Friar, supplied

With a stout cat-o'-ninetails of tough cow-hide,

While all sorts of queer men

Bring up the rear—Men-

-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell

What you'll guess very well,

How some sang the requiem, some toll'd the bell;

Suffice it to say,

'Twas on Candlemas-day

The procession I speak about reach'd the Saccllum;

And in lieu of a supper

The Knight on his crupper

Received the first taste of the Father's flagellum;—

That, as chronicles tell,

He continued to dwell

All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded, By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns;
—That year after year, having run round the Quad
With his back, as enjoin'd him, exposed to the rod,
Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it, and thank'd it, he
Died, as all thought, in the odour of sanctity,
When,—strange to relate! and you'll hardly believe
What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas-eve
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,

Alarm'd by the bawls,
And the calls, and the squalls
Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon
By the light of the moon
There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
As black as if steep'd in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;
A bare-footed Friar stands behind him, and shakes
A flagellum, whose lashes appear to be snakes;
While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,

But is holding his pate
In his left hand, out straight,
As if by a closer inspection to find
Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,

¹ The late George Frederick Muntz, Esq. member for Birmingham. His magnificent beard, when chins were many and beards were few, was the pride and wonder of the House.

With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern," as placed By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.

All gaze with surprise,
Scarce believing their eyes,
When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies
From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—

In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
"Running after him,"—so said the Abbot,—"like Bricks!"

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
Course round the Abbey as best he might,
Be-thwack'd and be-smack'd by the headless Sprite,
While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill,—
Then a whoop and a halloo,—and all was still!
Ingoldsby Abbey has pass'd away,

And at this time of day One can hardly survey

Any traces or track, save a few ruins, gray
With age, and fast mouldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;
But still there are many folks living who say
That on every Candlemas-eve, the Knight

Accoutred, and dight, In his armour bright,

With his thick black beard,—and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood;
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy;

And that once in a gale
Of wind, sleet, and hail,
They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

What 'tis breaks the rest
Of these souls unblest
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,
Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confess'd

That on Ascalon plain,

When the bones of the slain

Were collected that day, and pack'd up in a chest Caulk'd, and made water-tight,

By command of the Knight,

Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right, And the body itself in a decentish plight,
Yet the Friar's Pericranium was nowhere in sight;
So, to save themselves trouble, they'd pick'd up instead,
And popp'd on the shoulders a Saracen's Head!
Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,
And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought avail'd.

Now, though this might be,

It don't seem to agree

With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me,—

I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine

Containing the bones brought from far Palestine

Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine

This fact with the reason these people assign,

Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine

Could be aught but what Yankees would call "genu-ine."

'Tis a very nice question—but be't as it may,

The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (ci-devant Bray),

It is boldly affirm'd, by the folks great and small

About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,

Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall,

And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.

So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,

My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,

Viz., that, spite of the hope

Held out by the Pope,

Sir Ingoldsby Bray was "dish'd" after all!

MORAL.

Foot-pages, and Servants of ev'ry degree, In livery or out of it, listen to me! See what comes of lying!—don't join in a league To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies!—married and single, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!
Don't stand for the sake of a penny,—but when you
've a billet to send
To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen!—you who are given to roam,
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;
Love your neighbours, and welcome, but don't love their wives!

And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads
When they're shovelling the snow off, "Take care of your
HEADS!"

Knights!—whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong,

Learn,—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them—but mildly—don't kick them down stairs!
To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,
"If you want matters well managed, Go!—if not, Send!"
A servant's too often a negligent elf;
—If it's business of consequence, Do it yourself!

The state of society seldom requires

People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,

But they sometimes do bring home an inmate for life;

Now—don't do that by proxy!—but choose your own wife!

For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,

To find in your bed,
On the pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for—A SARACEN'S HEAD!

NOTE.

" ('obham woods to the right,—on the opposite shore Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more."—P. 155.

The remains of Ingoldsby Abbey will be found only—if found at all—among the Châteaux en Espagne; the ruins pointed out by the unscrupulous "elderly gentleman," and which adjoin the parsonage-house, being, according to more trustworthy authorities, those of a chantry founded by Aymer de Valence, circ. 1322. As for the "foreigneering Bishop" himself, he possessed a more substantial form, and was known at the Garrick Club as Mr. Robert—his familiars preferred the endearing diminutive Bob—Woodrooff; irreverent jokers spoke of him as "the Bishop." He was a solicitor, and had in very early life accompanied the Commission sent out to settle with Mr. Washington the American dispute.

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COUNTY LEGENDS.

		•

ALAS for Ingoldsby Abbey!—Alas that one should have to say

Periêrunt etiam Ruinæ!
(Its very Ruins now are tiny!)

There is a something in the very sight of an old Abbey family associations apart—as Ossian says (or Macpherson for him), "pleasing yet mournful to the soul!" nor could I ever yet gaze on the roofless walls and ivy-clad towers of one of these venerable monuments of the piety of bygone days without something very like an unbidden tear rising to dim the prospect. Something of this, I think, I have already hinted in recording our pic-nic with the Seaforths at Bol-Since then I have paid a visit to the beautiful sover. remains of what once was Netley, and never experienced the sensation to which I have alluded in a stronger degree;—if its character was somewhat changed before we parted—it is not my fault. Still, be the drawbacks what they may, I shall ever mark with a white stone the day on which I for the first time beheld the time-worn cloisters of Netley ABBEY.

NETLEY ABBEY.

A LEGEND OF HAMPSHIRE.

Across the western wave
Was sinking slow,
And a golden glow
To thy roofless towers he gave;
And the ivy sheen,
With its mantle of green,
That wrapt thy walls around,
Shone lovelily bright
In that glorious light,
And I felt 'twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time—
The days of thy Monks of old,—
When to Matin, and Vesper, and Compline chime,
The loud Hosanna roll'd,
And, thy courts and "long-drawn aisles" among,
Swell'd the full tide of sacred song;

And then a Vision pass'd Across my mental eye; 1

¹ In my mind's eye, Horatio!—*Hamlet*.
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NETLEY ABBEY.

And silver shrines and shaven crowns,
And delicate Ladies, in bombazeen gowns
And long white veils, went by,
Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad,—
—But one, methought, wink'd at the Gardener-lad!

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,
And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,
And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,

And "dear little souls,"

In clean linen stoles,

Swinging their censers, and making a smell.—
And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,

With front severe,

And brow austere,

Now and then pinching a little boy's ear When he chants the responses too late or too soon, Or his Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La's not quite in tune.

(Then, you know,

They'd a "moveable Do,"

Not a fix'd one, as now—and of course never knew How to set up a musical Hullah-baloo.) It was, in sooth, a comely sight, And I welcomed the vision with pure delight.

But then "a change came o'er"
My spirit—a change of fear—
That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,
But deep beneath the basement floor

A dungeon dark and drear!

And there was an ugly hole in the wall; For an oven too big—for a cellar too small!

And mortar and bricks All ready to fix,

And I said, "Here's a Nun has been playing some tricks!— That horrible hole!—it seems to say,

'I'm a Grave that gapes for a living prey!'"

And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad—

And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.

Ah me! ah me!—'tis sad to think
That Maiden's eye, which was made to wink,
Should here be compelled to grow blear, and blink,

Or be closed for aye In this kind of way,

Shut out for ever from wholesome day,

Wall'd up in a hole with never a chink,

No light,—no air,—no victuals,—no drink!—

And that Maiden's lip,

Which was made to sip,

Should here grow wither'd and dry as a chip!

-That wandering glance and furtive kiss,

Exceedingly naughty, and wrong, I wis,

Should yet be consider'd so much amiss

As to call for a sentence severe as this!—

And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh The poor lone victim's stifled cry,¹

"Well! I can't understand

How any man's hand

Could wall up that hole in a Christian land!—

Why, a Mussulman Turk

Would recoil from the work;

About the middle of the last century a human skeleton was discovered in a recess in the wall among the ruins of Netley. On examination, the bones were pronounced to be those of a female. *Teste* James Harrison, a youthful but intelligent cab-driver of Southampton, who "well remembers to have heard his grandmother say that 'Somebody told her so.'"—T. I.

NETLEY ABBEY.

And though, when his Ladies run after the fellows, he Stands not on trifles, if madden'd by jealousy, Its objects, I'm sure, would declare, could they speak, In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek, 'When all's said and done, far better it was for us,

Tied back to back,

And sewn up in a sack,

To be pitch'd neck-and-heels from a boat in the Bosphorus!'

-Oh! a Saint 'twould vex

To think that the sex

Should be treated no better than Combe's double X! Sure some one might run to the Abbess, and tell her A much better method of stocking her cellar."

Heav'n's red right arm in vengeance falls,—
If e'er its justice wraps in flame
The black abodes of sin and shame,
That justice, in its own good time,
Shall visit for so foul a crime,
Ope desolation's floodgate wide,
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride!

Lo where it comes!—the tempest lours,—
It bursts on thy devoted towers;
Ruthless Tudor's bloated form
Rides on the blast, and guides the storm;
I hear the sacrilegious cry,
"Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly!"

Down! down they come—a fearful fall—Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all, Stain'd pane, and sculptured stone,

There they lie on the greensward strown—Mouldering walls remain alone!

Shaven crown,

Bombazeen gown,

Mitre, and Crosier, and all are flown!

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze

Upon that gray and mouldering wall,

The glories of thy palmy days

Its very stones recall!—

They "come like shadows, so depart"—

I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in ruin !—grand in woe!

Lone refuge of the owl and bat;

No voice awakes thine echoes now!

No sound—Good Gracious!—what was that?

-Was it the moan,

The parting groan

Of her who died forlorn and alone,

Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?—

-Full and clear

On my listening ear

It comes—again—near, and more near—

Why, 'zooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!

—I rush to the door—

I tread the floor,

By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,

In the good old chivalric days of yore,

And what see I there?—

In a rush-bottom'd chair

A hag, surrounded by crockery-ware,

Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng

A nasty decoction miscall'd Souchong,—

NETLEY ABBEY.

And a squeaking fiddle and "wry-neck'd fife"
Are screeching away, for the life!—for the life!—
Danced to by "All the World and his Wife."
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, are capering there,
Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair!—
Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,
Playing at "pitch and toss," sport their "Browns;"
Two or three damsels, frank and free,
Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea.
Parties below, and parties above,
Some making tea, and some making love.

Then the "toot—toot"
Of that vile demi-flute,—
The detestable din
Of that crack'd violin,

And the odours of "Stout," and tobacco, and gin!

"—Dear me!" I exclaim'd, "what a place to be in!"

And I said to the person who drove my "shay"

(A very intelligent man, by the way),

"This, all things consider'd, is rather too gay!

It don't suit my humour,—so take me away!

Dancing! and drinking!—cigar and song!

If not profanation, it's 'coming it strong,'

And I really consider it all very wrong.—

—Pray, to whom does this property now belong?"—

—He paused, and said,
Scratching his head,
"Why, I really do think he's a little to blame,
But I can't say I knows the Gentleman's name!"

"Well—well!" quoth I,
As I heaved a sigh,
And a tear-drop fell from my twinkling eye,

"My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt That some day or other you'll find it out,

Should he come in your way,
Or ride in your 'shay'
(As perhaps he may),
Be so good as to say

That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day,
Was exceedingly angry, and very much scandalized,
Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalized,
And thus of their owner to speak began,

As he order'd you home in haste,
"No doubt he's a very respectable man,
But—I can't say much for his taste." 1

¹ Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas; je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de goût !—Gil Blas.—T. I.

NOTE.

Since the above was written the following "improvements" have been recorded in the pages of *Punch*. "The place (Netley Abbey) has been cleared and cleaned without having been cockneyfied; it has been furnished with convenient and inconspicuous seats, and rendered permeable throughout, and provided with a pump which supplies water for tea and grog. At the entrance of the Abbey is a porter's lodge, where a turnstile lets the public in at the small charge of twopence a-head, which goes to pay the expense of putting and keeping the place in order."

My very excellent brother-in-law, Seaforth, late of the Bombay Fencibles (lucky dog to have quitted the service before this shocking Affghan business!) seems to have been even more forcibly affected on the evening when he so narrowly escaped being locked in at Westminster Abbey, and when—but let him describe his own feelings, as he has done, indeed, in the subjoined Fragment.

[THE FRAGMENT, as it appeared originally in Fraser's Magazine, concluded with the line:—

"Service is done—it's tuppence now for them as wants to stop!"

It alluded to the custom, which then prevailed at the Cathedral of St. Paul's, of the vergers hurrying out the congregation at the close of the service, lest they should obtain a surreptitious view of the monuments, for the exhibition of which the sum of twopence was charged. At Westminster Abbey visitors were solicited in a somewhat similar way for donations. The practice at the Abbey, and, I believe, at the Cathedral, has long since been discontinued.]

FRAGMENT.

A FEELING sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around; I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread

Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead!

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those cloisters pale,

With fitful light on regal vest, and warrior's sculptured mail; As from the stain'd and storied pane it danced with quivering gleam,

Each cold and prostrate form below seem'd quickening in the beam.

Now, sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn swell,

And faint upon the listening ear the last Hosanna fell:

It died—and not a breath did stir;—above each knightly stall,

Unmoved, the banner'd blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

FRAGMENT.

- I stood alone!—a living thing 'midst those that were no more—
- I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore—
- On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain, The fatal Roses twined at length—on great Eliza's reign.
- I thought on Naseby Marston Moor on Worc'ster's "crowning fight;"
- When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chill'd me with affright,
- As thus, in low, unearthly tones I heard a voice begin,
- "—This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk!—Sir! please put summut in!" * * * *

Catera desiderantur.

THAT Seaforth's nervous system was powerfully acted upon on this occasion I can well believe. The circumstance brings to my recollection a fearful adventure—or what might perhaps have proved one—of my own in early life while grinding Gerunds at Canterbury. A sharp touch of the gout, and the reputed sanatory qualities of a certain spring in St. Peter's Street, then in much repute, had induced my Uncle to take up his abode within the Cathedral "Precinct." It was on one of those temporary visits which I was sometimes permitted to pay on half-holidays, that, in self-defence, I had to recount the following true narrative. I may add, that this tradition is not yet worn out: a small maimed figure of a female in a sitting position, and holding something like a frying-pan in her hand, may still be seen on the covered passage which crosses the Brick Walk, and adjoins the house belonging to the sixth prebendal stall.— There are those, whom I know, who would, even yet, hesitate at threading the Dark Entry on a Friday—"not," of course, "that they believe one word about"

NELL COOK!!

A LEGEND OF THE "DARK ENTRY."

THE KING'S SCHOLAR'S STORY.

"From the 'Brick Walk' branches off to the right a long narrow vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the 'Dark Entry.' Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and, by a private staircase, with the interior of the Cathedral. On the west it opens into the 'Green Court,' forming a communication between it and the portion of the 'Precinct' called the 'Oaks.'"—A Walk round Canterbury, &c.

Scene—A back parlour in Mr. John Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire.—Mine Uncle is seated in a high-backed easy-chair, twirling his thumbs, and contemplating his list shoe.—Little Tom, the "King's Scholar," on a stool opposite.—Mrs. John Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose (cauliflower?) in many-coloured worsteds.—Mine Uncle's meditations are interrupted by the French clock on the mantelpiece.—He prologizeth with vivacity.

"HARK! listen, Mrs. Ingoldsby,--the clock is striking nine!

Give Master Tom another cake, and half a glass of wine, And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,

And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

"And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Bitch has said That nine o'clock's the hour he'll have his boarders all in bed;

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- And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,
- They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day!"
- "—Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
- Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest way;
- I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
- It fears me quite—it's Friday night!—and then Nell Cook hath pow'r!"
- "And who's Nell Cook, thou silly child?—and what's Nell Cook to thee?
- That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark entrée?"—
- —" Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear! such fearsome things they tell
- Of Nelly Cook, that few may brook at night to meet with Nell!"
- "It was in bluff King Harry's days,—and Monks and Friars were then,
- You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.
- They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns,—no shirts,—and no cravats;
- And a cord was placed about their waist-they had no shovel hats!
- "It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to shrift,
- And long before he stamp'd and swore, and cut the Pope adrift;

NELL COOK.

There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk; He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark!

- "The Canon was a portly man-of Latin and of Greek,
- And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on his cheek.
- The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,
- The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.
- "For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin, The Canon's house it stood without;—he kept good cheer within;
- Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look, And Ellen Bean ruled his cuisine.—He call'd her 'Nelly

Cook!'

- "For soups, and stews, and choice ragoûts, Nell Cook was famous still;
- She'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wond'rous skill:
- Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely brown'd,
- Her boil'd and roast, they were the boast of all the 'Precinct' round;
- " And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
- And earthward bent her modest look—yet was she passing fair;
- And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people shook;
- -They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty Cook.

"One day--'twas on a Whitsun-eve--there came a coach and four ;---

It pass'd the 'Green-Court' gate, and stopp'd before the Canon's door;

The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way, - Each panting steed relax'd its speed—out stept a Lady gay.



THE DARK ENTRY PROM THE GREEN COURT

" Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,'—the Canon then did cry,

And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye,—

'Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece! in sooth thou'rt welcome here.

'Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother dear?'—

NELL COOK.

- "'Now, thanks, my loving Uncle,' that Lady gay replied;
- 'Gramercy for thy benison;'—then 'Out, alas!' she sigh'd;
- 'My father dear he is not near; he seeks the Spanish Main;

He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again!'—

"'Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece; come lay thy mantle by!"

The Canon kiss'd her ruby lip—he had a merry eye,—
But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind
They were a little less than 'kin,' and rather more than 'kind.'

"Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day, Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay; On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare, And they quaff good store of Bourdeaux wine,—so dainty is their fare.

"And fine upon the virginals is that gay Lady's touch,
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you'll scarce hear any
such;

But is it 'O Sanctissima!' she sings in dulcet tone?

()r 'Angels ever bright and fair'!—Ah, no!—it's 'Bobbing Joan!'

"The Canon's house is lofty, and spacious to the view;
The Canon's cell is order'd well—yet Nelly looks askew;
The Lady's bower is in the tower—yet Nelly shakes her head—

She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady's bed!

- "Six weeks were gone and over—full six weeks and a day, Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay! From which, I fear, it's pretty clear that Lady rest had none; Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.
- "But where that Lady pass'd her nights, I may not well divine,

Perhaps in pious oraisons at good St. Thomas' Shrine, And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true— It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly look'd askew.

- "And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were lock'd in sleep,
- She'd listen at the Canon's door,—she'd through the keyhole peep—
- I know not what she heard or saw, but fury fill'd her eye—
 She bought some nasty Doctor's-stuff, and she put it in a
 pie!

:

*

"It was a glorious summer's eve—with beams of rosy red The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook her head!

Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper boll—Upon the Canon's startled ear it sounded like a knell!

"'Now here's to thee, mine Uncle! a health I drink to thee!
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie!'—

The Canon sigh'd—but, rousing, cried, 'I answer to thy call, And a Warden-pie's a dainty dish to mostify withal!'

NELL COOK.

"'Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning pray'r—

And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not there! Nor in the small Refect'ry hall, nor cloister'd walk is he—All wonder—and the Sacristan says, 'Lauk-a-daisy-me!'

- "They've search'd the aisles and Baptistry—they've search'd above—around—
- The 'Sermon House'—the 'Audit Room'—the Canon is not found.

They only find that pretty Cook concocting a ragoût,
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks askew!

- "They call for crow-bars—'jemmies' is the modern name they bear—
- They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar—but what a sight is there!—
- The Canon's head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the floor!
- —They are as dead as any nail that is in any door!
- "The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back!
 His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and black!—
- The livid spot is on her cheek,—it's on her neck of snow,
 And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, 'Well!—here's a pretty
 Go!'
- "All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,
 A knell is rung, a requiem's sung as for a sinful soul,
 And there's a grave within the Nave; it's dark, and deep, and wide;

And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side!

- "An Uncle—so 'tis whisper'd now throughout the sacred fane,—
- And a Niece—whose father's far away upon the Spanish
 Main—
- The Sacristan he says no word that indicates a doubt,
- But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers out!
- "And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely lass?
- Ay, where?—for ne'er from forth that door was Nelly known to pass.
- Her coif, and gown of russet brown, were lost unto the view, And if you mention'd Nelly's name—the Monks all look'd askew!
- "There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon's door,
 Of granite gray, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,
- And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
- Where sun or moonbeam never play'd, or e'en one starry spark.
- "That heavy granite stone was moved that night, 'twas darkly said,
- And the mortar round its sides next morn seem'd fresh and newly laid;
- But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,
- Or if that there be vault, or no—I cannot tell—not I!
- "But I've been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail and shriek,
- Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week—

NELL COOK.

- For three long days and three long nights came forth those sounds of fear;
- Then all was o'er—they never more fell on the listening ear.
- "A hundred years were gone and past since last Nell Cook was seen,
- When, worn by use that stone got loose, and they went and told the Dean.—
- —Says the Dean, says he, 'My Masons three! now haste and fix it tight;'
- And the Masons three peep'd down to see, and they saw a fearsome sight.
- "Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they found—
- It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet round;
- -A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well!
- But who the deuce 'twas put it there those Masons could not tell.
- "And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
- And a mouldy piece of 'kissing-crust,' as from a Warden-pie!
- And Doctor Jones declared the bones were female bones, and, 'Zooks!
- I should not be surprised,' said he, 'if these were Nelly Cook's!'
- "It was in good Dean Bargrave's days, if I remember right,
- Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought to light;
- And you may well in the 'Dean's Chapelle' Dean Bargrave's portrait view,
- 'Who died one night,' says old Tom Wright, 'in sixteen forty-two!'

- "And so two hundred years have pass'd since that these Masons three,
- With curious looks, did set Nell Cook's unquiet spirit free;
- That granite stone had kept her down till then—so some suppose,—
- —Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb unto their nose.
- "But one thing's clear—that all the year, on every Friday night,
- Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook's unquiet Sprite:
- On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried; On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side!
- "And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook doth still pursue
- Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may rue;
- Her fatal breath is fell as death! the Simoom's blast is not More dire,—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).
- "But all unlike the Simoom's blast, her breath is deadly cold, Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young and old,
- And whose in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath, He ever dies within the year some dire, untimely death!
- "No matter who—no matter what condition, age, or sex,
 But some 'get shot,' and some 'get drown'd,' and some 'get
 broken necks;'
- Some 'get run over' by a coach;—and one beyond the seas 'Got' scraped to death with oyster-shells among the Caribbees!

NELL COOK.

- "Those Masons three, who set her free, fell first!—it is averr'd
- That two were hang'd on Tyburn tree for murdering of the third;
- Charles Storey, too, his friend who slew, had ne'er, if truth they tell,
- Been gibbeted on Chartham Downs, had they not met with Nell!
- "Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh! send me not, I pray,
- Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other way!
- I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
- For Heaven forfend that ever I foregather with Nell Cook!"—
- The class was call'd at morning-tide, and Master Tom was there;
- He look'd askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and chair.
- He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye,— He had not e'en that sad resource, to sit him down and cry.
- Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go out to dine,
- They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine;

In or about the year 1780, a worthy of this name cut the throat of a journeyman paper-maker, was executed on Oaten Hill, and afterwards hung in chains near the scene of his crime. It was to this place, as being the extreme boundary of the City's jurisdiction, that the worthy Mayor with so much naīveté wished to escort Archbishop M—— on one of his progresses, when he begged to have the honour of "attending his Grace as far as the Gallows."—T. I.

For if when they've their great-coat on, they pause before they part

To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may smart!



THE DARK ENTRY PRODUCTIF BRICK WALK

MORAL.

—A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet brown!—

Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan!"—don't, with a merry eye,

Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don't eat too much pie!!

NELL COOK.

And oh! beware that Entry dark,—especially at night,—

And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moon-light!—

So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans,—and the Prince whose hand she took,—

And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from Nell Cook!

NOTE.

"There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon's door,
Of granite gray, and it may weigh some half a ton or more."
P. 184.

In consequence of the removal of several houses, for the purpose of displaying the remains of the ancient monastery, which had long been buried under comparatively modern brickwork, considerable light has been lately thrown upon the "Dark Entry." There is, indeed, but one portion of the passage that still maintains something of its old obscurity; viz., the western entrance into the Green Court; and here, opposite the house occupied by the late Mr. Stratton, the Precentor, is pointed out the stone under which Nell Cook was buried. The statement that there are people living who would hesitate—if that is not too mild a term—at threading the "Dark Entry" on a Friday, after nightfall, is no exaggeration, but is literally true to this day.

It is to my excellent and erudite friend Simpkinson that I am indebted for his graphic description of the well-known chalk-pit, between Acol and Minster, in the Isle of Thanet, known by the name of the "Smuggler's Leap." The substance of the true history attached to it he picked up while visiting that admirable institution, the "Sea-bathing Infirmary," of which he is a "Life Governor," and enjoying his otium cum dignitate last summer at the least aristocratic of all possible watering-places.

Before I proceed to detail it, however, I cannot, in conscience, fail to be speak for him the reader's sympathy in one of his own

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY.

MR. SIMPKINSON loquitur.

- I WAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
 I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you
 here?—
- The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
- Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"
- He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy,—he deem'd I meant to scoff—
- And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off;"
 He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
 He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!
- "Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking Nine," I said,
- "An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed,
- Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold— Oh! fie!—
- It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbb'd with agony,—he cried like any thing!
I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—
"Ah!

I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma'!!-

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,

Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart!

- "If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ, By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)
- "And, now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent To jump, as Mister Levi' did from off the Monu-ment!"
- "Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said,
- "You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head: If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
- Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!
- "Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;

My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up— There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you— Come home you little vulgar Boy—1 lodge at Number 2."

¹ Leone Levi, diamond merchant, committed suicide by throwing himself from the Monument, January 18, 1810. There were six cases altogether, of which his was the second.

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy," I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex, "Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise, She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys." She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the delf,

Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb 1—

I changed a shilling—(which in town the people called "a Bob"—

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—

I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!

I peep'd beneath the table-cloth-beneath the sofa too-

I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of you!"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea;

—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!

I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

1 Qui facit per alium facit per se—Deem not, gentle stranger, that Mr. Cobb is a petty dealer and chapman, as Mr. Simpkinson would here seem to imply. He is a maker, not a retailer of stingo,—and mighty pretty tipple he makes.—T. I.

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I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen !—

Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined with green;

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—

My roast potatoes !--all are gone !--and so's that vulgar Boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below, "—Oh, Mrs. Jones! what do you think?—ain't this a pretty go?—

- —That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here tonight,
- —He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "And sarve you right!!"

*

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;
But when the Crier cried "O Yes!" the people cried, "O
No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a Common-sailor-man a-walking up and down,
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

That Sailor-man he said he'd seen, that morning on the shore, A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before, A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me! what could he mean?

With a "carpet-swab" and "muckingtogs," and a hat turn'd up with green.

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"

—It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer—And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use, —It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away
In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, "somewheres" about the
Nore.

A landsman said "I twig the chap—he's been upon the Mill—And 'cause he gammons so the flats, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"

He said he'd "done me wery brown," and nicely "stow'd the swag,"

—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-hag.

I went and told the Constable my property to track;
He ask'd me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"
I answer'd, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done
me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out, But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair, then, and I described "the swag,"

My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;

He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ;

But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

- Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,
- "BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
- Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fix'd abode,
- Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blow'd!"
- Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
- And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,
- Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!
- ¹ Mr. Withair held the office of keeper of the Giltspur Street Compter, or lock-up, in the City of London.

AND now for his Legend, which, if the facts took place rather beyond "the memory of the oldest inhabitant," are yet well known to have occurred in the neighbourhood "once on a time;" and the scene of them will be readily pointed out by any one of the fifty intelligent fly-drivers who ply upon the pier, and who will convey you safely to the spot for a guerdon which they term "three bob."

[The intelligent fly-driver would experience considerable difficulty in discovering the scene of the "Smuggler's Leap," nor would the intelligent reader be more successful in his search for p. 127 of Pegge's Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet. The story and the reference are equally mythical; the former was indeed suggested by a dangerous chalk hole, which had occasionally been used as a smuggler's "hide," existing in a wood in the manor of Parmstead, Upper Hardres, the property of the author.]

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THANET.

"Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of 'The Smuggler's Leap.' The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse only, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since."—Sce "Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A.M., Vicar of Gomersham." W. Bristow, Canterbury, 1796, p. 127.

THE fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand
That smuggling band,
Some in the water, and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,

"Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of the day,
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what would he
say?

Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill, We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!"

—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side, And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,

No trick nor flam,

But your real Schiedam.

"Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!"
Three on the crupper, and one before,

And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;

But the rich point-lace,

In the oil-skin case

Of proof, to guard its contents from ill, The "prime of the swag," is with Smuggler Bill

Merrily now, in a goodly row,
Away, and away, those Smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!

When out from the turn Of the road to Herne,

Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!

Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,

With his Custom-house officers all at his side!

—They were called Custom-house officers then;

There were no such things as "Preventive men."

Sauve qui peut!

That lawless crew,

Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two;
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss,

These in their hurry
Make for Sturry,

With Custom-house officers close in their rear, Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,

None of them stopping,

But shooting and popping,

And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,

> And the gin spirts out, And squirts all about,

And many a heart grew sad that day

That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

Saure qui peut!

That lawless crew,

Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue, and he has a smile
Train'd the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,

From St. Nicholas quite To the Foreland Light,

But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her To have done with the Grocer, and make him her Tea-dealer; There is not a farmer there but he still Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-gray mare, away, and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
"Follow who will, ride after who may,

In sooth he had need Fodder his steed,

In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed;

—Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-gray!
Ho! ho!—ho! ho!" says Smuggler Bill—
He draws out a flask, and he sips his fill,
And he laughs "Ho! ho!" at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chistlett Lane, so free and so fleet Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-Street;— Sarre Bridge is won—

Bill thinks it fun;

"Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun— His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin, Ere a race like this he may hope to win!"—

Away, away

Goes the fleet dapple-gray,

Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind, And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.

- "I would give my soul," quoth Exciseman Gill,
- "For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill!

No matter for blood, no matter for bone,

No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,

So I had but one!"

A voice cried "Done!"—

"Ay, dun," said Exciseman Gill,—and he spied A Custom-house officer close by his side,

- "Devil take me," again quoth Exciseman Gill,
 "If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill!"
- From his using such shocking expressions, it's plain That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.

He was, it is true, As bad as a Jew,

A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.

—He'd just utter'd the words which I've mention'd to you,
When his horse, coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.

When he arose,
Ilis hands and his clothes

Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all cover'd with blood;
Yet he scream'd with passion, "I'd rather grill
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!"
—"Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-house officer, "get
On the back of my Dun, you'll bother him yet.
Your words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and Done' between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,—
He's a rum one to look at—a devil to go!"

Exciseman Gill Dash'd up the hill,

And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit, The queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth—and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-gray mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—"Tis the Gauger again!"
Smuggler Bill

Dashes round by the mill

That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,-

"Now speed,—now speed, My dapple-gray steed,

Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!

O'er Monkton Mead, and through Minster Level,

We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!

For Manston Cave, away! away!

Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-gray!

It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill!"

Manston Cave was Bill's abode,

A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road

(Of late they say

It's been taken away,

That is, levell'd, and fill'd up with chalk and clay,

By a gentleman there of the name of Day),

Thither he urges his good dapple-gray;

And the dapple-gray steed,

Still good at need,

Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,

Dashes along at the top of her speed;

But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill

Cries "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill he looks behind,
And he sees a Dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke, and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!

Every shoe he has got Appears red-hot!

And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill from his holster drew A large horse-pistol, of which he had two,

Made by Nock;

He pull'd back the cock

As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he touch'd and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang;
Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd,—not blood,—but flame!

—He changed his plan,

And fired at the man;

But his second horse-pistol flash'd in the pan! And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good-will, Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-gray mare made a desperate bound When that queer Dun horse on her flank she found, Alack! and alas! on what dangerous ground! It's enough to make one's flesh to creep To stand on that fearful verge, and peep

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!!

Below were found
Next day on the ground,
By an elderly Gentleman walking his round
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound),
All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corses,
Two of them human,—the third was a horse's—
That good dapple-gray,—and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun?—
From that terrible night he was seen by none!—
There are some people think, though I am not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,

But the country-folks there, One and all, declare,

When the "Crowner's 'Quest" came to sit on the pair, They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the air!—

—If in one of the trips
Of the steam-boat Eclipse
You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call "Dips,"

You may hear old folks talk
Of that quarry of chalk;
Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,
But a three-shilling drive will give you a peep

At that fearful chalk-pit—so awfully deep,
Which is call'd to this moment "The Smuggler's Leap!'
Nay, more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you're "plucky," and not over subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,

You may see, if you will,
The Ghost of Old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-gray lying between 'em.—
I'm told so—I can't say I know one who's seen 'em!

MORAL.

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.

Imprimis, don't smuggle !—-if, bent to please Beauty,
You must buy French lace,—purchase what has paid duty!
Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!

Never say "Devil take me;"—
Or, "shake me!"—or, "bake me!"
Or such like expressions.—Remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.
Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,
Is, "Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you Leap!"

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—
NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!!

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

NOTE.

"And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap."—P. 200.

This incident is borrowed from what actually occurred to a certain Mr. Bob Stace, one of Mr. Barham's parishioners in the "Marsh." They were all smugglers, and the man in question—a very powerful one—was making off with a couple of kegs, one under each arm, when, as he used to describe it with great disgust, "a bullet went slap through one of them and spilt the liquor." It never seemed to occur to him that a trifling divergence, to the right or the left as the case might be, might have caused a couple of holes not so easily stopped. The character of Stace is sketched in Gleig's Country Curate.

For the story which succeeds I am indebted to Mrs. Botherby. She is a Shropshire Lady by birth, and I overheard her, a few weeks since, in the nursery, chanting the following, one of the Legends peculiar to her native County, for the amusement and information of Seaforth's little boy, who was indeed "all ears." As Ralph de Diceto, who alludes to the main facts, was Dean of St. Paul's in 1183, about the time that the Temple Church was consecrated, the history is evidently as ancient as it is authentic, though the author of the present paraphrase has introduced many unauthorized, as well as "anachronismatical interpolations."—For the interesting note on the ancient family of Ketch, I need scarcely say, I am obliged to the Simpkinson.

Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie,

THE SHROPSHIRE BLUEBEARD.

A LEGEND OF "THE PROUD SALOPIANS."

Hisce ferè temporibus, in agro Salopiensi, Quidam, cui nomen Johannes, **Ze Sanglaunt** deinde nuncupatus, uxores quamplurimas ducit, enecat et (ita referunt) manducat; ossa solum cani miræ magnitudinis relinquens. Tum demum in flagrante delicto, vel "manu rubrâ," ut dicunt Jurisconsulti, deprensus, carnifice vix opprimitur.—Radulphus de Diceto.

OH! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,
Bloudie Jacke?

Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright?—
The Mother's at home,
The Maid may not roam,

She never will meet thee to-night!

By the light

Of the moon—it's impossible—quite!

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,

Bloudie Jacke!

P

It gleams with a fiendish delight—

" 'Tis done-

She is won!

Nothing under the sun

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Can loose the charm'd ring, though it's slight!

Ho! ho!

It fits so remarkably tight!"—

The wire is as thin as a thread,

Bloudie Jacke!

The wire is as thin as a thread!—
"Though slight be the chain,
Again might and main

Cannot rend it in twain—She is wed!

She is wed!

She is mine, be she living or dead!

Haw! haw!!"—

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,

Bloudie Jacke!

Oh! laugh not so loud and so clear!

Though sweet is thy smile

The heart to beguile,

Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,

Oh dear!

It makes the blood curdle with fear!

The Maiden is gone by the glen,

Bloudie Jacke!

She is gone by the glen and the wood—
It's a very odd thing
She should wear such a ring,

While her tresses are bound with a snood.

By the rood!

It's a thing that's not well understood!

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

The Maiden is stately and tall,

Bloudie Jacke!

And stately she walks in her pride;
But the Young Mary-Anne

Runs as fast as she can,

To o'ertake her, and walk by her side:

Though she chide—

She deems not her sister a bride!

But the Maiden is gone by the glen,

Bloudie Jacke!

Mary-Anne, she is gone by the lea;
She o'ertakes not her sister,
It's clear she has miss'd her,

And cannot think where she can be!

Dear me !—

"Ho! ho!-We shall see-we shall see!"-

Mary-Anne is gone over the lea,

Bloudie Jacke!

Mary-Anne, she is come to the Tower;

But it makes her heart quail,

For it looks like a jail

A deal more than a fair Lady's bower,

So sour

Its ugly grey walls seem to lour.

For the Barbican's massy and high,

Bloudie Jacke!

And the oak-door is heavy and brown,

And with iron it's plated,

And machicolated,

To pour boiling oil and lead down;

How you'd frown
Should a ladle-full fall on your crown!

The rock that it stands on is steep,

Bloudie Jacke!

To gain it one's forced for to creep;

The Portcullis is strong,

And the Drawbridge is long,

And the water runs all round the Keep;

At a peep

You can see that the Moat's very deep!

The Drawbridge is long, but it's down,
Bloudie Jacke!

And the Portcullis hangs in the air;
And no Warder is near,
With his horn and his spear,
To give notice when people come there.—
I declare
Mary-Anne has run into the Square!

The oak-door is heavy and brown,

Bloudie Jacke!

But the oak-door is standing ajar,

And no one is there

To say, "Pray take a chair,

You seem tired, Miss, with running so far—

So you are—

With grown people you're scarce on a par!"

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BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

But the young Mary-Anne is not tired,
Bloudie Jacke!

She roams o'er your Tower by herself;
She runs through, very soon,
Each boudoir and saloon,
And examines each closet and shelf,
Your pelf,
All your plate, and your china,—and delf.

She looks at your Arras so fine,

Bloudie Jacke!

So rich, all description it mocks;

And she now and then pauses

To gaze at your vases,

Your pictures, and ormolu clocks;

Every box,

Every cupboard, and drawer she unlocks.

She looks at the paintings so rare,

Bloudie Jacke!

That adorn every wall in your house;
Your impayable pieces,
Your Paul Veroneses,
Your Rembrandts, your Guidos, and Dows,
Morland's Cows,
Claude's Landscapes,—and Landseer's Bow-wows.

She looks at your Statues so fine,

Bloudie Jacke!

And mighty great notice she takes
Of your Niobe crying,
Your Mirmillo dying,

Your Hercules strangling the snakes,—
How he shakes

The nasty great things as he wakes!

Your Laocoon, his serpents and boys,
Bloudie Jacke!

She views with some little dismay;
A copy of that I can
See in the Vatican,

Unless the Pope's sent it away,

As they say

In the Globe, he intended last May. 1

There's your Belvedere Phæbus, with which, Bloudie Jacke!

Mr. Milman says none other vies.

(His lines on Apollo
Beat all the rest hollow,
And gain'd him the Newdigate prize.)

How the eyes

Seem watching the shaft as it flies!

There's a room full of satins and silks,

Bloudie Jacke!

There's a room full of velvets and lace,

There are drawers full of rings,

And a thousand fine things,

^{1 &}quot;The Pope is said—the fact is hardly credible—to have sold the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvedere to the Emperor of Russia for nine millions of francs."—Globe and Traveller.—T. I.

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

And a splendid gold watch, with a case

O'er its face,
Is in every room in the place.

There are forty fine rooms on a floor,

Bloudie Jacke!

And every room fit for a Ball,

It's so gorgeous and rich,

With so lofty a pitch,

And so long, and so broad, and so tall;

Yes, all,

Save the last one—and that's very small!

It boasts not stool, table, or chair,

Bloudie Jacke!

But one Cabinet, costly and grand,

Which has little gold figures

Of little gold Niggers,

With fishing-rods stuck in each hand.—

It's japann'd,

And it's placed on a splendid buhl stand.

Its hinges and clasps are of gold,
Bloudie Jacke!

And of gold are its key-hole and key,

And the drawers within

Have each a gold pin,

And they're number'd with 1, 2, and 3,

You may see

All in figures in gold filigree!

Number 1's full of emeralds green,
Bloudie Jacke!

Number 2's full of diamond and pearl;

But what does she see

In drawer Number 3

That makes all her senses to whirl,

Poor Girl!

And each lock of her hair to uncurl?—

Wedding Fingers are sweet pretty things,
Bloudie Jacke!

To salute them one eagerly strives,

When one kneels to "propose"—

It's another quelque chose

When, cut off at the knuckles with knives,

From our wives,

They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four!

Bloudie Jacke!

There lie they, five, six, seven, eight!

And by them, in rows,
Lie eight little Great-Toes,

To match in size, colour, and weight!

From their state,

It would seem they'd been sever'd of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,
Bloudie Jacke!

And the gold is as thin as a thread—
"Ho! ho!—She is mine—
This will make up the Nine!"—

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

Dear me! who those shocking words said?——She fled
To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas! there's no bed in the room,

Bloudie Jacke!

And she peeps from the window on high;
Only fancy her fright
At the terrible sight
Down below, which at once meets her eye!
"Oh My!!"
She half utter'd,—but stifled her cry.

For she saw it was You and your Man,
Bloudie Jacke!

And she heard your unpleasant "Haw! haw!"

While her sister, stone dead,

By the hair of her head,

O'er the bridge you were trying to draw,

As she saw—

A thing quite contra-ry to law!

Your Man has got hold of her heels,
Bloudie Jacke!

Bloudie Jacke! you've got hold of her hair!—
But nor Jacke nor his Man
Can see Young Mary-Anne;
She has hid herself under the stair,
And there

Is a horrid great Dog, I declare!

His eyeballs are bloodshot and blear,

Bloudie Jacke!

He's a sad ugly cur for a pet;

He seems of the breed

Of that "Billy," indeed,

Who used to kill rats for a bet;

—I forget

How many one morning he ate.

He has skulls, ribs, and vertebræ there,
Bloudie Jacke!

And thigh-bones;—and, though it's so dim,
Yet it's plain to be seen
He has pick'd them quite clean,—
She expects to be torn limb from limb,
So grim
He looks at her—and she looks at him!

She has given him a bun and a roll,

Bloudie Jacke!

She has given him a roll and a bun,

And a Shrewsbury cake,

Of Pailin's 1 own make,

Which she happen'd to take ere her run

She begun—

She'd been used to a luncheon at One.

It's "a pretty particular Fix,"

Bloudie Jacke!

Oh, Pailin! Prince of cake-compounders! the mouth liquefies at thy very name—but there!—T. I.

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

—Above,—there's the Maiden that's dead;
Below—growling at her—
There's that Cannibal Cur,
Who at present is munching her bread
Instead
Of her leg,—or her arm,—or her head.

It's "a pretty particular Fix,"

Bloudie Jace!

She is caught like a mouse in a trap;—
Stay!—there's something, I think,
That has slipp'd through a chink,
And fall'n, by a singular hap,
Slap,
Into poor little Mary-Anne's lap!

It's a very fine little gold ring,

Bloudie Jacke!

Yet, though slight, it's remarkably stout,

But it's made a sad stain,

Which will always remain

On her frock—for Blood will not wash out;

I doubt

Salts of lemon won't bring it about!

She has grasp'd that gold ring in her hand,
Bloudie Jacke!

In an instant she stands on the floor,
She makes but one bound
O'er the back of the hound,

And a hop, skip, and jump to the door,

And she's o'er

The Drawbridge she traversed before!

Her hair's floating loose in the breeze,
Bloudie Jacke!

For gone is her "bonnet of blue."

—Now the Barbican's past!— Her legs "go it" as fast

As two drumsticks a-beating tattoo,

As they do

At Réveillie, Parade, or Review!

She has run into Shrewsbury town,

Bloudie Jacke!

She has call'd out the Beadle and May'r,
And the Justice of Peace,
And the Rural Police,

Till "Battle Field" swarms like a Fair,—

And see there !--

E'en the Parson's beginning to swear!!

There's a pretty to-do in your Tower,

Bloudie Jacke!

In your Tower there's a pretty to-do!

All the people of Shrewsbury

Playing old gooseberry

With your choice bits of taste and virtu;

Each bijou

Is upset in their search after you!

¹ The spot where Harry Hotspur fell, and Falstaff "fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock."

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

They are playing the deuce with your things,
Bloudie Jacke!

There's your Cupid is broken in two,
And so, too, between us, is
Each of your Venuses,

The "Antique" ones you bought of the Jew,
And the new

One, George Robins swears came from St. Cloud.

The CALLIPYGE's injured behind,

Bloudie Jacke!

The DE MEDICI's injured before;
And the ANADYOMENE
's injured in so many

Places, I think there's a score,

If not more,

Of her fingers and toes on the floor.

They are hunting you up stairs and down,
Bloudie Jacke!

Every person to pass is forbid,
While they turn out the closets
And all their deposits—

"There's the dust-hole—come lift up the lid!"—
So they did—

But they could not find where you were hid!

Ah! Ah!—they will have you at last,

Bloudie Jacke!

The chimneys to search they begin;—
They have found you at last;—
There you are, sticking fast,

With your knees doubled up to your chin,

Though you're thin!

—Dear me! what a mess you are in!—

What a terrible pickle you're in,

Bloudie Jacke!

Why, your face is as black as your hat!
Your fine Holland shirt
Is all over dirt!

And so is your point-lace cravat!

What a Flat

To seek such an asylum as that!

They can scarcely help laughing, I vow,
Bloudie Jacke!

In the midst of the turmoil and strife;

You're not fit to be seen!

-You look like Mr. Kean

In the play where he murders his wife!—
On my life

You ought to be scraped with a knife!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back, Bloudie Jacke!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back,
And they smack, and they thwack,
Till your "funny-bones" crack,

As if you were stretch'd on the rack,

At each whack !—

Good lack! what a savage attack!

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

They call for the Parliament Man,

Bloudie Jacke!

And the Hangman, the matter to clinch,
And they call for the Judge,
But others cry "Fudge!—
Don't budge, Mr. Calcraft, an inch!

Mr. Lynch²

Will do very well at a pinch!"

It is useless to scuffle and cuff,

Bloudie Jacke!

It is useless to struggle and bite!

And to kick and to scratch!

You have met with your match,

And the Shrewsbury Boys hold you tight,

Despite

Your determined attempts "to show fight."

I Jehan de Ketche acted as Provost-Marshal to the army of William the Conqueror, and received from that monarch a grant of the dignity of Hereditary Grand Functionary of England, together with a "croft or parcel of land," known by the name of the **Old Bailit**, co. Middx., to be held by him, and the heirs general of his body, in Grand Serjeantry, by the yearly presentation of "ane hempen cravatte." After remaining for several generations in the same name, the office passed, by marriage of the heiress, into the ancient family of the Kirbys, and thence again to that of Callcraft (1st Eliz. 1558.)—Abhorson Callcraft, Esq., of Saffron Hill, co. Middx., the present representative of the Ketches, exercised his "function" on a very recent occasion, and claimed and was allowed the fee of 13½d. under the ancient grant as **Hangman's Malages**.

ARMS.—1st and 4th, Quarterly, Argent and Sable; in the first quarter a Gibbet of the second, noosed proper, Calleraft. 2nd, Sable, three Night-caps Argent, tufted Gules, 2 and 1, Ketche. 3rd, Or, a Nosegay flourant, Kirby.

Supporters.—Dester: A Sheriff in his pride, robed Gules, chained and collared Or.—Sinister: An ordinary displayed proper, wigged and banded Argent, nosed Gules.

MOTTO-SIC ITUR AD ASTRA!

² The American Justinian, Compiler of the "Yankee Pandects."—T. I.

They are pulling you all sorts of ways,

Bloudie Jacke!

They are twisting your right leg Nor'-West,

And your left leg due South,

And your knee's in your mouth,

And your head is poked down on your breast,

And it's prest,

I protest, almost into your chest!

They have pull'd off your arms and your legs,

Bloudie Jacke!

As the naughty boys serve the blue flies;

And they've torn from their sockets

And put in their pockets

Your fingers and thumbs for a prize!

And your eyes

A Doctor has bottled—from Guy's.1

Your trunk, thus dismember'd and torn, Bloudie Jacke!

They hew, and they hack, and they chop;
And, to finish the whole,
They stick up a pole
In the place that's still call'd the " Enploy Coppe,"
And they pop

Your grim gory head on the top!

They have buried the fingers and toes,

Bloudie Jacke!

Of the victims so lately your prey.

A similar appropriation is said to have been made, by an eminent practitioner, of those of the late Monsieur Courvoisier.—T. I.

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

From those fingers and eight toes
Sprang early potatoes,

"Ladges' fingers" they're call'd to this day;
—So they say,—
And you usually dig them in May.

What became of the dear little girl?

Bloudie Jacke!

What became of the young Mary-Anne?

Why, I'm sadly afraid

That she died an Old Maid,

For she fancied that every Young Man

Had a plan

To trepan her, like "poor Sister Fan!"

So they say she is now leading apes,
Bloudie Jacke!

And mends Bachelors' small-clothes below;

The story is old,

And has often been told,

But I cannot believe it is so—

No! No!

Depend on't, the tale is "No go!"

MORAL.

And now for the moral I'd fain,

Bloudie Jacke!

That young Ladies should draw from my pen,—

It's—"Don't take these flights

Upon moonshiny nights,

vol. II.

With gay, harum-scarum young men,

Down a glen!—
You really can't trust one in ten!"

Let them think of your terrible Tower,

Bloudie Jacke!

And don't let them liberties take,

Whether Maidens or Spouses,

In Bachelors' houses;

Or, some time or another, they'll make

A Mistake!

And lose—more than a Shrewsberrie Cake!!

NOTES.

BLOUDIE JACKE.—The story of "Bloudie Jacke" was furnished by Mr. Hamilton Reynolds, and is doubtless a genuine tradition. I have been unable, however, to discover any more particulars of the Shropshire Bluebeard than those recorded in the "Legend of the Proud Salopians;" so called, by the way, from their declining with thanks the honour proposed by Charles II. of having their town converted into a city. As for the worthy dean, Radulphus de Diceto, he has doubtless many good stories to answer for, but that of "Bloudie Jacke" is not to be found among them. The author observes in reference to this "Raw-head-and-Bloody-bones affair," as he terms it,—"I never liked the story, which is so very nursery a one. I thought the only chance to make it effective was to strike out something new-ish in the stanza, to make people stare; and to a certain extent, I am told, it has succeeded; but it is the offspring of all others for which I feel the least parental affection."

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

"He seems of the breed
Of that 'Billy,' indeed,
Who used to kill rats for a bet;
—I forget
How many one morning he ate."—P. 218.

This interesting animal, commonly known as "Cribb's dog Billy" (though at the time of his celebrated achievement he was the property of Mr. Charles Eastup, Mr. Cribb being merely stakeholder on the occasion), destroyed one hundred rats in the space of seven minutes and ten seconds!—an "unparalleled feat," which was performed June 7, 1825, at the pit in Westminster. The dog, however, seems subsequently to have met with a yet greater brute than himself in a man who was backed to kill, with his teeth alone, an equal or larger number in the same time. For some reason the latter match, doubtless to the great disappointment of the "Fancy," did not, I believe, come off.

"And, to finish the whole,

They stick up a pole
In the place that's still call'd the 'THO TO Coppe.'"—P. 224.

The Wilde Coppe, or rather Wyle Cop, is a very steep street in Shrewsbury, at the entrance of the town proper from the English bridge on the old Holyhead road. The Lion Hotel stands near the top of it, at a point called in olden time "the Head of the Wyle." It is conjectured that the true name of the street itself is "the Wyle," and that the whole has been called "Wyle Cop," from one spot in it where it meets the High Street and "Dogpole." The pole was of course that on which Jack's head was elevated, though rationalistic etymologists pretend that the name is but a corruption of "Duck pool."

"And lose-more than a Shrewsberrie Cake!!"-P. 226.

The "Shrewsberrie Cake," or "Simnel," is a delicacy (?) which was originally prepared for the faithful during Lent.

HER niece, of whom I have before made honourable mention, is not a whit behind Mrs. Botherby in furnishing entertainment for the young folks. If little Charles has the aunt to sol fa him into slumber, Miss Jenny is equally fortunate in the possession of a Sappho of her own. It is to the air of "Drops of Brandy" that Patty has adapted her version of a venerable ditty, which we have all listened to with respect and affection under its old title of

THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR,

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

WHEN we were all little and good,—
A long time ago, I'm afraid, Miss,—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.¹

Rum ti, &c.

Their Pa and their Ma being teased

With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,

People are apt to be seized

With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,

¹ See Bloomfield's "History of the County of Norfolk," in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.

—T. 1.

Their medical man shook his head

As he could not get well to the root of it;

And the Babes stood on each side the bed,

While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

"Oh, Brother!" their Ma whisper'd, faint
And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who'd
Think that this horrid complaint,
That's been going about in the neighbourhood,
Thus should attack me,—nay more,
My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him!
Bringing us so near Death's door
That we can't avoid making a call on him!

"Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes
Your aid, and the last word she says is,
Be kind to those dear little folks
When our toes are turn'd up to the daisies!—
By the servants don't let them be snubb'd,—
—Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,—
And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
Well with Whitehead's best essence of mustard!

"You know they'll be pretty well off in Respect to what's call'd 'worldly gear,'
For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,
Comes in to three hundred a-year;
And Jane's to have five hundred pound
On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
So you'll own a worse match might be found,
Any day in the week, than our Jenny!"—
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THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
And devoted himself to Old Bogey
If he did not make matters all right,
And said, should he covet their riches,
He "wish'd the old Gentleman might
Fly away with him, body and breeches!"

No sooner, however, were they

'Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away

Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town,

And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,
But receive a genteel education.

"Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!"
Says he, "While his mind's ductile and plastic,
I'll place him at Dotheboys Hall,
Where he'll learn all that's new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap 'em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!"

Having thought on the How and the When
To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,
And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—

Says he, "Each of you take up a child On the crupper, and when you have trotted Some miles through that wood lone and wild, Take your knife out, and cut its carotid!"—

"Done" and "done" is pronounced on each side,
While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,
And are not in the least degree frighted;
They say their "Ta! Ta!" as they start,
And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback

By seeing such spirit and life in them,

That he fairly exclaim'd, "I say, Jack,

I'm blow'd if I can put a knife in them!"—

"Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!

You've pouch'd the good gentleman's money,

So out with your whinger at once,

And scrag Jane, while I spiflicate Johnny!"

He refused, and harsh language ensued,
Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood
Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;
Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes;
So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking:
I'm going to get you some cakes,
And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking!"
He rode off with a tear in his eye,
Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,
"Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
Of the wretch who thus wrought their undoing,
But pass'd all that day and that night
In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.
The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,
So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves

To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—

They cover the bodies with leaves,

An interment quite ornithological:

It might more expensive have been,

But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,

If among those in all Kensal Green

You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,

Conscience always makes restless their pillows,

And Justice, though blind, has a nose,

That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing came in the night,
And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
Ran away with his geese and his ganders;
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders;
His daughters drank rum in their tea,
His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
And his wife ran away with a tailor!

None would hold with him any communion;
Every day matters grew worse and worse,
Till they ended at length in The Union;
While his man being caught in some fact
(The particular crime I've forgotten),
When he came to be hang'd for the act,
Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.

¹ Sometime ordinary of Newgate. It was a common joke among the more lively of the convicts that they went to the gallows with their ears stuffed with "Cotton."

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Understanding the matter was blown, His employer became apprehensive Of what, when 'twas more fully known, Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive; He purchased some sugar-of-lead, Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge, Ate it up, and then took to his bed, And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages In the dog-days, don't be so absurd As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages! Of stone-fruits in general be shy, And reflect it's a fact beyond question That Grapes, when they're spelt with an i, Promote anything else but digestion.—

—When you set about making you're will, Which is commonly done when a body's ill, Mind, and word it with caution and skill, And avoid, if you can, any codicil! When once you've appointed an heir To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere You leave a reversion, beware Whom you place in contingent remainder!

Executors, Guardians, and all Who have children to mind, don't ill-treat them, Nor think that, because they are small And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them!

Remember that "ill-gotten goods

Never thrive!" their possession's but cursory;

So never turn out in the woods

Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things

Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour;

His "riches will make themselves wings,"

And his property come to the hammer!

Then He,—and not those he bereaves,—

Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,

When he finds himself smother'd with leaves

(Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robins!

NOTES.

The Babes in the Wood,—According to Miss Halstead, the old ballad of "The Babes in the Wood," certainly of the fifteenth century, referred in all probability to the supposed murder of the two children of Edward IV. by their uncle, Richard of Gloucester. See Appendix to vol. i. of her *History of Richard III.*, p. 390.—T. I.

"When he finds himself smother'd with leaves (Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robins!"—P. 236.

An allusion is made here to the recent dispersion of the collection at Strawberry Hill, whose glories came to an end in 1842 (the date of the poem), when all the pictures, curiosities, &c., which it contained, described in an enormous illustrated catalogue, were disposed of in a twenty-four days' sale, through the agency of the renowned auctioneer, Mr. George Robins. An amusing parody of the catalogue appeared under the title of "Great Sale at Gooseberry Hall," &c.

THE incidents recorded in the succeeding Legend were communicated to a dear friend of our family by the late lamented Sir Walter Scott. The names and localities have been scrupulously retained, as she is ready to testify. The proceedings in this case are, I believe, recorded in some of our law reports, though I have never been able to lay my hand upon them.

[Mrs. Hughes is the friend alluded to. An accurate account of this extraordinary case is given in a note at the end of the poem.]

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

OH, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—
At least so I've heard many people declare,
For I fairly confess I never was there;—
Not a shrub nor a tree,
Nor a bush can you see;
No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house, or a cottage for miles;—
—It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
When night's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.

Now, I'd have you to know
That, a great while ago,—
The best part of a century, may be, or so,
Across this same plain so dull and so dreary,
A couple of Travellers, wayworn and weary,
Were making their way;
Their profession, you'd say,
At a single glance did not admit of a query,

At a single glance did not admit of a query,

The pump-handled pig-tail, and whiskers, worn then,

With scarce an exception, by seafaring men,

The jacket,—the loose trousers "bowsed up together"—all

Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,1—

¹ The Tory Attorney-General, Recorder of Bristol, &c., equally remarkable for the rigidity of his principles and the laxity of his costume.

The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking motion, Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean, And show'd in a moment their real charácters (The accent's so placed on this word by our Jack Tars.)

The one in advance was sturdy and strong, With arms uncommonly bony and long,

And his Guernsey shirt Was all pitch and dirt,

Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.

He was very broad-breasted, And very deep-chested;

His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,
Except as to height, for he could not be more
At the most, you would say, than some five feet four,
And if measured, perhaps had been found a thought lower.
Dame Nature, in fact,—whom some person or other,

—A Poet,—has call'd a "capricious step-mother,"—

You saw, when beside him,

Had somehow denied him

In longitude what she had granted in latitude,

A trifling defect

You'd the sooner detect

From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude.

Square-built and broad-shoulder'd, good-humour'd and gay,
With his collar and countenance open as day,
The latter—'twas mark'd with small-pox, by the way,—
Had a sort of expression good-will to bespeak;
He'd a smile in his eye, and a quid in his cheek!

And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,
He was just such a man as you'd say, at first sight,
You would much rather dine, or shake hands with, than fight.

The other, his friend and companion, was taller By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller;—

From his air and his mien
It was plain to be seen,
That he was, or had been,
A something between

The real "Jack Tar" and the "Jolly Marine."

For, though he would give an occasional hitch,

Sailor-like, to his "slops," there was something, the which,

On the whole, savour'd more of the pipe-clay than pitch.—

Such were now the two men who appear'd on the hill,

Harry Waters the tall one, the short "Spanking Bill."

To be caught in the rain,
I repeat it again,
Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain;
And when with a good soaking shower there are blended
Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter's not mended.

Such was the case

In this wild dreary place,
On the day that I'm speaking of now, when the brace
Of trav'llers alluded to quicken'd their pace,
Till a good steady walk became more like a race,
To get quit of the tempest which held them in chase.

Louder and louder
Than mortal gunpowder
The heav'nly artill'ry kept crashing and roaring,
The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,
While they, helter-skelter,

In vain sought for shelter

From, what I have heard term'd, "a regular pelter;"

But the deuce of a screen Could be anywhere seen,

Or an object except that on one of the rises,

An old way-post show'd

Where the Lavington road

Branch'd off to the left from the one to Devizes;

And thither the footsteps of Waters seem'd tending,

Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,

To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,

Is content, for the most part, to follow his nose;—

While Harry kept "backing

And filling "-and "tacking,"-

Two nautical terms which, I'll wager a guinea, are

Meant to imply

What you, Reader, and I

Would call going zig-zag, and not rectilinear.

But here, once for all, let me beg you'll excuse All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use

'Mongst themselves, on a cruise,

Or ashore with the Jews,

Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,

Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women

Known in our navy as oddly-named boat-women.

The fact is, I can't say I'm versed in the school

So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole;

(See the last-mention'd gentleman's "Admiral's Daughter,")

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The grand vade mecum

For all who to sea come,

And get, the first time in their lives in blue water;

Of course in the use of sea terms you'll not wonder

If I now and then should fall into some blunder, VOL. IL.

For which Captain Chamier, or Mr. T. P. Cooke Would call me a "Lubber," and "Son of a Sea-cook."

To return to our muttons—This mode of progression At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression.

-"Hillo, messmate, what cheer?

How queer you do steer!".

Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.
"Why, what's in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?"
For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

—"Fear?" stammer'd out Waters, "why, HIM!—don't you see What faces that Drummer-boy's making at me?—

—How he dodges me so

Wherever I go!—

What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?"

—"What Drummer-boy, Harry?" cries Bill, in surprise (With a brief exclamation, that ended in "eyes,")
"What Drummer-boy, Waters!—the coast is all clear,
We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here!"

Why, there !—don't you see

-How he's following me?

Now this way, now that way, and won't let me be?

Keep him off, Bill—look here.—

Don't let him come near!

Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!
What, the dead come to life again !—Bless me !—Oh dear!"

Bill remark'd in reply, "This is all very queer— What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh?—well, I never— I can't see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever!"





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"Not see him!—why, there;—look!—he's close by the post—Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he's a Ghost!"

"A what?" return'd Bill,—at that moment a flash
More than commonly awful preceded a crash
Like what's called in Kentucky "an Almighty Smash."—
And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
While the sound, though prolong'd, died away by degrees:
In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum!

"Hollo! Waters!—I says,"
Quoth he in amaze,
"Why, I never see'd nuffin in all my born days
Half so queer
As this here,

And I'm not very clear

But that one of us two has good reason for fear—You to jaw about drummers, with nobody near us! I must say as how that I think it's mysterus."

"Oh, mercy!" roar'd Waters, "do keep him off, Bill, And, Andrew, forgive!—I'll confess all!—I will!

I'll make a clean breast,

And as for the rest,

You may do with me just what the lawyers think best;
But haunt me not thus!—let these visitings cease,
And, your vengeance accomplish'd, Boy, leave me in peace!"
—Harry paused for a moment,—then turning to Bill,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,
Began "spinning" what nauticals term "a rough yarn,"
Viz.: his tale of what Bill call'd "this precious consarn."

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- "It was in such an hour as this,
 On such a wild and wint'ry day,
 The forked lightning seem'd to hiss,
 As now, athwart our lonely way,
 When first these dubious paths I tried—
 You livid form was by my side!—
- "Not livid then—the ruddy glow
 Of life, and youth, and health it bore!
 And bloodless was that gory brow,
 And cheerful was the smile it wore,
 And mildly then those eyes did shine—
 —Those eyes which now are blasting mine!!
- "They beam'd with confidence and love
 Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand
 Had sooner fear'd you frighten'd dove
 Than harm from Gervase Matcham's hand!
 —I am no Harry Waters—men
 Did call me Gervase Matcham then.
- "And Matcham, though a humble name,
 Was stainless as the feathery flake
 From heaven, whose virgin whiteness came
 Upon the newly-frozen lake;
 Commander, comrade, all began
 To laud the Soldier,—like the Man.
- "Nay, muse not, William,—I have said I was a soldier—staunch and true As any he above whose head Old England's lion banner flew; And, duty done,—her claims apart,—'Twas said I had a kindly heart.

- "And years roll'd on,—and with them came Promotion—Corporal—Sergeant—all In turn—I kept mine honest fame—Our Colonel's self,—whom men did call The veriest Martinet—ev'n he, Though cold to most, was kind to me!—
- "One morn—oh! may that morning stand
 Accursed in the rolls of fate
 Till latest time!—there came command
 To carry forth a charge of weight
 To a detachment far away,—
 —It was their regimental pay!—
- "And who so fit for such a task
 As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
 Who spurn'd the inebriating flask,
 With honour for his constant guide?—
 On Matcham fell their choice—and HE,—
 'Young Drum,'—should bear him company!
- "And grateful was that sound to hear,
 For he was full of life and joy,
 The mess-room pet—to each one dear
 Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy.
 The veriest churl in all our band
 Had aye a smile for Andrew Brand.—
- "—Nay, glare not as I name thy name!
 That threat'ning hand, that fearful brow
 Relax—avert that glance of flame!
 Thou seest I do thy bidding now!
 Vex'd Spirit, rest!—'twill soon be o'er,—
 Thy blood shall cry to Heav'n no more!

- "Enough—we journey'd on—the walk
 Was long,—and dull and dark the day,—
 And still young Andrew's cheerful talk
 And merry laugh beguil'd the way;
 Noon came—a sheltering bank was there,—
 We paused our frugal meal to share.
- "Then 'twas, with cautious hand, I sought
 To prove my charge secure,—and drew
 The packet from my vest, and brought
 The glittering mischief forth to view,
 And Andrew cried,—No!—'twas not He!—
 It was The Tempter spoke to me!
- "But it was Andrew's laughing voice
 That sounded in my tingling ear.
 —'Now, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,'
 It seem'd to say, 'are gawds and gear,
 And all that wealth can buy or bring,
 Ease,—wassail,—worship—every thing!
- "'No tedious drill, no long parade,
 No bugle call at early dawn;—
 For guard-room bench, or barrack bed,
 The downy couch, the sheets of lawn;
 And I thy Page,—thy steps to tend,
 Thy sworn companion,—servant,—friend!'
- "He ceased—that is, I heard no more,
 Though other words pass'd idly by,
 And Andrew chatter'd as before,
 And laugh'd—I mark'd him not—not I.
 ''Tis at thy choice!' that sound alone
 Rang in mine ear—voice else was none.

- "I could not eat,—the untasted flask Mock'd my parch'd lip,—I pass'd it by.
- 'What ails thee, man?' he seem'd to ask.—
 I felt but could not meet his eye.—
- "Tis at thy choice!"—it sounded yet,—A sound I never may forget.
- -"'Haste! haste! the day draws on,' I cried,
 'And, Andrew, thou hast far to go!''Hast far to go!' the Fiend replied
 Within me,—'twas not Andrew—no!
 'Twas Andrew's voice no more—'twas HE
 Whose then I was, and aye must be!
- "On, on we went;—the dreary plain
 Was all around us—we were Here!
 Then came the storm,—the lightning,—rain,—
 No earthly living thing was near,
 Save one wild Raven on the wing,
 —If that, indeed, were earthly thing!
- 'I heard its hoarse and screaming voice
 High hovering o'er my frenzied head,
 ''Tis, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice!
 But he—the Boy!' methought it said.
 —Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown,—
 I loved thee when I struck thee down!
- "Twas done!—the deed that damns me—done I know not how—I never knew;—And Here I stood—but not alone,—The prostrate Boy my madness slew, Was by my side—limb, feature, name, Twas He!!—another—yet the same!

"Away! away! in frantic haste
Throughout that live-long night I flew—
Away! away!—across the waste,—
I know not how—I never knew,—
My mind was one wild blank—and I
Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly!

"And still the lightning plough'd the ground,
The thunder roar'd—and there would come
Amidst its loudest bursts a sound
Familiar once—it was—A DRUM!—
Then came the morn,—and light,—and then
Streets,—houses,—spires,—the hum of men.

"And Ocean roll'd before me—fain
Would I have whelm'd me in its tide,
At once beneath the billowy main
My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide;
But HE was there!—HE cross'd my track,—
I dared not pass—HE waved me back!

"And then rude hands detain'd me—sure
Justice had grasp'd her victim—no!
Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,
A captive thrall, it was not so;
They cry 'The Frenchman's on the wave!'
The press was hot—and I a slave.

"They dragg'd me o'er the vessel's side;
The world of waters roll'd below;
The gallant ship, in all her pride
Of dreadful beauty, sought her foe;
—Thou saw'st me, William, in the strife—Alack! I bore a charmed life;

"In vain the bullets round me fly,
In vain mine eager breast I bare;
Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,
And every sword falls edgeless there!
Still HE is near!—and seems to cry,
'Not here, nor thus, may Matcham die!'—

"Thou saw'st me on that fearful day,
When, fruitless all attempts to save,
Our pinnace foundering in the bay,
The boat's-crew met a watery grave,—
All, all—save one—the ravenous sea,
That swallow'd all—rejected ME!

"And now, when fifteen suns have each
Fulfill'd in turn its circling year,
Thrown back again on England's beach,
Our bark paid off—HE drives me Here!
I could not die in flood or fight—
HE drives me HERE!!"—

"And sarve you right!

"What! bilk your Commander!—desart—and then rob!
And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy's nob!
Why, my precious eyes! what a bloodthirsty swab!
There's old Davy Jones,
Who cracks Sailor's bones

For his jaw-work, would never, I'm sure, s'elp me Bob,
Have come for to go for to do sich a job!
Hark ye, Waters,—or Matcham,—whichever's your pursername,

—Tother, your own, is, I'm sartin, the worser name,—
Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother!—
Now—your course lays one way, and mine lays another!"

—"No, William, it may not be so;
Blood calls for blood!—'tis Heaven's decree!
And thou with me this night must go,
And give me to the gallows-tree!
Ha!—see—HE smiles—HE points the way!
On, William, on!—no more delay!"

Now Bill,—so the story, as told to me, goes,
And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,
Was a "regular trump,"—did not like "to turn Nose;"
But then came a thunder-clap louder than any
Of those that preceded, though they were so many;
And hark!—as its rumblings subside in a hum,
What sound mingles too?—"By the hokey—A DRUM!!"

I remember I once heard my Grandfather say, That some sixty years since he was going that way,

> When they show'd him the spot Where the gibbet—was not—

On which Matcham's corse had been hung up to rot; It had fallen down—but how long before, he'd forgot; And they told him, I think, at the Bear in Devizes, The town where the Sessions are held,—or the 'Sizes,

That Matcham confess'd,

And made a clean breast

To the May'r; but that, after he'd had a night's rest, And the storm had subsided, he "pooh-pooh'd" his friend, Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end;

> Said "he'd only been drunk— That his spirits had sunk

At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—
That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,
And found out, in short, he'd been talking great nonsense."—

But now one Mr. Jones Comes forth and depones

That, fifteen years since, he had heard certain groans On his way to Stone Henge (to examine the stones Described in a work of the late Sir John Soane's),

> That he'd follow'd the moans, And, led by their tones,

Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones!-

—Then the Colonel wrote word From the King's Forty-third,

That the story was certainly true which they'd heard,

For that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham, Had "brush'd with the dibs," and they never could catch 'em.

So Justice was sure, though a long time she'd lagg'd,

And the Sergeant, in spite of his "Gammon," got "scragg'd;"

And people averr'd

That an ugly black bird,

The Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,
Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,
Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interr'd),
To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet;
An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib—it,
However, 's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.
—Next morning, they add, that "black gentleman" flies out,
Having pick'd Matcham's nose off, and gobbled his eyes out!

MORAL.

Avis au Voyageur.

1°. If you contemplate walking o'er Salisbury Plain Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain From selecting a day when it's likely to rain!

- 2°. When trav'lling, don't "flash"
 Your notes or your cash
 Before other people—it's foolish and rash!
- 3°. At dinner be cautious, and note well your party;—
 There's little to dread where the appetite's hearty,—
 But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle
 When you see a man shirking, and passing his bottle!
- 4°. If you chance to be needy,
 Your coat and hat seedy,
 In war-time especially, never go out
 When you've reason to think there's a press-gang about!
- 5°. Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,
 Nor blab secrets,—especially when you're in drink,—
 But keep your own counsel in all that you do!
 —Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you.
- 6°. Discard superstition!—and don't take a post,
 If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost!
 —Last of all, if by choice, or convenience, you're led,
 To cut a man's throat, or demolish his head,
 Don't do't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer!
 And mind, above all things, the Man's not a Drummer!!

NOTE.

THE DEAD DRUMMER.—The history of Jarvis Matchan is a very remarkable one. He was born at Frollingham, in the East Riding, and at twelve years of age he ran away from his parents, respectable farmers, to take service with Hugh Bethell, Esq., of Rise, as a jockey-boy. Among his subsequent masters were Captain O'Kelly, Lord March, and the Duke of Northumberland, who employed him to convey four horses to Russia as a present to the Empress. St. Petersburg he returned to London, and having spent all his money in dissolute living, he joined the Medway man-of-war, and took part in an engagement between Admiral Byron and the French fleet, soon after which he contrived to desert. On his arrival in England he was immediately pressed, and sent off in the Ariadne in quest of Paul Jones. The ship becoming disabled off Yarmouth, he a second time escaped, and enlisted in the 13th Regiment of Foot. Again he deserted, and being in distress broke into a house near Chatham; after which he set off in the direction of York, but on reaching Huntingdon re-enlisted in the 49th Foot, then recruiting in the neighbourhood. Hence, on the 19th of August, 1780, he was sent by Sergeant Jones along with his son Benjamin, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, being a drummer in the said regiment, to Major Reynolds, of Diddington, the recruiting officer, for subsistence money. The boy having received about seven pounds, they straggled on to Alconbury, and then, returning towards Buckden, Matchan-being drunk-without any premeditated design, but being instigated by the devil, suddenly seized the boy, cut his throat, and robbed him of the money. Once more he took to sea, and for about six years served in the royal navy, during which time he was several times in action under Rodney and Hood, and finally was paid off at Plymouth. Leaving Plymouth with one John Shepherd, a shipmate, he set off with the intention of walking to London. The pair reached Salisbury Plain on a Friday, and were travelling across the said plain about three o'clock in the afternoon, when, in the words of the "Narrative," from which I quote:—" Matchan being a little way apart from

Shepherd, the latter called to the former, and said, 'Jarvis, what is that about a hundred yards on our right hand from the road, which Matchan desired his companion moves backwards and forwards?' to go with him and see what it was, but he refused, and Matchan went alone till he came within a dozen yards of it, when it appeared like the upper part of the body of a woman, much deformed, having large features, and seemed to shake its head at him; on which he returned to Shepherd, and exclaimed, 'It is the most frightful thing I ever saw! Lord have mercy upon us! what can it be?' Shepherd replied, 'You fool, it is nothing but the shepherd in the hut endeavouring to frighten you.' Matchan then said, 'Will you go with me to see it?' And they went together, and it appeared as before mentioned; on which Shepherd took up a stone and offered to throw at it, saying, if it was a human being it would move. The spectre immediately sunk into the earth, and there appeared something in the form of a milestone in its place, which Matchan went round, and then touched it with his stick, foot, and hand. Walking on they wondered at the appearance, and began to examine each other, saying something particular would happen to one or both of them. They had not gone far before Matchan perceived a stone in the road, about as big as his fist, to turn over of its own accord, and afterwards they both saw several stones They then agreed to walk, one on each side of the road, that they might see which of them had so particularly offended the Divine Being. And then the stones (one of which appeared with two eyes, like Matchan's) turned over towards Matchan all the way till they came near to an inn, where he imagined he saw his Saviour, on one hand, and the drummer-boy (which he had murdered) in his drummer's dress, with his drum, on the other, and they suddenly dissolved into ashes. Being terrified, he immediately confessed the murder to Shepherd, who told it at the inn, and he was taken from thence and committed to gaol by the Mayor of Salisbury, and afterwards removed to Huntingdon for trial and execution.

^{* * * * *}

[&]quot;This is the account of the unhappy convict, as taken from his own mouth, in the presence of

[&]quot;The Rev. J. Nicholson, who attended him as Minister, and John Jenkinson, Printer."

The foregoing account, much compressed, is taken from a pamphlet published at the time under the title of "A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE, CONFESSION, AND DYING SPEECH OF JARVIS MATCHAN, who was, on Wednesday, the 2d of August, 1786, executed at Huntingdon, and hung in chains in the parish of Alconbury, for the wilful murder of Benjamin Jones, a drummer-boy in the 49th Regiment of Foot, on the 19th of August, 1780."

It is a curious coincidence that the Major Reynolds spoken of in the "Narrative" was indirectly concerned in a yet more remarkable cause célèbre. He was the man who introduced Captain Hackman to the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbrook. Here the Captain beheld and became desperately enamoured of Miss Ray, his host's mistress, whom afterwards, in 1779 (the year before the murder of the drummer-boy), he assassinated as she was leaving Covent Garden Theatre. The Reynolds family afterwards removed to the neighbouring estate of Paxton, and Diddington passed into the possession of the Thornhills.

In the succeeding Legend we come nearer home.—Father Ingoldsby is particular in describing its locality, situate some eight miles from the Hall—less if you take the bridle-road by the churchyard, and go along the valley by Mr. Fector's abbey. — In the enumeration of the various attempts to appropriate the treasure (drawn from a later source), is omitted one, said to have been undertaken by the worthy ecclesiastic himself, who, as Mrs. Botherby insinuates, is reported to have started for Dover, one fine morning, duly furnished with all the means and appliances of Exorcism. —I cannot learn, however, that the family was ever enriched by his expedition.

THE LAY OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

A LEGEND OF DOVER.

ONCE there lived, as I've heard people say,
An "Old Woman clothed in grey,"
So furrow'd with care,
So haggard her air,
In her eye such a wild supernatural stare,
That all who espied her
Immediately shied her,
And strove to get out of her way.

This fearsome Old Woman was taken ill:

—She sent for the Doctor—he sent her a pill,

And by way of a trial,

A two-shilling phial,

Of green-looking fluid, like lava diluted,

To which I've profess'd an abhorrence most rooted.

One of those draughts they so commonly send us,

Labell'd "Haustus catharticus, mane sumendus;"—

She made a wry face,

And, without saying Grace,

Toss'd it off like a dram—it improved not her case.

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—The Leech came again;
He now open'd a vein,
Still the little Old Woman continued in pain.
So her "Medical Man," although loth to distress her,
Conceived it high time that her Father Confessor

Should be sent for to shrive, and assoilize, and bless her, That she might not slip out of these troublesome scenes "Unanneal'd and Unhousel'd,"—whatever that means.1

Growing afraid,

He calls to his aid

A bandy-legg'd neighbour, a "Tailor by trade,"

Tells him his fears,

Bids him lay by his shears,

His thimble, his goose, and his needle, and hie

With all possible speed to the Convent hard by,

Alack for poor William Linley to settle the point! His elucidation of Macbeth's "Hurleyburley" casts a halo around his memory. In him the world lost one of its kindliest spirits, and the Garrick Club its acutest commentator.—T. I. [The elucidation alluded to can hardly be attributed to Mr. Linley. On his repeating at the Garrick the line—

"When the hurleyburley's done,"

he was interrupted by Mr. Barham, who remarked that the true reading was evidently that of the second folio—

"When the early purl is done,"

and who supported the emendation by a pretended quotation from Steevens. Linley was staggered, and his bewilderment was completed by Sam Beezley, who, in turn, preferred "the conjecture of Warburton:—

'When the Earl of Burleigh's done,'

- i.e. cheated or deceived—a political allusion, you see," &c. "Pooh, Pooh!" added Tom Hill, "'Early Pearl' is the reading,—I have got it so in two of my old copies."]
- ² All who are familiar with the Police Reports, and other records of our Courts of Justice, will recollect that every gentleman of this particular profession invariably thus describes himself, in contradistinction to the Bricklayer, whom he probably presumes to be indigenous, and to the Shoemaker, born a Snob.—T. I.

Requests him to say, That he begs they'll all pray,

Viz.: The whole pious brotherhood, Cleric, and Lay, For the soul of an Old Woman clothed in grey, Who was just at that time in a very bad way, And he really believed couldn't last out the day!—

And to state his desire That some erudite Friar

Would run over at once, and examine, and try her;
For he thought he would find

There was "something behind,"

A something that weigh'd on the Old Woman's mind,—
"In fact he was sure, from what fell from her tongue,
That this little Old Woman had done something wrong."
—Then he wound up the whole with this hint to the man,
"Mind and pick out as holy a friar as you can!"

Now I'd have you to know
That this story of woe,

Which I'm telling you, happen'd a long time ago; I can't say exactly how long, nor, I own, What particular monarch was then on the throne, But 'twas here in Old England: and all that one knows is, It must have preceded the Wars of the Roses.¹

Inasmuch as the times
Described in these rhymes,

Were as fruitful in virtues as ours are in crimes;
And if 'mongst the Laity
Unseemly gaiety

1 "An antient and most pugnacious family," says our Bath Friend. "One of their descendants, George Rose, Esq. late M.P. for Christchurch (an elderly gentleman now defunct) was equally celebrated for his vocal abilities and his wanton destruction of furniture when in a state of excitement.—"Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows!" has grown into a proverb.—T. I.

Sometimes betray'd an occasional taint or two,

At once all the Clerics

Went into hysterics,

While scarcely a convent but boasted its Saint or two:

So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,

As since then the breed

Of Saints rarely indeed

With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew doors.

—Hence the late Mr. Froude, and the live Dr. Pusey

We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye;

Though Wiseman and Dullman¹ combine against Newman,

With Doctors and Proctors, and say he's no true man.

-But this by the way.-The Convent I speak about

Had Saints in scores—they said Mass week and week about;

And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,

"Second to none" in that holy society,

And well might have borne

Those words which are worn

By our "Nulli Secundus" Club—poor dear lost muttons

Of Guardsmen—on Club days, inscribed on their buttons.—

They would read, write, and speak

Latin, Hebrew, and Greek,

A radish-bunch munch for a lunch,—or a leek;

Though scoffers and boobies

Ascribed certain rubies

That garnish'd the nose of the good Father Hilary

To the overmuch use of Canary and Sillery,

-Some said spirituous compounds of viler distillery-

Ah! little reck'd they

That with Friars, who say

¹ The worthy Jesuit's polemical publisher.—I am not quite sure as to the orthography;—it's idem sonans, at all events.—T. I. [Dolman?]

Fifty Paters a night, and a hundred a day,
A very slight sustenance goes a great way—
Thus the consequence was that his colleague Basilius,
Won golden opinions, by looking more bilious,
From all who conceived strict monastical duty
By no means conducive to personal beauty:
And being more meagre, and thinner, and paler,
He was snapt up at once by the bandy-legg'd Tailor.

The latter's concern For a speedy return

Scarce left the Monk time to put on stouter sandals,
Or go round to his shrines, and snuff all his Saint's
candles;

Still less had he leisure to change the hair-shirt he Had worn the last twenty years—probably thirty,—Which, not being wash'd all that time had grown dirty.

—It seems there's a sin in The wearing clean linen,

Which Friars must eschew at the very beginning, Though it makes them look frowsy, and drowsy, and blowsy, And—a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye.—

As for the rest,

E'en if time had not prest,
It didn't much matter how Basil was drest,
Nor could there be any great need for adorning,
The Night being almost at odds with the Morning.

O sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver Moon is high,

And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,

While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering down the glen,

And one fond voice alone is heard—oh! Night is lovely then!

But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain, But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,—

When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,

Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night!!

More terrible yet,

If you happen to get

By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,

Has been, what the vulgar call, "coming it strong"

In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong.—

As Confessions are sacred, it's not very facile To ascertain what the old hag said to Basil;

> But whatever she said, It fill'd him with dread,

And made all his hair stand on end on his head,—
No great feat to perform, inasmuch as said hair
Being clipp'd by the tonsure, his crown was left bare,
So of course Father Basil had little to spare;

But the little he had

Seem'd as though't had gone mad,

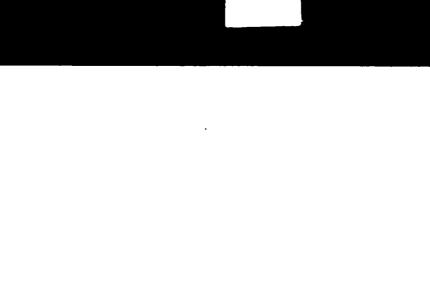
Each lock, as by action galvanic, uprears

In the two little tufts on the tops of his ears.—

What the old woman said

That so "fill'd him with dread,"

We should never have known any more than the dead,



•

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A. Burryson

If the bandy-legg'd Tailor, his errand thus sped, Had gone quietly back to his needle and thread,

> As he ought; but instead, Curiosity led,—

A feeling we all deem extremely ill-bred,—
He contrived to secrete himself under the bed!

—Not that he heard One half, or a third,

Of what pass'd as the Monk and the Patient conferr'd, But he here and there managed to pick up a word,

> Such as "Knife," And "Life,"

And he thought she said "Wife,"
And "Money," that source of all evil and strife;

Then he plainly distinguish'd the words "Gore," and

"Gash,"

Whence he deem'd—and I don't think his inference rash—She had cut some one's throat for the sake of his cash!

Intermix'd with her moans,
And her sighs, and her groans,
Enough to have melted the hearts of the stones,
Came at intervals Basil's sweet, soft, silver tones,
For somehow it happen'd—I can't tell you why—
The good Friar's indignation,—at first rather high,
To judge from the language he used in reply,
Ere the Old Woman ceased, had a good deal gone by;
And he gently addrest her in accents of honey,
"Daughter, don't you despair!—WHAT'S BECOME OF
THE MONEY?"

¹ Effodiuntur Opes Irritamenta Malorum. Lilly's Grammar.—T. I.

In one just at Death's door it was really absurd

To see how her eye lighted up at that word—

Indeed there's not one in the language that I know

(Save its synonyms "Spanish," "Blunt," "Stumpy," and

"Rhino"),

Which acts so direct,
And with so much effect

On the human sensorium, or makes one erect One's ears so, as soon as the sound we detect—

> It's a question with me Which of the three-

Father Basil himself, though a grave S. T. P.¹ (Such as he have, you see, the degree of D.D.), Or the eavesdropping, bandy-legg'd Tailor,—or She—Caught it quickest—however traditions agree That the Old Woman perk'd up as brisk as a bee,—

'Twas the last quivering flare of the taper,—the fire
It so often emits when about to expire!
Her excitement began the same instant to flag,
She sank back, and whisper'd, "Safe!—Safe! in the
Bag!!"

Now I would not by any means have you suppose That the good Father Basil was just one of those

Who entertain views

We're so apt to abuse,

As neither befitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,

Who haunt death-bed scenes,

By underhand means

To toady or tease people out of a legacy,—
For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,

¹ Sacræ Theologiæ Professor.

Since Rome, in her pure Apostolical beauty, Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,

Her sons to take care

That, let who will be heir,

The Pontiff shall not be chous'd out of his share, Nor stand any such mangling of chattels and goods, As, they say, was the case with the late Jemmy Wood's; Her Conclaves, and Councils, and Synods in short maintain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain*;

Besides, you'll discern

It at once, when you learn

That Basil had something to give in return,
Since it rested with him to say how she should burn,
Nay, as to her ill-gotten wealth, should she turn it all
To uses he named, he could say, "You shan't burn at all,

Or nothing to signify,

Not what you'd dignify

So much as even to call it a roast,

But a mere little singeing, or scorching at most,—

What many would think not unpleasantly warm,— Just to keep up appearance—mere matter of form."

eep up appearance—mere matu

All this in her ear

He declared, but I fear

That her senses were wand'ring—she seem'd not to hear,
Or, at least understand,—for mere unmeaning talk her
Parch'd lips babbled now,—such as "Hookey!"—and
"Walker!"

—She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt If "his Mother were fully aware he was out?"

Now it seems there's a place they call Purgat'ry—so I must write it, my verse not admitting the O—

But as for the venue, I vow I'm perplext

To say if it's in this world, or if in the next—

Or whether in both—for 'tis very well known

That St Patrick, at least, has got one of his own,

In a "tight little Island" that stands in a Lake

Call'd "Lough-dearg"—that's "The Red Lake," unless I mistake—

In Fermanagh—or Antrim—or Donegal—which
I declare I can't tell,
But I know very well

It's in latitude 54, nearly their pitch; (At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer, But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here).

> There are some, I'm aware, Who don't stick to declare

There's "no differ" at all 'twixt "this here" and "that there,"

That it's all the same place, but the Saint reserves his entry For the separate use of the "finest of pisentry,"

And that his is no more Than a mere private door

From the rez-de-chaussée,—as some call the ground-floor,— To the one which the Pope had found out long before.

But no matter—lay

The locale where you may;

—And where it is no one exactly can say—

There's one thing, at least, which is known very well,

That it acts as a Tap-room to Satan's Hotel.

"Entertainment" there's were

"Entertainment" there's worse
Both for "Man and for Horse;"
For broiling the souls
They use Lord Mayor's coals;—

Then the sulphur's inferior, and boils up much slower Than the fine fruity brimstone they give you down lower,

> It's by no means so strong— Mere sloe-leaves to Souchong;

The "prokers" are not half so hot, or so long,
By an inch or two, either in handle or prong;
The Vipers and Snakes are less sharp in the tooth,
And the Nondescript Monsters not near so uncouth;—
In short, it's a place the good Pope, its creator,
Made for what's called by Cockneys a "Minor The-atre."
Better suited, of course, for a "minor performer,"
Than the "House," that's so much better lighted and warmer,
Below, in that queer place which nobody mentions,—

—You understand where

I don't question—down there
Where, in lieu of wood blocks, and such modern inventions,

The Paving Commissioners use "Good Intentions,"
Materials which here would be thought on by few men,
With so many founts of Asphaltic bitumen
At hand, at the same time to pave and illumine.

To go on with my story, This same Purga-tory

(There! I've got in the O, to my Muse's great glory)
Is close lock'd, and the Pope keeps the keys of it—that I can
Boldly affirm—in his desk in the Vatican;

—Not those of St. Peter—

These, of which I now treat, are

A bunch by themselves, and much smaller and neater—And so cleverly made, Mr. Chubb could not frame a Key better contrived for its purpose—nor Bramah.

Now it seems that by these Most miraculous keys

Not only the Pope, but his "clargy," with ease Can let people in and out, just as they please; And—provided you "make it all right" about fees, There is not a friar, Dr. Wiseman will own, of them, But can always contrive to obtain a short loan of them;

And Basil, no doubt,

Had brought matters about,

If the little old Woman would but have "spoke out," So far as to get for her one of those tickets,

Or passes, which clear both the great gates and wickets;

So that after a grill,

Or short turn on the Mill,

And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity, Than a Freemason gets in the "Lodge of Antiquity,"

> She'd have rubb'd off old scores, Popp'd out of doors,

And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,

Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's "gone through the Court."

But Basil was one Who was not to be done

By any one, either in earnest or fun;—
The cunning old beads-telling son of a gun,
In all bargains, unless he'd his quid for his quo,
Would shake his bald pate, and pronounce it "No Go."

So, unless you're a dunce,

You'll see clearly, at once,

When you come to consider the facts of the case, he Of course never gave her his Vade in pace; And the consequence was, when the last mortal throe Released her pale Ghost from these regions of woe, The little old Woman had nowhere to go!

For, what could she do? She very well knew

If she went to the gates I have mention'd to you, Without Basil's, or some other passport to show, The Cheque-takers never would let her go through; While, as to the other place, e'en had she tried it, And really had wish'd it, as much as she shied it (For no one who knows what it is can abide it), Had she knock'd at the portal with ne'er so much din, Though she died in what folks at Rome call "Mortal sin," Yet Old Nick, for the life of him, daren't take her in, As she'd not been turn'd formally out of "the pale;"—So much the bare name of the Pope made him quail, In the times that I speak of his courage would fail Of Rome's vassals the lowest and worst to assail, Or e'en touch with so much as the end of his tail;

Though, now he's grown older, They say he's much bolder,

And his Holiness not only gets the "cold shoulder,"
But Nick rumps him completely, and don't seem to care a

Dump—that's the word—for his triple tiara.

Well—what shall she do?—

What's the course to pursue?—
"Try St. Peter?—the step is a bold one to take;

For the Saint is, there can't be a doubt, 'wide awake;'

But then there's a quaint

Old Proverb says 'Faint

Heart ne'er won fair Lady,' then how win a Saint?—

I've a great mind to try—

One can but apply:

If things come to the worst, why he can but deny-

The sky
's rather high

To be sure—but, now 1

That cumbersome carcase of clay have laid by,
I am just in the 'order' which some folks—though why
I am sure I can't tell you—would call 'Apple-pie.'

Then 'never say die;'
It won't do to be shy,

So I'll tuck up my shroud, and—here goes for a fly!"—
—So said and so done—she was off like a shot,
And kept on the whole way at a pretty smart trot.

When she drew so near
That the Saint could see her,
In a moment he frown'd, and began to look queer,
And scarce would allow her to make her case clear,
Ere he pursed up his mouth 'twixt a sneer and a jeer,
With "It's all very well,—but you do not lodge here!"—
Then, calling her everything but "My dear!"
He applied his great toe with some force au derrière,
And dismiss'd her at once with a flea in her ear.

"Alas! poor Ghost!"

It's a doubt which is most

To be pitied—one doom'd to fry, broil, boil, and roast,— Or one bandied about thus from pillar to post,—

To be "all abroad"—to be "stump'd"—not to know where
To go—so disgraced

As not to be "placed,"

Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, "to be Nowhere."—
However that be,

The affaire was finie,

And the poor wretch rejected by all, as you see!

Mr. Oliver Goldsmith observes—not the Jew—
That the "Hare whom the hounds and the huntsman pursue,"
Having no other sort of asylum in view,
"Returns back again to the place whence she flew,"—
A fact which experience has proved to be true.—
Mr. Gray,—in opinion with whom Johnson clashes,—
Declares that our "wonted fires live in our ashes."
These motives combined, perhaps, brought back the hag,
The first to her mansion, the last to her bag,
When only conceive her dismay and surprise,
As a Ghost how she open'd her cold stony eyes,
When there,—on the spot where she'd hid her "supplies,"
In an underground cellar of very small size,

Working hard with a spade,
All at once she survey'd
That confounded old bandy-legg'd "Tailor by trade."

Fancy the tone
Of the half moan, half groan,
Which burst from the breast of the Ghost of the crone!
As she stood there,—a figure 'twixt moonshine and stone,—
Only fancy the glare in her eyeballs that shone!
Although, as Macbeth says, "they'd no speculation,"
While she utter'd that word,
Which American Bird,

Or John Fenimore Cooper, would render "Tarnation!"

At the noise which she made

Down went the spade!—

And up jump'd the bandy-legg'd "Tailor by trade"

[&]quot;E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!"—GRAY.

[&]quot;A position at which Experience revolts, Credulity hesitates, and even Fancy stares!"—Johnson.—T. I.

(Who had shrewdly conjectured, from something that fell, her Deposit was somewhere conceal'd in the cellar);

—Turning round at a sound So extremely profound,

The moment her shadowy form met his view
He gave vent to a sort of lengthen'd "Bo-o—ho-o!"—
With a countenance Keeley alone could put on,
Made one grasshopper spring to the door—and was gone!

Erupit! Evasit!

As at Rome they would phrase it—
His flight was so swift, the eye scarcely could trace it.
Though elderly, bandy-legg'd, meagre, and sickly,
I doubt if the Ghost could have vanish'd more quickly;—
He reach'd his own shop, and then fell into fits,
And it's said never rightly recover'd his wits,
While the chuckling old Hag takes his place and there sits!

I'll venture to say,
She'd sat there to this day,
Brooding over what Cobbett calls "vile yellow clay,"
Like a Vulture, or other obscene bird of prey,
O'er the nest-full of eggs she has managed to lay,
If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust 'em, her
Stars had not brought her another guess customer—

'Twas Basil himself!-

Come to look for her pelf;

But not, like the Tailor, to dig, delve, and grovel, And grub in the cellar with pickaxe and shovel;

Full well he knew

Such tools would not do,—

Far other the weapons he brought into play, Viz. a Wax-taper "hallow'd on Candlemas-day,"

To light to her ducats,— Holy Water, two buckets

(Made with salt—half a peck to four gallons—which brews a Strong triple X "strike,"—see Jacobus de Chusa.)

With these, too, he took
His bell and his book—

Not a nerve ever trembled,—his hand never shook
As he boldly march'd up where she sat in her nook,
Glow'ring round with that wild indescribable look,
Which Some may have read of, perchance, in "Nell Cook," 1
All, in "Martha the Gipsy" by Theodore Hook.

And now, for the reason I gave you before,
Of what pass'd then and there I can tell you no more,
As no Tailor was near with his ear at the door;

But I've always been told,

With respect to the gold,

For which she her "jewel eternal" had sold,

That the old Harridan,

Who, no doubt, knew her man,

Made some compromise—hit upon some sort of plan, By which Friar and Ghost were both equally pinn'd—

Heaven only knows how the "Agreement" got wind;—

But its purport was this,

That the things done amiss

By the Hag should not hinder her ultimate bliss:

Provided—"Imprimis,

The cash from this time is

The Church's—impounded for good pious uses—

-Father B. shall dispose of it just as he chooses,

And act as trustee—

In the meantime, that She,

¹ See p. 177.

The said Ghostess,—or Ghost,—as the matter may be,— From 'impediment,' 'hindrance,' and 'let' shall be free To sleep in her grave, or to wander, as he,

The said Friar, with said Ghost may hereafter agree.—

Moreover—The whole
Of the said cash, or 'cole,'

Shall be spent for the good of said Old Woman's soul!

"It is further agreed—while said cash is so spending, Said Ghost shall be fully absolved from attending,

> And shall quiet remain In the grave, her domain,

To have, and enjoy, and uphold, and maintain, Without molestation, or trouble, or pain,

Hindrance, let, or impediment (over again)

From Old Nick, or from any one else of his train,

Whether Pow'r,—Domination,—or Princedom,—or Throne,1

Or by what name soever the same may be known,

Howsoe'er call'd by Poets, or styled by Divines,—

Himself,—his executors, heirs, and assigns.

"Provided that,—nevertheless,—notwithstanding
All herein contain'd,—if whoever's a hand in
Dispensing said cash,—or said 'cole,'—shall dare venture
To misapply money, note, bill, or debenture
To uses not named in this present Indenture,
Then that such sum, or sums, shall revert, and come home
again

Back to said Ghost,—who thenceforward shall roam again, Until such time, or times, as the said Ghost produces Some good man and true, who no longer refuses To put sum, or sums, aforesaid, to said uses;

^{1 &}quot;Thrones! Dominations! Princedoms! Virtues! Powers!"—MILTON.

Which duly perform'd, the said Ghost shall have rest,
The full term of her natural death, of the best,
In full consideration of this, her bequest,
In manner and form aforesaid,—as exprest:—
In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,
Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said
Being all that these presents intend to express,
Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.—

"Sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, this 20th of May, Anno Domini, blank (though I've mention'd the day), (Signed)

BASIL

OLD WOMAN (late) CLOTHED IN GREY."

Basil now, I am told,
Walking off with the gold,
Went and straight got the document duly enroll'd,
And left the testatrix to mildew and mould
In her sepulchre, cosey, cool,—not to say cold.
But somehow—though how I can hardly divine,—

A runlet of fine Rich Malvoisie wine

Found its way to the Convent that night before nine,
With custards, and "flawns," and a "fayre florentine,"
Peach, apricot, nectarine, melon, and pine;—
And some half a score Nuns of the rule Bridgetine,
Abbess and all, were invited to dine
At a very late hour,—that is after Compline,—
—Father Hilary's rubies began soon to shine
With fresh lustre, as though newly dug from the mine;

Through all the next year,

Indeed, 'twould appear

That the Convent was much better off, as to cheer.

Even Basil himself, as I very much fear, No longer addicted himself to small-beer;

> His complexion grew clear, While in front and in rear

He enlarged so, his shape seem'd approaching a sphere.

No wonder at all, then, one cold winter's night,
That a servant-girl going down stairs with a light
To the cellar we've spoken of, saw, with affright
An Old Woman, astride on a barrel, invite
Her to take, in a manner extremely polite,
With her left hand, a bag she had got in her right;—
For tradition asserts that the Old Woman's purse
Had come back to her scarcely one penny the worse!

The girl, as they say, Ran screaming away,

Quite scared by the Old Woman clothed in grey; But there came down a Knight, at no distant a day,

Sprightly and gay

As the bird on the spray,

One Sir Rufus Mountfardington, Lord of Foot's-cray,
Whose estate, not unlike those of most of our "Swell" beaux,
Was, what's, by a metaphor, term'd "out at elbows;"
And the fact was, said Knight was now merely delay'd
From crossing the water to join the Crusade
For converting the Pagans with bill, bow, and blade,
By the want of a little pecuniary aid
To buy arms and horses, the tools of his trade,
And enable his troop to appear on parade;—

The unquiet Shade

Thought Sir Rufus, 'tis said,

Just the man for her money,—she readily paid

For the articles named, and with pleasure convey'd To his hands every farthing she ever had made;

But alas! I'm afraid
Most unwisely she laid

Most unwisely she laid
Out her cash—the beaux yeux of a Saracen maid
(Truth compels me to say a most pestilent jade)
Converted the gallant converter—betray'd
Him to do everything which a Knight could degrade,
—E'en to worship Mahound!—She required—He obey'd,—
The consequence was, all the money was wasted
On Infidel pleasures he should not have tasted;
So that, after a very short respite, the Hag
Was seen down in her cellar again with her bag.

Don't fancy, dear Reader, I mean to go on Seriatim through so many ages bygone,

And to bore you with names

Of the Squires and the Dames,

Who have managed, at times, to get hold of the sack, But spent the cash so that it always came back;

The list is too long

To be given in my song,—

There are reasons beside would perhaps make it wrong;

I shall merely observe, in those orthodox days,

When Mary set Smithfield all o'er in a blaze,

And show'd herself very se-

-vere against heresy,

While many a wretch scorn'd to flinch, or to scream, as he Burnt for denying the Papal supremacy,

Bishop Bonner the bag got, And all thought the Hag got

Released, as he spent all in fuel and faggot.—

But somehow—though how I can't tell you, I vow—

I suppose by mismanagement—ere the next reign The Spectre had got all her money again.

The last time, I'm told,
That the Old Woman's gold

Was obtain'd,—as before, for the asking,—'twas had By a Mr. O—Something—from Ballinafad; And the whole of it, so 'tis reported, was sent To John Wright's, in account for the Catholic Rent, And thus—like a great deal more money—"it went!"

So 'tis said at Maynooth,

But I can't think it's truth;

Though I know it was boldly asserted last season,
Still I can not believe it; and that for this reason,
It's certain the cash has got back to its owner!—
—Now no part of the Rent to do so e'er was known,—or,
In any shape, ever come home to the donor.

GENTLE READER!—you must know the proverb, I think—"To a blind horse a Nod is as good as a Wink!"

Which some learned Chap,

In a square College cap,

Perhaps, would translate by the words "Verbum Sap!"

-Now, should it so chance

That you're going to France

In the course of next Spring, as you probably may,

Do pull up, and stay,

Pray,

If but for a day,

At Dover, through which you must pass on your way, At the York,—or the Ship,—where, as all people say,

You'll get good wine yourself, and your horses good hay, Perhaps, my good friend, you may find it will pay, And you cannot lose much by so short a delay.

First DINE!—you can do That on joint or ragoût—

Then say to the waiter,—"I'm just passing through,—Pray,—where can I find out the old Maison Dieu?"—He'll show you the street—(the French call it a Rue, But you won't have to give here a petit écu).

Well, — when you've got there, — never mind how you're taunted,—

Ask boldly, "Pray, which is the house here that's haunted?"
—I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect

The proprietor's name; but he's one of that sect

Who call themselves "Friends," and whom others call "Quakers,"

You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the Baker's,—
Then go down, with a light,
To the cellar at night!

And as soon as you see her don't be in a fright!

But ask the old Hag,

At once, for the bag!—

If you find that she's shy, or your senses would dazzle, Nay, "Ma'am, I insist!—in the name of St. Basil!"

If she gives it you, seize

It, and—do as you please—

But there is not a person I've ask'd but agrees,
You should spend—part at least—for the Old Woman's ease!
—For the rest—if it must go back some day—why—let it!—
Meanwhile, if you're poor, and in love, or in debt, it
May do you some good, and—

I WISH YOU MAY GET IT!!!

NOTES.

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.—With the "Old Woman clothed in Grey" the author has taken considerable liberties, changing, among other things, the venue of her misdeeds, if indeed she committed any, from Cambridgeshire to Kent. house actually supposed to have been honoured by her presence was the old rectory (pulled down about a quarter of a century ago) of Boxworth. "It is represented to have been the old lady's custom to stroll about the house at dead of night with a bag of money in her hand, of which she appeared exceedingly anxious to be relieved, offering it to whomsoever she happened to meet in the course of her peregrinations. No one, however, seems to have been bold enough to accept the gift. So strong was the belief that treasure was concealed about the building in question, that when it was taken down and the materials sold, on the erection of the present parsonage-house, the incumbent expressly stipulated for the right and title to all valuables that might be discovered; and he actuall received three battered halfpence in fulfilment of the agreement." -Memoir of Rev. R. H. Barham.

"Nor stand any such mangling of chattels and goods,
As, they say, was the case with the late Jemmy Wood's."—P. 265.

Jemmy Wood, "the miser," died April 20, 1836. He was a banker of Gloucester, and a man of very recluse habits. His will, by which property to the value of about a million sterling was disposed of, gave rise to prolonged litigation, which was terminated only by appeal to the Privy Council. In 1842 a decision was given by Lord Lyndhurst in favour of Sir Matthew Wood and others, who claimed under different papers of a very informal kind. The expenses of the suit were said to be enormous.

"—— For 'tis very well known
That St. Patrick, at least, has got one of his own."—P. 266.

In the Reliques of Ancient Poetry is the following:—"Owaine Myles is a ballad, giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's

purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. Sub Ann. 1152." A more modern version of the good knight's descent and happy return, after having withstood the terrors of frost and fire, may be found in Lewis's Tales of Wonder.

"Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, 'to be Nowhere."—P. 270.

The name of Crockford, who originally kept a small fishmonger's shop near Temple Bar, and died proprietor of the "Grand Pandemonium," as it used to be called, in St. James's Street, is sufficiently notorious. The formation of his club gave occasion for one of the happiest hits of Sydney Smith—the only epigram, I believe, of his extant. The opening of the palace in question proving the subject of conversation at Holland House, the noble hostess observed, that the female passion for diamonds was scarcely less ruinous than the rage for play among men; upon which Sydney Smith wrote the following impromptu appropriately on a card:—

"Thoughtless that 'all that's brightest fades,'
Unmindful of that Knave of Spades,
The sexton, and his subs,—
How foolishly we play our parts!
Our wives on Diamonds set their Hearts,
We set our Hearts on Clubs."

Jem Bland—Facetious Jemmy—less generally known, was a remarkable member of the betting-ring. Unable either to read or write, he nevertheless made as good a book as his neighbours. It is said that his bets were entered at the end of the day by his wife, and that although they were numerous and complicated, he never made a mistake. A curious story is told of his brother, who belonged to the same sporting fraternity. Mr. Joe Bland laid fifty to one, in "ponies," against Greenmantle's winning both the Prendergast and Oaks. When asked, after the first event had been decided against him, how he came to make so bad a bet: "Not so very bad," he replied; "the mare might possibly have lost the Prendergast, in which case I should have won; as it is I shall not pay, for I shall never live to see the Oaks run for." He was right: he died some weeks before the great race.

" See Jacobus de Chusa."—P. 273.

Jacobus the Chusa, or Clusa, a Carthusian monk, in his Tractatus de apparitionibus animarum post exitum earum a corporibus, &c., gives full and very valuable directions for holding intercourse with "Examples," says he, "teach us that prayers and ghosts, &c. fasting ought always to precede the interrogation of spirits; that a fast of three days, with a certain number of masses, &c., are highly important." He recommends that after confession and mass, four or five devout priests should be sent for, and that they should go to the place where the spirit is wont to show itself, observing cer-"They should take," he says, "a candle which tain ceremonies. has been lit on the holy day of Purification, holy water—this is essential—the symbol of the Cross, and a thurible with incense, and as they approach the place recite the seven psalms or St. John's The holy stole also," he adds, "is of some use." Gospel

THE main incident recorded in the following excerpta from our family papers has but too solid a foundation. The portrait of Roger Ingoldsby is not among those in the Gallery, but I have some recollection of having seen, when a boy, a picture answering the description here given of him, much injured, and lying without a frame in one of the attics.

THE WEDDING-DAY;

OR,

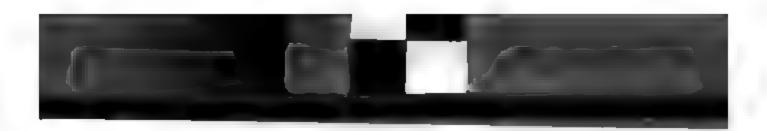
THE BUCCANEER'S CURSE.

A FAMILY LEGEND.

That gleeful marriage chiine,
As from the old and ivied tower
It peals, at the early matin hour,
Its merry, merry round;
And the Spring is in its prime,
And the song-bird, on the spray,
Trills from his throat, in varied note,
An emulative lay—
It has a joyous sound!!

And the Vicar is there with his wig and his book, And the Clerk with his grave, quasi-sanctified look, And there stand the village maids all with their posies, Their lilies, and daffy-down-dillies, and roses,

Dight in white,
A comely sight,
Fringing the path to the left and the right;
—From our nursery days we all of us know
Ne'er doth "Our Ladye's garden grow"





Little field Sugar her greatering the draw

THE NEW YORK
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TILDEN FOUNDAR

L

THE WEDDING-DAY.

So fair for a "Grand Horticultural Show"

As when border'd with "pretty maids all on a row."

And the urchins are there, escaped from the rule

Of that "Limbo of infants," the National School,

Whooping, and bawling,

And squalling, and calling,

And crawling, and creeping,

And jumping, and leaping,

Bo-peeping 'midst " many a mouldering heap," in

Whose bosom their own "rude forefathers" are sleeping;

-Young rascals!-instead of lamenting and weeping,

Laughing and gay,

A gorge deployée—

Only now and then pausing—and checking their play, To "wonder what 'tis makes the gentlefolks stay,"

Ah, well a-day!

Little deem they,

Poor ignorant dears! the bells, ringing away,

Are anything else

Than mere parish bells,

Or that each of them, should we go into its history,

Is but a "Symbol" of some deeper mystery—

That the clappers and ropes

Are mere practical tropes

Of "trumpets" and "tongues," and of "preachers" and popes,

Unless Clement the Fourth's worthy Chaplain, *Durand*, err, See the "Rationale," of that goosey-gander.

Gently! gently, Miss Muse!

Mind your P's and your Q's!

Don't be malapert—laugh, Miss, but never abuse!

Calling names, whether done to attack or to back a schism, Is, Miss, believe me, a great piece of jack-ass-ism,

And as, on the whole, You're a good-natured soul, You must never enact such a pitiful rôle.

No, no, Miss, pull up, and go back to your boys
In the churchyard, who 're making this hubbub and noise—
But hush! there's an end to their romping and mumming,
For voices are heard—here's the company coming!

And see;—the avenue gates unfold,
And forth they pace, that bridal train,
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
They cross the green and grassy lane,
Bridesman, Bridesmaid, Bridegroom, Bride,
Two by two, and side by side,
Uncles, and aunts, friends tried and proved,
And cousins, a great many times removed.

A fairer or a gentler she,
A lovelier maid, in her degree,
Man's eye might never hope to see,
Than darling, bonnie Maud Ingoldsby,
The flow'r of that goodly company;
While whispering low, with bated voice,
Close by her side, her heart's dear choice,
Walks Fredville's hope, young Valentine Boys.

—But where, oh where,—Is Ingoldsby's heir?

Little Jack Ingoldsby?—where, oh, where?
Why he's here,—and he's there,
And he's everywhere—
He's there, and he's here;
In the front—in the rear,—

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Now this side, now that side,—now far, and now near—The Puck of the party, the darling "pet" boy,
Full of mischief, and fun, and good-humour, and joy;
With his laughing blue eye, and his cheek like a rose,
And his long curly locks, and his little snub nose;
In his tunic, and trousers, and cap—there he goes!
Now pinching the bridesmen,—now teasing his sister,
And telling the bridesmaids how "Valentine kiss'd her;"
The torment, the plague, the delight of them all,
See, he's into the churchyard!—he's over the wall—
Gambolling, frolicking, capering away,
He's the first in the church, be the second who may!

'Tis o'er;—the holy rite is done,
The rite that "incorporates two in one,"
—And now for the feasting, and frolic, and fun!
Spare we to tell of the smiling and sighing,
The shaking of hands, the embracing, and crying,

The "toot—toot" Of the tabour and flute,

Of the white-wigg'd Vicar's prolong'd salute,
Or of how the blithe "College Youths,"—rather old stagers,
Accustom'd, for years, to pull bell-ropes for wagers—
Rang, faster than ever, their "triple-bob-MAJORS;"

(So loud as to charm ye, At once and alarm ye;

-" Symbolic," of course, of that rank in the army.)

Spare we to tell of the fees and the dues
To the "little old woman that open'd the pews,"
Of the largesse bestow'd on the Sexton and Clerk,
Of the four-year-old sheep roasted whole in the park,

Of the laughing and joking, The quaffing and smoking,

And chaffing, and broaching—that is to say, poking
A hole in a mighty magnificent tub
Of what men, in our hemisphere, term "Humming-Bub."
But which gods,—who, it seems, use a different lingo
From mortals,—are wont to denominate "Stingo."

Spare we to tell of the horse-collar grinning;
The cheese! the reward of the ugly one winning;

Of the young ladies racing for Dutch body-linen,—

—The soapy-tail'd sow,—a rich prize when you've caught her,—

Of little boys bobbing for pippins in water;

The smacks and the whacks,

And the jumpers in sacks,

These down on their noses and those on their backs; Nor skills it to speak of those darling old ditties, Sung rarely in hamlets now—never in cities, The "King and the Miller," the "Bold Robin Hood,"

"Chevy Chase," "Gilderoy," and the "Babes in the Wood!"

You'll say that my taste Is sadly misplaced,

But I can't help confessing these simple old tunes,

The "Auld Robin Grays," and the "Aileen Aroons,"

The "Gramachree Mollys," and "Sweet Bonny Doons,"

Are dearer to me,

In a tenfold degree,

Than a fine fantasia from over the sea;

And, for sweetness, compared with a Beethoven fugue, are As "best-refined loaf" to the coarsest "brown sugar;" 1

1 Ad Amicum, Servientem ad legem—

This rhyme, if, when scann'd by your critical ear, it Is not quite legitimate, comes pretty near it.—T. I.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

—Alack, for the Bard's want of science! to which he owes All this misliking of foreign capricios!

Not that he'd say One word, by the way,

To disparage our new Idol, Monsieur Duprez—But he grudges, he owns, his departed half-guinea Each Saturday night when, devour'd by chagrin, he Sits listening to singers whose names end in *ini*.

But enough of the rustics—let's leave them pursuing Their out-of-door gambols, and just take a view in The inside the hall, and see what they are doing;

> And first there's the Squire, The hale, hearty sire

Of the bride,—with his coat-tails subducted and higher, A thought, than they're commonly wont to aspire; His back and his buckskins exposed to the fire;— —Bright, bright are his buttons,—and bright is the hue Of his squarely-cut coat of fine Saxony blue; And bright the shalloon of his little quill'd queue; —White, white, as "Young England's," the dimity vest Which descends like an avalanche o'er his broad breast, Till its further progression is put in arrest By the portly projection that springs from his chest, Overhanging the garment—that can't be exprest; -White, white are his locks, -which, had Nature fair play, Had appear'd a clear brown, slightly sprinkled with gray, But they're white as the peaks of Plinlimmon to-day, Or Ben Nevis, his pate is si bien poudré! Bright, bright are the boots that envelope his heels, —Bright, bright is the gold chain suspending his seals, And still brighter yet may the gazer descry The tear-drop that spangles the fond father's eye

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I

VOL. II.

As it lights on the bride— His beloved one—the pride

And delight of his heart,—sever'd now from his side;—But brighter than all,

Arresting its fall,

Is the smile, that rebukes it for spangling at all,

—A clear case, in short, of what old poets tell, as

Blind Homer, for instance, εν δακρυσι γελας.

Then, there are the Bride and the Bridegroom withdrawn To the deep Gothic window that looks on the lawn, Ensconced on a squab of maroon-colour'd leather, And talking—and thinking, no doubt—of the weather.

But here comes the party—Room! room for the guests! In their Pompadour coats, and laced ruffles, and vests,

—First, Sir Charles Grandison Baronet, and his son,

Charles,—the mamma does not venture to "show"— Miss Byron, you know, She was call'd long ago—

For that lady, 'twas said, had been playing the d——l,
Last season, in town, with her old beau, Squire Greville,
Which very much shock'd, and chagrin'd, as may well be
Supposed, "Doctor Bartlett," and "Good Uncle Selby."
—Sir Charles, of course, could not give Greville his gruel, in
Order to prove his abhorrence of duelling,
Nor try for, deterr'd by the serious expense, a
Complete separation, a thoro et mensa,
So he "kept a calm sough," and, when ask'd to a party,
A dance, or a dinner, or tea and écarté,
He went with his son, and said, looking demurely,
He'd "left her at home, as she found herself poorly."

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Two Foreigners near, "Of distinction," appear;

A pair more illustrious you ne'er heard of, or saw,
Count Ferdinand Fathom,—Count Thaddeus of Warsaw,
All cover'd with glitt'ring bijouterie and hair—Poles,
Whom Lord Dudley Stuart calls "Patriot,"—Hook "Bare
Poles;"

Such rings, and such brooches, such studs, and such pins!
Twere hard to say which

Were more gorgeous and rich,
Or more truly Mosaic, their chains or their chins!
Next Sir Roger de Coverley,—Mr. Will Ramble,
With Dame Lismahago (née Tabitha Bramble),—
Mr. Random and Spouse,—Mrs. Pamela Booby
(Whose nose was acquiring a tinge of the ruby,
And "people did say"—but no matter for that,—
Folks were not then enlighten'd by good Father Mat.)—
—Three friends from "the Colonies" near them were

The great Massachusetts man, General Muff Green,—Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins,—men
"Influential some,"—and their "smart" Uncle Ben;—
Rev. Abraham Adams (preferr'd to a stall),—
—Mr. Jones and his Lady, from Allworthy Hall;

Our friend Tom, by the way, Had turn'd out rather gay

seen,

For a married man—certainly "people did say."

He was shrewdly suspected of using his wife ill,

And being as sly as his half-brother Blifil.—

(Miss Seagrim, 'tis well known, was now in high feather,

And "people did say" they'd been seen out together,—

A fact, the "Boy Jones," who, in our days, with malice

Aforethought, so often got into the Palace,

Would seem to confirm, as, 'tis whisper'd he owns, he's The son of a natural son of Tom Jones's.)

Lady Bellaston (mcm. she had not been invited!),

Sir Peregrine Pickle, now recently knighted,—

All joyous, all happy, all looking delighted!

—It would bore you to death should I pause to describe,

Or enumerate, half of the elegant tribe

Who fill'd the background,

And among whom were found

The elite of the old county families round,

Such as Honeywood, Oxenden, Knatchbull, and Norton,

Matthew Robinson, too, with his beard, from Monk's Horton,

The Faggs, and Finch-Hattons, Tokes, Derings, and Deedses, And Fairfax (who then call'd the castle of Leeds his);

Esquires, Knights, and Lords,

In bag-wigs and swords;

And the troops, and the groups

Of fine ladies in hoops;

The pompons, the toupées, and the diamonds and feathers;

The flower'd-silk sacques

Which they wore on their backs,—

—How?—sacques and pompons, with the Squire's boots and leathers?—

Stay! stay!—I suspect,

Here's a trifling neglect

On your part, Madame Muse—though you're commonly accurate,

As to costume, as brown Quaker, or black Curate,

¹ A worthy and eccentric country gentleman, afterwards the second Lord Rokeby, being cousin ("a great many times removed") and successor in the barony to Richard, Archbishop of Armagh, who first bore that title.—His beard was truly patriarchal. -Mr. Muntz's-pooh!-T. I.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

For once, I confess,
Here you're out, as to dress;—

You've been fairly caught napping, which gives me distress, For I can't but acknowledge it is not the thing, Sir Roger de Coverley's laced suit to bring Into contact with square-cut coats,—such as George Byng,¹ And poor dear Sir Francis appear'd in, last spring,—So, having for once been compell'd to acknowledge, I 've made a small hole in our mutual chronology, Canter on, Miss, without farther apology,—

Only don't make Such another mistake,

Or you'll get in a scrape, of which I shall partake;— Enough!—you are sorry for what you have done, So dry your eyes, Miss, blow your nose, and go on!

Well—the party are met, all radiant and gay,
And how every person is dress'd—we won't say;
Suffice it, they all come glad homage to pay
To our dear "bonnie Maud" on her own wedding-day,
To dance at her bridal, and help "throw the stocking,"
—A practice that's now discontinued as shocking.

There's a breakfast, they know—
There always is so

On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.

Of course there are "lots" of beef, potted and hung,

Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and cold tongue,

Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,

Cold pigeon-pie (rook?), and cold boil'd and cold roast,

George Byng, Esq., member for Middlesex since 1790, and Sir Francis Burdett, both conspicuous by their adherence to the traditional costume of the old English gentleman—blue coat with gilt buttons, breeches, and top-boots. The appearance of the former was closely copied by Mr. Warde the actor, as Sir Osbaldeston De Mowbray, a character in some forgotten comedy.

Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold creams, colder ices—

Blancmange, which young ladies say, so very nice is,—
Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner slices,—
Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,
Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—
Refined barley-sugar in various devices,
Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and grottoes—
And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.
—In short, all those gimeracks together were met
Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get
When they give a grand déjeûner à la fourchette—
(A phrase which, though French, in our language still lingers,
Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)
And see! what a mountainous bridecake!—a thing
By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring!

Now as to the wines!—"Ay, the wine!" cries the Squire, Letting fall both his coat-tails,—which nearly take fire,—

Rubbing his hands,

He calls out, as he stands,

To the serving-men waiting "his Honour's" commands,
"The wine!—to be sure—here, you Harry—Bob—Dick—
The wine, don't you hear?—bring us lights—come, be quick!—
And a crow-bar to knock down the mortar and brick—

Say what they may,

'Fore George, we'll make way

Into old Roger Ingoldsby's cellar to-day;

And let loose his captives, imprison'd so long,

His flasks, and his casks, that he brick'd up so strong!"-

—"Oh dear! oh dear! Squire Ingoldsby, bethink you what you do!"

Exclaims old Mrs. Botherby,1—she is in such a stew!—

¹ Great grandmamma, by the father's side, to the excellent lady of the same name who yet "keeps the keys" at Tappington.—T. I.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

- "Oh dear! oh dear! what do I hear?—full oft you've heard me tell
- Of the curse 'Wild Roger' left upon whoe'er should break his cell!
- "Full five-and-twenty years are gone since Roger went away, As I bethink me, too, it was upon this very day!

 And I was then a comely dame, and you, a springald gay,

 Were up and down to London town, at opera, ball, and play;

 Your locks were nut-brown then, Squire—you grow a little gray!—
- "'Wild Roger,' so we call'd him then, your grandsire's youngest son,

He was in truth

A wayward youth,

We fear'd him, every one,

In ev'rything he had his will, he would be stay'd by none,
And when he did a naughty thing, he laugh'd and call'd it fun!
—One day his father chid him sore—I know not what he'd done,

But he scorn'd reproof; And from this roof Away that night he run!

"Seven years were gone and over—'Wild Roger' came again, He spoke of forays and of frays upon the Spanish Main; And he had store of gold galore, and silks, and satins fine, And flasks, and casks of Malvoisie, and precious Gascon wine!

Rich booties he had brought, he said, across the western wave,

And came, in penitence and shame, now of his sire to crave Forgiveness and a welcome home—his sire was in his grave!

"Your Father was a kindly man—he play'd a brother's part;
He press'd his brother to his breast—he had a kindly heart;
Fain would he have him tarry here, their common hearth to share,

But Roger was the same man still,—he scorn'd his brother's pray'r!

He call'd his crew,—away he flew, and on those foreign shores Got kill'd in some outlandish place—they call it the Eyesores;¹

> But ere he went, And quitted Kent,

—I well recall the day,—

His flasks and casks of Gascon wine he safely 'stow'd away;' Within the cellar's deepest nook, he safely stow'd them all, And Mason Jones brought bricks and stones, and they built up the wall.

"Oh! then it was a fearful thing to hear 'Wild Roger's ban! Good gracious me! I never heard the like from mortal man; 'Here's that,' quoth he, 'shall serve me well, when I return at last,

A batter'd hulk, to quaff and laugh at toils and dangers past; Accurst be he, whoe'er he be, lays hand on gear of mine,

Till I come back again from sea, to broach my Gascon wine!'
And more he said, which fill'd with dread all those who listen'd there;

In sooth my very blood ran cold, it lifted up my hair With very fear, to stand and hear 'Wild Roger' curse and swear!!

He saw my fright, as well he might, but still he made his game,

¹ Azores !—Mrs. Botherby's orthography, like that of her distinguished contemporary Baron Duberly, was "a little loose."

THE WEDDING-DAY.

He call'd me 'Mother Bounce-about,' my Gracious, what a name!

Nay, more, 'an old'—some 'boat-woman,'—I may not say for shame!—

Then, gentle Master, pause awhile, give heed to what I tell, Nor break, on such a day as this, 'Wild Roger's' secret cell!"

"Pooh! pooh!" quoth the Squire,
As he moved from the fire,

And bade the old Housekeeper quickly retire,

"Pooh!—never tell me!

Nonsense-fiddle-de-dee!

What !—wait Uncle Roger's return back from sea ?— Why, he may, as you say,

Have been somewhat too gay,

And, no doubt, was a broth of a boy in his way;

But what's that to us, now, at this time of day?—

What, if some quarrel

With Dering or Darrell-

—I hardly know which, but I think it was Dering,—
Sent him back in a huff to his old privateering,
Or what his unfriends chose to call Buccaneering,
It's twenty years since, as we very well know,
He was knock'd on the head in a skirmish, and so
Why rake up 'auld warld' tales of deeds long ago?—
—Foul befall him who would touch the deposit
Of living man, whether in cellar or closet!

But since, as I've said,

Knock'd on the head,

Uncle Roger has now been some twenty years dead,

As for his wine,

I'm his heir, and it's mine!

And I'd long ago work'd it well, but that I tarried For this very day—

And I'm sure you'll all say

I was right—when my own darling Maud should get m. So lights and a crowbar!—the only thing lies
On my conscience, at all, with respect to this prize,
Is some little compunction anent the Excise—

Come—you, Master Jack, Be the first, and bring back

Whate'er comes to hand—Claret, Burgundy, Sack—Head the party, and mind that you're back in a crack!"

Away go the clan,
With cup and with can,
Little Jack Ingoldsby leading the van;
Little reck they of the Buccaneer's ban,
Hope whispers, "Perchance we'll fall in with strong beer too here!"

Blest thought! which sets them all grinning from ear to ear!

Through cellar one, through cellar two, Through cellar three they pass'd!

And their way they took

To the farthest nook

Of cellar four—the last!—

Blithe and gay, they batter away,

On this wedding-day of Maud's,

With all their might, to bring to light,

"Wild Roger's" "Custom-house frauds!"

And though stone and brick

Be never so thick,

When stoutly assail'd, they are no bar

PUBLIC ADMAND
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R



THE WEDDING-DAY.

To the powerful charm Of a Yeoman's arm

When wielding a decentish crowbar!

Down comes brick, and down comes stone,

One by one-

The job's half done!-

"Where is he?—now come—where's Master John?"—
There's a breach in the wall three feet by two,
And little Jack Ingoldsby soon pops through!

Hark!—what sound's that?—a sob?—a sigh?—
The choking gasp of a stifled cry?—

"—What can it be ?—

Let's see !—let's see !

It can't be little Jack Ingoldsby?

The candle—quick!"—

Through stone and through brick,
They poke in the light on a long split stick;
But ere he who holds it can wave it about,
He gasps, and he sneezes—the LIGHT GOES OUT.

Yet were there those, in after days,
Who said that pale light's flickering blaze,
For a moment, gleam'd on a dark Form there,
Seem'd as bodied of foul black air!—
—In Mariner's dress,—with cutlass braced
By buckle and broad black belt, to its waist,—

—On a cock'd-hat laced

With gold, and placed
With a dégagé, devil-may-care, kind of taste,

O'er a balafré brow by a scar defaced!—
That Form, they said, so foul and so black
Grinn'd as it pointed at poor little Jack.—

—I know not, I, how the truth may be,
But the pent-up vapour, at length set free,
Set them all sneezing,
And coughing, and wheezing,
As, working its way
To the regions of day,
It, at last, let a purer and healthier breeze in!

Of their senses bereft,

To the right and the left,

Those varlets so lately courageous and stout,

There they lay kicking and sprawling about,

Like Billingsgate fresh fish, unconscious of ice,

Or those which, the newspapers give us advice,

Mr. Taylor, of Lombard Street, sells at half-price!

—Nearer the door, some half dozen, or more!

Scramble away

To the rez de chaussée

(As our Frenchified friend always calls his ground-floor), And they call, and they bawl, and they bellow and roar For lights, vinegar, brandy, and fifty things more. At length, after no little clamour and din, The foul air let out and the fresh air let in,

They drag one and all Up into the hall,

Where a medical Quaker, the great Dr. Lettsom, Who's one of the party, "bleeds, physics, and sweats 'em."

All?—all—save One—

-" But He!-my Son ?-

Merciful Heaven!—where—where is John?"

Within that cell, so dark and deep,

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Lies One, as in a tranquil sleep,

A sight to make the sternest weep!—

—That little heart is pulseless now,

And cold that fair and open brow,

And closed that eye that beam'd with joy

And hope—"Oh, God! my Boy!—my Boy!"

Enough !—I may not,—dare not,—show
The wretched Father's frantic woe,
The Mother's tearless, speechless—No!
I may not such a theme essay—
Too bitter thoughts crowd in and stay
My pen—sad memory will have way!
Enough!—at once I close the lay,
Of Fair Maud's fatal Wedding-day!

It has a mournful sound,

That single, solemn Bell!

As to the hills and woods around,

It flings its deep-toned knell;

That measured toll!—alone—apart,

It strikes upon the human heart!

—It has a mournful sound!—

MORAL

Come, come, Mrs. Muse, we can't part in this way, Or you'll leave me as dull as ditch-water all day. Try and squeeze out a Moral or two from your lay! And let us part cheerful, at least, if not gay!

First and foremost, then, Gentlefolks, learn from my song, Not to lock up your wine, or malt-liquor, too long!

Though Port should have age,
Yet I don't think it sage
To entomb it as some of your connoisseurs do,
Till it's losing in flavour, and body, and hue;
—I question if keeping it does it much good
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood.

If any young man, though a snubb'd younger brother, When told of his faults by his father and mother, Runs restive, and goes off to sea in a huff, Depend on't, my friends, that young man is a Muff!

Next—ill-gotten gains
Are not worth the pains!—

They prosper with no one!—so, whether cheroots, Or Havana cigars,—or French gloves, or French boots— Whatever you want, pay the duty!—nor when you Buy any such articles, cheat the revenue!

And "now to conclude,"—

For it's high time I should,—

When you do rejoice, mind,—whatsoever you do,

That the hearts of the lowly rejoice with you too!—

Don't gradge them their jigg

Don't grudge them their jigs, And their frolics and "rigs,"

And don't interfere with their soapy-tail'd pigs;
Nor "because thou art virtuous," rail, and exhale
An anathema, breathing of vengeance and wail,
Upon every complexion less pale than sea-kail!
Nor dismiss the poor man to his pump and his pail,
With "Drink there!—we'll have henceforth no more cakes and ale!

THE WEDDING-DAY.

NOTES.

"Unless Clement the Fourth's worthy Chaplain, Durand, err, See the 'Rationale' of that goosey-gander."—P. 285.

Durand, in the chapter de campanis of his Rationale Divinorum Officiorum, attaches a mysterious symbolism to every part, quality, and function of the bell. Everything—the most minute—from the top of the tower (literally) to the end of the rope is, to the initiated eye, pregnant with meaning. For example, the hardness of the metal indicates the fortitude of the preacher, the bell his mouth, the clapper his tongue; so that a bell without a clapper is symbolic of a preacher lacking eloquence, &c.

"But here comes the party—Room! room for the guests!"—P. 290.

The histories of most of the guests will be found recorded in the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. Of Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins and "Uncle Ben," sad to say, no authentic memoir is in existence. Their names survive only in the memory of those who can recall the sketches presented in the *Trip to America* of the elder Mathews. As for "The Boy Jones," he was a harmless enthusiast, who, without any discoverable motives, three times gained access to Buckingham Palace, and on the first occasion remained there several days, till Mrs. Lilley, the nurse of the Princess Royal, discovered him under a sofa. After the third offence he was sent to sea in one of her Majesty's ships.

"Where a medical Quaker, the great Dr. Lettsom, Who's one of the party, 'bleeds, physics, and sweats'em."—P. 300.

The epigram on the signature of the celebrated Doctor, I. Lett-som, runs thus:—

"When patients sad to me apply,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I. Lettsom."

"Too bitter thoughts crowd in and stay
My pen—sad memory will have way."—P. 301.

Here, and in many passages of the "Legends," and other poems, especially in his last lines, "As I laye a Thynkynge," allusion is made by the author to a grief, occasioned by the loss of his youngest an, of which he never got the better to the day of his death.

A LEGEND OF THE WEALD OF KENT.

"The wig's the thing! the wig! "-Old Song.

"Joe," said old Jarvis, looking out of his window,—it was his ground-floor back,—"Joe, you seem to be very hot, Joe,—and you have got no wig!"

"Yes, sir," quoth Joseph, pausing, and resting upon his spade, "it's as hot a day as ever I see; but the celery must be got in, or there'll be no autumn crop, and——"

"Well, but Joe, the sun's so hot, and it shines so on your bald head, it makes one wink to look at it. You'll have a coup de soleil, Joe."

"A what, sir?"

"No matter; it's very hot working; and if you'll step indoors, I'll give you——"

"Thank ye, your honour, a drop of beer will be very acceptable."

Joe's countenance brightened amazingly.

"Joe, I'll give you-my old wig!"

The countenance of Joseph fell; his grey eye had glistened as a blest vision of double X flitted athwart his fancy; its glance faded again into the old filmy, gooseberry-coloured hue, as he growled in a minor key, "A wig, sir!"

"Yes, Joe, a wig! The man who does not study the comvol. II.

fort of his dependants is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old, worn-out wig."

- "I hope, sir, you'll give me a drop o' beer to drink your honour's health in,—it is very hot, and——"
 - "Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall give it you."
- "Heaven bless your honour!" said honest Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and walking with more than usual alacrity towards the close-cut quickset hedge which separated Mr. Jarvis's garden from the highroad.

From the quickset hedge aforesaid he now raised, with all due delicacy, a well-worn and somewhat dilapidated jacket, of a stuff by drapers most pseudonymously termed "everlasting." Alack! alack! what is there to which tempus cdax rerum will accord that epithet? In its high and palmy days it had been all of a piece; but as its master's eye now fell upon it, the expression of his countenance seemed to say with Octavian,

"Those days are gone, Floranthe!"

It was now, from frequent patching, a coat not unlike that of the patriarch, one of many colours.

Joseph Washford inserted his wrists into the corresponding orifices of the tattered garment, and with a steadiness of circumgyration, to be acquired only by long and sufficient practice, swung it horizontally over his ears, and settled himself into it.

"Confound your old jacket!" cried a voice from the other side of the hedge; "keep it down, you rascal! don't you see my horse is frightened at it?"

"Sensible beast!" apostrophized Joseph; "I've been frightened at it myself every day for the last two years!"

The gardener cast a rueful glance at its sleeve, and pursued his way to the door of the back kitchen.

"Joe," said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty,—"Joe, your master is but too good to you; he is always kind and considerate. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig."

"And the beer, Ma'am Witherspoon?" said Washford, taking the proffered caxon, and looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture; "and the beer, ma'am?"

"The beer, you guzzling wretch!—what beer? Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has not he given you a wig?"

"Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon; but then, you see, his honour said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and——"

"Go to the pump, sot!" said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back-door in the face of the petitioner.

Mrs. Witherspoon was "of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion," and Honorary Assistant Secretary to the Appledore branch of the "Ladies' Grand Junction Water-working Temperance Society."

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental abstraction; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-stye,—his corruption rose, but he resisted the impulse; he got the better of Satan; the half-formed imprecation died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig; it had once been a comely jasey enough, of the colour of overbaked gingerbread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century by the name of a "brown George." The species, it is to be feared, is now extinct, but a few, a very few of the same description might, till very lately, be occasionally seen,—rari nantes in gurgite vasto,—the glorious relics of a bygone day, crowning the cerebellum of some venerated and venerable provost, or judge of assize; but Mr. Jarvis's wig had one peculiarity; unlike most of its fellows, it had a tail!—

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"cribbed and confined," indeed, by a shabby piece of faded shalloon.

Washford looked at it again; he shook his bald head; the wig had certainly seen its best days; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility,—it was "like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,"—and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why—after all, an old wig was better than nothing!

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by Act of Parliament; one of that class of gentlemen who, disdaining the bourgeois-sounding name of "attorney-at-law," are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors. I say by a legal fiction, for surely the general tenor of the intimation received by such as enjoy the advantage of their correspondence has little in common with the idea usually attached to the term "solicitation." "If you don't pay my bill, and costs, I'll send you to jail," is a very energetic entreaty. There are, it is true, etymologists who derive their style and title from the Latin infinitive "solicitare," to "make anxious,"—in all probability they are right.

If this be the true etymology of his title, as it was the main end of his calling, then was Jeremiah Jarvis a worthy exemplar of the genus to which he belonged. Few persons in his time had created greater solicitude among his Majesty's lieges within the "Weald." He was rich, of course. The best house in a country-town is always the lawyer's, and it generally boasts a green door, stone steps, and a brass knocker. In neither of these appendages to opulence was Jeremiah deficient; but then, he was so very rich; his reputed wealth, indeed, passed all the common modes of accounting for its increase. True, he was so universal a favourite that every man whose will he made was sure to leave him a legacy; that he was a sort of general assignee to all the bank-

ruptcies within twenty miles of Appledore; was clerk to half the "trusts;" and treasurer to most of the "rates," "funds," and "subscriptions," in that part of the country; that he was land-agent to Lord Mountrhino, and steward to the rich Miss Tabbytale of Smerrididdle Hall; that he had been guardian (?) to three young profligates, who all ran through their property, which, somehow or another, came at last into his hands, "at an equitable valuation." Still his possessions were so considerable, as not to be altogether accounted for, in vulgar esteem, even by these and other honourable modes of accumulation; nor were there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain dark-coloured gentleman, of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counsellor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That "old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil" was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in Appledore;—on this head, at least, there were few schismatics in the parish.

When the worthy "Solicitor" next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work—in his wig—the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman, whose leading principle seems to have been self-appropriation, to make so magnificent a present, the answer is, that Mr. Jarvis might, perhaps, have thought an occasional act of benevolence necessary or politic; he is not the only person who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, pour l'amour de Dieu,—perhaps he had other motives.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed; but, truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of vigour nor

perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eye would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the contemplation of a natural philosopher. This was an apple-tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve, or any of her daughters; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and, drooping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sun-streaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered at the pippins.

On the precise graft of the espalier of Eden, "Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus" are undecided; the bestinformed Talmudists, however, have, if we are to believe Dr. Pinner's German Version, pronounced it a Ribstone pippin, and a Ribstone pippin-tree it was that now attracted the optics, and discomposed the inner man of the thirsty, patient, but perspiring gardener. The heat was still oppressive; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced "a slight and tickling sensation," such as we are assured is occasionally produced by an infinitesimal dose in homeopathy; a still, small voice—it was as though a daddy longlegs were whispering in his tympanum—a small voice seemed to say, "Joe!—take an apple, Joe!!"

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion; the rich crimson of his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun; his very forehead was incarnadine. He raised his hand to scratch his ear,—the little tortuous tail had

worked its way into it,—he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then cast his eye wistfully towards the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursed up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the celery-bed.

Alack! alack! what a piece of work is man!—how short his triumphs!—how frail his resolutions!

From this fine and very original moral reflection we turn reluctantly to record the sequel. The celery-bed, alluded to as the main scene of Mr. Washford's operations, was drawn in a rectilinear direction, nearly across the whole breadth of the parallelogram that comprised the "kitchen garden." Its northern extremity abutted to the hedge before-mentioned; its southern one—woe is me that it should have been so !-- was in fearful vicinity to the Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burden into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles.—"He's taking snuff, Joe," whispered the same small voice;—the tail had twisted itself into its old position. "He is sneezing! -now, Joe!-now!" And ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his hand!

"He! he!" shrilly laughed, or seemed to laugh, that accursed little pigtail.—Washford started at once to the perpendicular;—with an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and, with that in one hand, and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden!

All that night was the humble couch of the once happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was

stealing apples,—he was robbing henroosts,—he was altering the chalks upon the milk-score,—he had purloined three chemises from a hedge, and he awoke in the very act of cutting the throat of one of Squire Hodges's sheep! A clammy dew stood upon his temples,—the cold perspiration burst from every pore,—he sprang in terror from the bed.

"Why, Joe, what ails thee, man?" cried the usually incurious Mrs. Washford; "what be the matter with thee? Thee hast done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What bees it, Joe?"

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer; his eye fell upon the bed. "How the devil came that here?" quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil; "who put that thing on my pillow?"

"Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould night-cap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cowld, so I clapt t' wig atop o' thee head."

And there it lay,—the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an infernal gnomon on a Satanic dial-plate—Larceny and Ovicide shone in every hair of it!

"The dawn was overcast, the morning lower'd And heavily in clouds brought on the day,"

when Joseph Washford once more repaired to the scene of his daily labours; a sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance, and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden-gate; for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows;—his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. "Pooh, pooh! 'twas but an apple, after all!" said Joseph. He pushed open the wicket, and found himself beneath the tempting tree.

But vain now were all its fascinations; like fairy gold seen by the morning light, its charms had faded into very nothingness. Worlds, to say nothing of apples, which in shape resemble them, would not have bought him to stretch forth an unhallowed hand again. He went steadily to his work.

The day continued cloudy, huge drops of rain fell at intervals, stamping his bald pate with spots as big as half-pence; but Joseph worked on. As the day advanced, showers fell thick and frequent; the fresh-turned earth was itself fragrant as a bouquet.—Joseph worked on—and when at last Jupiter Pluvius descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of a dingy pudding, he put on his party-coloured jacket, and strode towards his humble home, rejoicing in his renewed integrity. "Twas but an apple, after all! Had it been an apple-pie, indeed!"—

"An apple-pie!"—the thought was a dangerous one—too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph's better Genius was at this time lord of the ascendant;—he dismissed it, and passed on.

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dudgeon; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drum-head; her voice, generally small and low,—"an excellent thing in woman,"—was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level; she was talking fast and furious. Something had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The "cussed ould twoad of a cat" had got into the dairy, and licked off the cream from the only pan their single cow had filled that morning! And there she now lay, purring as in scorn. Tib, heretofore the meekest

of mousers, the honestest, the least "scaddle" of the feline race,—a cat that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish,—yes,—there was no denying it,—proofs were too strong against her, — yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers, and reposing quietly upon—what?—Jerry Jarvis's old wig!!

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded;—it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz. Joseph Washford lifted his hand—that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby, save to fondle and caress—it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous "dowse." Never was cat so astonished,—so enraged—all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back, and tail erected, as any ordinary Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under similar circumstances, she paused a moment,—drew back on her haunches,—all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring; a demoniac fire gleamed in her green and yellow eyeballs, as, bounding upwards, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant's cheeks!—many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws—then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and was seen no more.

"The Devil's in the cat!" was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump.

Day after day, night after night, 'twas all the same—Joe Washford's life became a burden to him; his natural upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy; his frank, open, manly look, that blenched not from the gaze of the spectator,

was no more; a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis had little of what the world calls "Taste," still less of Science—Ackerman would have called him a "Snob," and Buckland a "Nincompoop." Of the Horticultural Society, its fêtes, its fruits, and its fiddlings, he knew nothing. Little recked he of flowers—save cauliflowers—in these, indeed, he was a connoisseur—to their cultivation and cookery the respective talents of Joe and Madam Witherspoon had long been dedicated; but as for a bouquet!—Hardham's 37 was "the only one fit for a gentleman's nose." And yet, after all, Jerry Jarvis had a good-looking tulip-bed. A female friend of his had married a Dutch merchant; Jerry drew the settlements; the lady paid him by a cheque on "Child's," the gentleman by a present of a "box of roots." Jerry put the latter in his garden—he had rather they had been schalots.

Not so his neighbour Jenkinson; he was a man of "Taste" and of "Science;" he was an F.R.C.E.B.S., which, as he told the vicar, implied, Fellow of the Royal Cathartico-Emetico-Botanical Society," and his autograph in Sir John Frostyface's album stood next to that of the Emperor of all the Russias. Neighbour Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of "neighbour Jarvis's" tulips. There were one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beauty,—the "cups" so well formed,—the colours so defined. To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then "Enough," says the philosopher, "always means a little more than a man has got."—Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never

An allusion to a certain Mr. Frost, Director of a Medico-Botanical Society, whose custom it was, some forty years ago, to obtain autographs for his album from all the distinguished persons to whom he could get access, under the plea of their having been elected members of his Society.

known to bestow,—his neighbour dared not offer to purchase from so wealthy a man; and, worse than all, Joe, the gardener, was incorruptible—ay, but the Wig?

Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the mid-day sun; his head looked like a copper saucepan fresh from the brazier's.

"Why, where's your wig, Joseph?" said the voice of his master from the well-known window; "what have you done with your wig?" The question was embarrassing,—its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore; Joseph had put the wig in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient.—" Hark ye, Joseph Washford," said he, "either wear my wig, or let me have it again!"

There was no mistaking the meaning of his tones; they were resonant of indignation and disgust, of mingled grief and anger, the amalgamation of sentiment naturally produced by

"Friendship unreturn'd, And unrequited Love."

Washford's heart smote him; he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. "It's here, your Honour," said he; "I had only taken it off because we have had a smartish shower; but the sky is brightening now." The wig was replaced, and the little tortuous pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed position.

At this moment neighbour Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

- "Joe Washford!" said neighbour Jenkinson.
- "Sir, to you," was the reply.
- "How beautifully your tulips look after the rain!"

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"Ah! sir, master sets no great store by them flowers," returned the gardener.

"Indeed! Then perhaps he would have no objection to part with a few?"

"Why, no!—I don't think master would like to give them, —or anything else,—away, sir;"—and Washford scratched his ear.

"Joe!!"—said Mr. Jenkinson—"Joe!!"

The Sublime, observes Longinus, is often embodied in a monosyllable—"Joe!!!"—Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shone from between his upraised fingers, and its "poor, poor dumb mouth" spoke for him.

How Joseph Washford's left ear did itch!—He looked to the ground-floor back—Mr. Jarvis had left the window!

Mr. Jenkinson's ground-plot boasted, at daybreak next morning, a splendid Semper Augustus, "which was not so before," and Joseph Washford was led home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state of "civilization," from "The Three Jolly Potboys."

From that hour he was the Fiend's!!

"Facilis descensus Averni!" says Virgil. "It is only the first step that is attended with any difficulty," says—somebody else,—when speaking of the decollated martyr, St. Denis's walk with his head under his arm. "The First Step!"—Joseph Washford had taken that step!—he had taken two—three—four steps;—and now, from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread—an amble—a positive trot!—He took the family linen "to the wash:"—one of Madam Witherspoon's best Holland chemises was never seen after.

"Lost?—impossible! How could it be lost?—where could it be gone to?—who could have got it? It was her best—her

very best!—she should know it among a hundred—among a thousand!—it was marked with a great W in the corner!—Lost?—impossible!—She would see!"—Alas! she never did see—the chemisc—abiit, crupit, cvasit!—it was

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more!"

—but Joseph Washford's Sunday shirt was seen, finer and fairer than ever, the pride and dulce decus of the Meeting.

The Meeting?—ay, the Meeting. Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent Meeting-House, whether the service were in the morning or afternoon,—whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain. Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed;—but other people missed —one missed an umbrella,—one a pair of clogs. Johnson missed his tobacco-box,—Farmer Jackson his greatcoat;—Miss Jackson missed her hymn-book,—a diamond edition, bound in maroon-coloured velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed—but Joe Washford; there he sat, grave, sedate, and motionless—all save that restless, troublesome, fidgety little Pigtail attached to his wig, which nothing could keep quiet, or prevent from tickling and interfering with Miss Thompson's curls, as she sat, back to back with Joe, in the adjoining pew. After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall recruiting sergeant of the Connaught Rangers.

The summer passed away,—autumn came and went,—and Christmas, jolly Christmas, that period of which we are accustomed to utter the mournful truism, it "comes but once a-year," was at hand. It was a fine bracing morning; the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-coloured ravine of Orlestone-hill, when a medical gentleman, returning to the quiet little village of Ham Street,

that lies at its foot, from a farm-house at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity.

After several hours of patient attention, Mr. Moneypenny had succeeded in introducing to the notice of seven little expectant brothers and sisters a "remarkably fine child," and was now hurrying home, in the sweet hope of a comfortable "snooze" for a couple of hours before the announcement of tea and muffins should arouse him to fresh exertion. road at this particular spot had, even then, been cut deep below the surface of the soil, for the purpose of diminishing the abruptness of the descent, and, as either side of the superincumbent banks was clothed with a thick mantle of tangled copsewood, the passage, even by day, was sufficiently obscure, the level beams of the rising or setting sun, as they happened to enfilade the gorge, alone illuminating its recesses. A long stream of rosy light was just beginning to make its way through the vista, and Mr. Moneypenny's nose had scarcely caught and reflected its kindred ray, when the sturdiest and most active cob that ever rejoiced in the appellation of a "Suffolk Punch," brought herself up in mid career upon her haunches, and that with a suddenness which had almost induced her rider to describe that beautiful mathematical figure, the parabola, between her ears. —her name was Peggy—stood stock-still, snorting like a stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle hints afforded her by hand and heel.

"Tch!—tch!—get along, Peggy!" half exclaimed half whistled the equestrian. If ever steed said in its heart, "I'll be shot if I do!" it was Peggy at that moment. She planted her forelegs deep in the sandy soil, raised her stump of a tail to an elevation approaching the horizontal, protruded her nose like a pointer at a covey, and with expanded nostril continued to snuffle most egregiously.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, the illustrious "Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice," tells us, in his far-famed treatise on the Art Equestrian, that the most embarrassing position in which a rider can be placed is when he wishes to go one way, and his horse is determined to go another. There is, to be sure, a tertium quid, which, though it "splits the difference," scarcely obviates the inconvenience; this is when the parties compromise the matter by not going any way at all—to this compromise Peggy, and her (soi-disant) master were now reduced; they had fairly joined issue. "Budge!" quoth the doctor.—"Budge not!" quoth the fiend,—for nothing short of a fiend could, of a surety, inspire Peggy at such a time with such unwonted obstinacy.—Moneypeuny whipped and spurred-Peggy plunged and reared, and kicked, and for several minutes to a superficial observer the termination of the contest might have appeared uncertain; but your profound thinker sees at a glance that, however the scales may appear to vibrate, when the question between the sexes is one of perseverance, it is quite a lost case for the masculine gender. Peggy beat the doctor "all to sticks," and, when he was fairly tired of goading and thumping, maintained her position as firmly as ever.

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forwards nor backwards—so Mr. Moneypenny got off, and muttering curses both "loud" and "deep" between his chattering teeth, "progressed," as near as the utmost extremity of the extended bridle would allow him, to peep among the weeds and brushwood that flanked the road, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so exclusively attracted the instinctive attention of his Bucephalus.

His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced

partially upon some object ruddier even than itself—it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas compotation, seemed to have selected for his "thrice-driven bed of down" the thickest clump of the tallest and most imposing nettles, thereon to doze away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneypenny's belief, or he would scarcely have uttered, at the highest pitch of his contralto, "What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse!"—We have already hinted, if not absolutely asserted, that Peggy was a mare; but this was no time for verbal criticism.—"Get up, I say,—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!"—But the "scoundrel" and "drunken rascal" answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by significant explosions from a double-thonged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and a breathing man!

The clear, shrill tones of a ploughboy's whistle sounded at this moment from the bottom of the hill, where the broad and green expanse of Romney Marsh stretches away from its foot for many a mile, and now gleamed through the mists of morning, dotted and enamelled with its thousand flocks. In a few minutes his tiny figure was seen "slouching" up the ascent, casting a most disproportionate and ogre-like shadow before him.

"Come here, Jack," quoth the doctor,—"come here, boy; lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does not run away."

Peggy threw up her head, and snorted disdain of the insinuation,—she had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing.

Mr. Moneypenny meanwhile, disencumbered of his restive vol. 11.

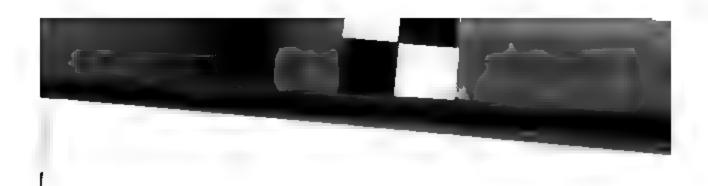
nag, proceeded by manual application to arouse the sleeper. Alas! the Seven of Ephesus might sooner have been awakened from their century of somnolency. His was that "dreamless sleep that knows no waking;" his cares in this world were over. Vainly did Moneypenny practise his own constant precept, "To be well shaken!"—there lay before him the lifeless body of a Murdered Man!

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprang up among the stumps of the half-grubbed underwood; the throat was fearfully lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood showed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle: but as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface, and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased were turned out, and empty; a hat and heavy-loaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

"But what have we here!" quoth Doctor Moneypenny; "what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?"

That hand had manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp—IT was an old WIG!!"

Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a Cinque Port court-house may possibly divine what that useful and most necessary edifice was some eighty years ago. Many of them seem to have undergone little alteration, and are in general of a composite order of architecture, a fanciful arrangement of brick and timber, with what Johnson would





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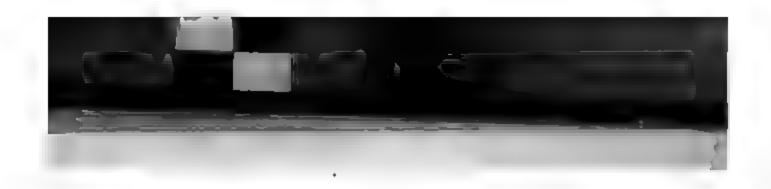
JERRY JARVIS'S WIG.

have styled "interstices, reticulated, and decussated between intersections" of lath and plaster. Its less euphonious designation in the "Weald" is a "noggin." One-half the basement story is usually of the more solid material; the other, open to the street,—from which it is separated only by a row of dingy columns, supporting a portion of the superstructure,—is paved with tiles, and sometimes does duty as a market-place; while, in its centre, flanking the broad staircase that leads to the sessions-house above, stands an ominous-looking machine, of heavy perforated wood, clasped within whose stern embrace "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" off occasionally the drowsiness produced by convivial excess, in a most undignified position, an inconvenience much increased at times by some mischievous urchin, who, after abstracting the shoes of the helpless detenu, amuses himself by tickling the soles of his feet.

It was in such a place, or rather in the Court-room above, that in the year 1761 a hale, robust man, somewhat past the middle age, with a very bald pate, save where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear swelled out into a greyish-looking bush upon the occiput, held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of Dymchurch jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offence most heinous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butchery of an unoffending, unprepared fellow-creature, — homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo auscultante, clam perpetratur.

The victim was one Humphry Bourne, a reputable grazier of Ivychurch, worthy and well to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market-day, when "a score of ewes" had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him longer than usual at an Ashford cattle-show; he had left the town late, and alone; early in

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the following morning his horse was found standing at his own stable-door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly, and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off, by our friend the pharmacopolist.

That poor Bourne had been robbed and murdered there could be no question.

Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed?— The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of— Joseph Washford.

Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent known by the name of "The Lath of Scraye." He had not sat two minutes on the body before he recognised his quondam property, and started at beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the death-struggle from the murderer's head, his own OLD WIG, -his own perky little pigtail, tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford's shoes,—broad pieces were found in Joe Washford's pockets,---Joe Washford had himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up, hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruningknife red with the evidence of his crime-"the grey hairs yet stuck to the heft!"

For their humane administration of the laws, the lieges of this portion of the realm have long been celebrated. Here it was that merciful verdict was recorded in the case of the old lady accused of larceny, "We find her Not Guilty, and hope she will never do so any more!" Here it was that the more experienced culprit, when called upon to plead with the customary, though somewhat superfluous, inquiry as to "how he would be tried?" substituted for the usual reply, "By God

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and my country," that of "By your worship and a Dymchurch Jury." Here it was-but enough !-not even a Dymchurch jury could resist such evidence, even though the gallows (i. e. the expense of erecting one) stared them, as well as the criminal, in the face. The very pigtail alone !—ever at his ear!—a clearer case of suadente Diabolo never was made out. Had there been a doubt, its very conduct in the The Rev. Court-house would have settled the question. Joel Ingoldsby, umquhile chaplain to the Romney Bench, has left upon record that when exhibited in evidence, together with the blood-stained knife, its twistings, its caperings, its gleeful evolutions quite "flabbergasted" the jury, and threw all beholders into a consternation. It was remarked, too, by many in the Court, that the Forensic Wig of the Recorder himself was, on that trying occasion, palpably agitated, and that its three depending, learned-looking tails lost curl at once, and slunk beneath the obscurity of the powdered collar, just as the boldest dog recoils from a rabid animal of its own species, however small and insignificant.

Why prolong the painful scene?—Joe Washford was tried—Joe Washford was convicted—Joe Washford was hanged!!

The fearful black gibbet, on which his body clanked in its chains to the midnight winds, frowns no more upon Orlestone Hill; it has sunk beneath the encroaching hand of civilization; but there it might be seen late in the last century, an awful warning to all bald-pated gentlemen how they wear, or accept, the old wig of a Special Attorney.

"Timeo Danaös et dona ferentes!"

Such gifts, as we have seen, may lead to a "Morbid Delusion, the climax of which is murder!"

The fate of the Wig itself is somewhat doubtful: nobody

seems to have recollected, with any degree of precision, what became of it. Mr. Ingoldsby "had heard" that, when thrown into the fire by the Court-keeper, after whizzing, and fizzling, and performing all sorts of supernatural antics and contortions, it at length whirled up the chimney with a bang that was taken for the explosion of one of the Feversham powder-mills, twenty miles off; while others insinuate that in the "Great Storm" which took place on the night when Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis went to his "long home,"—wherever that may happen to be,—and the whole of "The Marsh" appeared as one broad sheet of flame, something that looked very like a Fiery Wig—perhaps a miniature Comet—it had unquestionably a tail—was seen careering in the blaze,—and seeming to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm!"

JERRY JARVIN'S WIG.

NOTE.

"—though the gallows (i.e. the expense of erecting one) stared them as well as the criminal, in the face."—P. 325.

A story used to be current in "The Marsh" that a culprit, having been condemned to death for sheep-stealing,—he had been convicted as matter of course, for though a "Marsh" jury would stand pretty well anything, they would not stand that, -considerable difficulty arose about providing a gallows. There was no such thing in the neighbourhood; a new one would cost nobody could guess how much; and the free and enlightened jurors emphatically declared that they would have seen the rascal at the — Antipodes before they would have found him guilty, if they had thought there was a chance of their being put to the expense of hanging him. Former judges had been content, on a recommendation to mercy, with a sentence of transportation for life; the present one was inflexible. What was to be done?—anything but execution. At length the town-clerk observed that they had, he thought, better leave the difficulty in his hands. It was agreed to do so; and accordingly, in the course of the evening that astute functionary paid a visit to the originator of all this inconvenience, and after enlarging, doubtless, on the enormity of his offence, called his attention to the state of the prison window—" Not so secure as it might be, eh? we must have it looked to to-morrow." Curiously enough, when on the morrow the jailer opened the door, the cell was found empty, the window open, and the prisoner nowhere! As for "the difficulty," "solvitur ambulando," said the town-clerk.



A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious tie!"

Thomson—or Somebody.

THE LADY JANE was tall and slim, The Lady Jane was fair,

And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
But his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
And he wore green "specs," with a tortoiseshell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him,

And they were a loving pair!—
—And the name and the fame
Of the Knight and his Dame

Were ev'rywhere hail'd with the loudest acclaim; And wherever they went, or wherever they came,

Far and wide,

The people cried,

Huzza! for the Lord of this noble domain,—

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!—once again!—

Encore !—Encore !—

One cheer more !--

All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane!

> Now Sir Thomas the Good, Be it well understood,

Was a man of a very contemplative mood—
He would pore by the hour
O'er a weed or a flower,

Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;

Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,

And Moths were of no small account in his eyes;

An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,

While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long legs" and thighs

Pass'd the common in shape, or in colour, or size,

He was wont to consider an absolute prize.

Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce "keep his paws off"
—he

Gave up, in short, Both business and sport,

And abandon'd himself, tout entier, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim, And Lady Jane was fair,

And a good many years the junior of him,

And as he,

All agree,

Look'd less like her Mari,

As he walk'd by her side, than her Père,1

There are some might be found entertaining a notion

That such an entire and exclusive devotion

To that part of science folks style Entomology,

Was a positive shame, And, to such a fair Dame,

> My friend, Mr. Hood, In his comical mood,

Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady— Him—"Stern-old and Hopkins," and her "Tête and Braidy."—T. I.

Really demanded some sort of apology;

—No doubt, it would vex

One-half of the sex

To see their own husband, in horrid green "specs," Instead of enjoying a sociable chat, Still poking his nose into this and to that, At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,

Or great ugly things

All legs and wings,

With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings; And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,

-One eternally thinking,

And blinking, and winking

At grubs,—when he ought to be winking at them.—But no!—oh no!

'Twas by no means so

With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby—she, far discreeter, And, having a temper more even and sweeter,

Would never object to Her spouse, in respect to His poking and peeping After "things creeping;"

Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping, Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

> Tout au contraire, No lady so fair

Was e'er known to wear more contented an air;
And,—let who would call,—every day she was there,
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,
Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
Or counting her spoons and her crockery-ware;—



Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair, With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare, Enough to make less gifted visitors stare,

And declare, where'er

They had been, that, "they ne'er

In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare

With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear."

Nay more; don't suppose With such doings as those

This account of her merits must come to a close;
No;—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind;
For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen,

Close by her side

Sat her kinsman, M'Bride,

Her cousin, fourteen-times-removed,—as you'll see If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree, In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx., page 53.

All the papers I've read agree, Too, with the pedigree,

Where, among the collateral branches, appears

"Captain Dugald M'Bride, Royal Scots Fusileers;" And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan

A more highly-intelligent, worthy young man ;-

And there he'd be sitting,

While she was a-knitting,

Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting, Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,

Reading aloud, with a very grave look, Some very "wise saw" from some very good book,—

Some such pious divine as St. Thomas Aquinas: Or, equally charming, The works of Bellarmine; Or else he unravels The "voyages and travels"

Of Hakluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names do sully verse!)—

Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,— Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe.—

> No matter who came, It was always the same,

The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame, Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf, They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well,—it happen'd one day,
—I really can't say

The particular month;—but I think 'twas in May,—'Twas, I know, in the Spring time,—when "Nature looks gay," As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away;
When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with light,—
That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight!

It seems he had taken

A light breakfast—bacon,

An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at most

A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,

With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.

And then—let me see!—

He had two-perhaps three

Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong Gunpowder tea, With a spoonful in each of some choice eau de vie, Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.—

—In fact, I and my son

Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"

Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison, And both hating brandy like what some call "pison."

No matter for that—

He had call'd for his hat,

With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoiseshell rim, and his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs—
Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble—alack!
He set out, poor dear soul!—but he never came back!

"First dinner-bell" rang Out its euphonous clang

At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "Last" Ding-dong'd, as it was ever wont, at half-past,

While Betsey, and Sally,

And Thompson, the Valet,

And every one else was beginning to bless himself,
Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself—
—Quoth Betsey, "Dear me! why, the fish will be cold!"—
Quoth Sally, "Good gracious! how 'Missis' will scold!"—

Thompson, the Valet, Look'd gravely at Sally,

As who should say, "Truth must not always be told!" Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold,

Thus exposed to the dews,
Lambs'-wool stockings, and shoes,
Of each a fresh pair,
He put down to air,

And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.—

Still the Master was absent—the Cook came and said, "he Much fear'd, as the dinner had been so long ready,

The roast and the boil'd Would be all of it spoil'd,

And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat, He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!"

This closed the debate—
"Twould be folly to wait,"

Said the Lady, "Dish up!—let the meal be served straight; And let two or three slices be put on a plate, And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He's lost sure as fate! And, a hundred to one, won't be home till it's late!"—Captain Dugald M'Bride then proceeded to face The Lady at table,—stood up, and said grace,—Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,

That live-long night, did the hours go by;

And the Lady Jane,

In grief and in pain,

She sat herself down to cry!—

And Captain M'Bride,

Who sat by her side,

Though I really can't say that he actually cried,

At least had a tear in his eye!—

As much as can well be expected, perhaps, From very "young fellows" for very "old chaps;"

And if he had said

What he'd got in his head,

'Twould have been "Poor old Buffer! he's certainly dead!"

The morning dawn'd,—and the next,—and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplex'd;
No watch-dog "bay'd a welcome home," as
A watch-dog should, to the "Good Sir Thomas;"

No knocker fell

His approach to tell,

Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell— The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey-birds caroll'd with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and free—
—Without, all was joy and harmony!

"And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
You Sun, that now our bosoms warms,
Shall shine,—but shine on other forms;—
You Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey,—
The Stream we loved shall roll as fair;
The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—
The Tree, whose bending branches bear
The One loved name—shall yet be there;—
But where the hand that carved it?—Where?"—

These were hinted to me as The very ideas

Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady Jane, Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train, As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,

With Captain M'Bride,

Of course, at her side,

Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he tried,
—An "idea," in fact, had got into his head,
That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,
It might be no bad "spec." to be there in his stead,
And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed

A Lady who was young and fair, A lady slim and tall,

To set himself down in comfort there

The Lord of Tapton 1 Hall.— Thinks he, "We have sent Half over Kent,

And nobody knows how much money's been spent, Yet no one's been found to say which way he went!—

The groom, who's been over To Folkstone and Dover,

Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!

—Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-side, Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've supplied,— And we've sent out the Crier, and had him well cried—

'MISSING!!
Stolen, or stray'd,
Lost, or mislaid,

¹ The familiar abbreviation for Tappington Everard still in use among the tenantry. (Vide Prefatory Introduction to the Ingoldsby Legends.)—T. 1.

A GENTLEMAN;—middle-aged, sober, and staid;— Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was array'd In a sad-colour'd suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd;— Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim, And a hat rather low-crown'd, and broad in the brim.—

> Whoe'er Shall bear,

Or shall send him with care
(Right side uppermost) home;—or shall give notice where
The said middle-aged Gentleman is;—or shall state
Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike, called Tappington Gate,
Shall receive a Reward of Five Pounds for his trouble,—
(N.B.—If defunct the Reward will be double!!

"Had he been above ground He must have been found.

No; doubtless he's shot,—or he's hang'd,—or he's drown'd!—
Then his Widow—ay! ay!—
But what will folks say?—

To address her at once—at so early a day!

Well—what then?—who cares?—let'em say what they may—

A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice it, her Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her!"

When a man has decided As Captain M'Bride did,

And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery. He began on the instant, and vow'd that "her eyes Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—

That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like lilies—Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!"—With a thousand more compliments equally true,

And express'd in similitudes equally new!

—Then his left arm he placed Round her jimp, taper waist—

-Ere she fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,

Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,

With that very peculiar expression of face

Which always betokens dismay or disaster,

Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—" Oh, Ma'am! we've found
Master!"—

—"Where? where?" scream'd the lady; and Echo scream'd "Where?"—

—The man couldn't say "There!"

He had no breath to spare,

But, gasping for air, he could only respond

By pointing—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND!!

—'Twas e'en so—poor dear Knight!—with his "specs" and his hat

He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;

When, close to the side

Of the bank, he espied

An "uncommon fine" Tadpole, remarkably fat!

He stoop'd; and he thought her

His own;—he had caught her!

Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her, When—he plump'd head and heels into fifteen feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,

The Lady Jane was fair,

Alas, for Sir Thomas !—she grieved for him,

As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,





1. wife the trage



His body between them bear.

She sobb'd and she sigh'd; she lamented and cried,

For of sorrow brimful was her cup;

She swoon'd, and I think she'd have fall'n down and died,

If Captain M'Bride

Had not been by her side,

With the Gardener; they both their assistance supplied,

And managed to hold her up.—

But when she "comes to,"

Oh! 'tis shocking to view

The sight which the corpse reveals!

Sir Thomas's body,

It look'd so odd—he

Was half eaten up by the eels!

His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes

Were all gnaw'd through and through;

And out of each shoe

An eel they drew;

And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two!

And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,

As well we may suppose;

For, when he came running to give the alarm,

He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John 1
Was summon'd anon;
Holy water was sprinkled,
And little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted,
And incense ignited,

¹ For some account of Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am so much beholden, see *Ingoldsby Legends*, Vol. I. page 218. This was the last ecclesiastical act of his long and valuable life.—T. I.

And masses were sung, and masses were said, All day, for the quiet repose of the dead, And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,—
And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind—or, what's much the same,
Had thought about—once more "changing her name,"
And she said, with a pensive air,
To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
"Eels a many

"Fels a many
I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before!—
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond.—
Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—
Poor dear!—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!"

MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,
If you're married, and have not got very good eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies!—
If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,
And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim!

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware
How, on losing one spouse, they give way to despair;
But let them reflect, "There are fish, and no doubt on't—
As good in the river as ever came out on't!"

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming In solitude—raison de plus, in the "gloaming,"—
Let them have a fix'd time for said spouse to come home in!
And if, when "last dinner-bell" 's rung, he is late,
To insure better manners in future—Don't wait!—

If of husband or children they chance to be fond, Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the pond!

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—
That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,
Then—Crede experto—trust one who has tried—
Have them spitch-cock'd,—or stew'd—they're too oily when fried!

A LEGEND OF BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

"Did you ever see the Devil dance !"—OLD QUERY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON he danced with grace, He'd a very fine form and a very fine face,

And his cloak and his doublet were guarded with lace,

And the rest of his clothes,

As you well may suppose,

In taste were by no means inferior to those;

He'd a yellow starch'd ruff,

And his gloves were of buff,

On each of his shoes a red heel and a rose,

And nice little moustaches under his nose;

Then every one knows

How he turn'd out his toes,

And a very great way that accomplishment goes,

In a Court where it's thought, in a lord or duke, a

Disgrace to fall short in "the Brawls"—(their Cachouca.)

So what with his form, and what with his face,

And what with his velvet cloak guarded with lace,

And what with his elegant dancing and grace,

His dress and address

So tickled Queen Bess

That her Majesty gave him a very snug place;

And seeing, moreover, at one single peep, her Advisers were, few of them, sharper or deeper (Old Burleigh excepted), she made him Lord-Keeper!

I've heard, I confess with no little surprise, English history call'd a farrago of lies,

And a certain Divine,

A connexion of mine,

Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,

Is apt to declare,

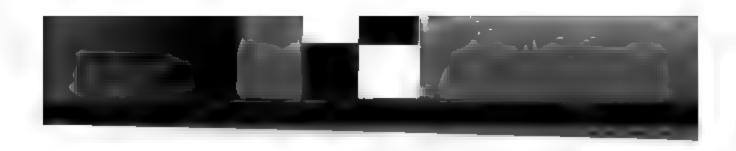
Leaning back in his chair,

With a sort of a smirking, self-satisfied air,

That "all that's recorded in Hume, and elsewhere,

- "Of our early 'Annales'
- "A trumpery tale is,
- "Like the 'Bold Captain Smith's,' and 'the luckless Miss Bayley's'—
- "That old Roger Hoveden, and Ralph de Diceto,
- "And others (whose names should I try to repeat o-
- "-ver, I'm well assured you would put in your veto),
 - "Though all holy friars,
 - "Were very great liars,
- "And raised stories faster than Grissell and Peto-
- "That Harold escaped with the loss of a 'glim'—
- "—That the shaft which kill'd Rufus ne'er glanced from a limb
- "Of a tree, as they say, but was aim'd slap at him,—
- "That Fair Rosamond never was poison'd or spitted,
- "But outlived Queen Nell, who was much to be pitied;-
- "That Nelly her namesake, Ned Longshanks's wife,
- "Ne'er went crusading at all in her life,
- "Nor suck'd the wound made by the poison-tipp'd knife!

- "For as she,
- "O'er the sea,
- "Towards far Galilee
- "Never, even in fancy, march'd carcass or shook shanks,
- "Of course she could no more suck Longshanks than Cruik-shanks,
- "But, leaving her spindle-legged liege lord to roam,
- "Stay'd behind, and suck'd something better at home,—
 - "That it's quite as absurd
 - "To say Edward the Third,
- "In reviving the Garter, afforded a handle
- "For any Court-gossip, detraction, or scandal,
 - "As 'twould be to say,
 - "That at Court t'other day,
- "At the fête which the newspapers say was so gay,"
- "His great Representative then stole away
- "Lady Salisbury's garters as part of the play.-
- "-That as to Prince Hal's being taken to jail,
- "By the London Police, without mainprize or bail,
 - " For cuffing a judge,
 - "It's a regular fudge;
- "And that Chief-Justice Gascoigne, it's very well known,
- "Was kick'd out the moment he came to the throne.-
- "—Then that Richard the Third was a 'marvellous proper man'—
- "Never kill'd, injured, or wrong'd of a copper, man!—
 - "Ne'er wish'd to smother
 - "The sons of his brother,—
- "Nor ever stuck Harry the Sixth, who, instead
- On the 12th of May, 1842, the Queen gave a fancy-dress ball, of unrivalled magnificence, in the Throne Room, Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty appeared as Queen Philippa, Consort of Edward III. and Prince Albert as Edward III. himself; the costumes of those in her Majesty's own circle belonging mostly to this era.



- "Of being squabash'd, as in Shakspeare we've read,
- "Caught a bad influenza, and died in his bed,
- "In the Tower, not far from the room where the Guard is
- " (The octagon one that adjoins Duffus Hardy's).
- "-That, in short, all the 'facts' in the Decem Scriptores,
- " Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories."

Then if, as he vows, both this country and France in, Historians thus gave themselves up to romancing, Notwithstanding what most of them join in advancing Respecting Sir Christopher's capering and prancing,

'Twill cause no surprise

If we find that his rise

Is not to be solely ascribed to his dancing!

The fact is, Sir Christopher, early in life,

As all bachelors should do, had taken a wife,

A Fanshawe by family,—one of a house

Well descended, but boasting less "nobles" than nous;

Though e'en as to purse

He might have done worse,

For I find, on perusing her Grandfather's will, it is Clear she had "good gifts beside possibilities," 1

Owches and rings,

And such sort of things,

Orellana shares (then the American Stocks),

Jewell'd stomachers, coifs, ruffs, silk-stockings with clocks, Point-lace, cambric handkerchiefs, nightcaps, and—socks— (Recondite apparel contain'd in her box),

-Then the height of her breeding

And depth of her reading

Might captivate any gay youth, and, in leading Him on "to propose," well excuse the proceeding:

^{1 &}quot;Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts."
Sta Hugh Evans.

Truth to tell, as to "reading," the Lady was thought to do More than she should, and know more than she ought to do.

Her maid, it was said,

Declared that she read

(A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed;

And that often, o' nights,

Odd noises and sights

In her mistress's chamber had giv'n her sad frights, After all in the mansion had put out their lights, And she verily thought that hobgoblins and sprites Were there, kicking up all sorts of devil's delights!— Miss Alice, in short, was supposed to "collogue"—I Don't much like the word—with the subtle old rogue, I 've heard call'd by so many names — one of them's

" Bogy "—

Indeed 'twas conceived, And by most folks believed,

—A thing at which all of her well-wishers grieved — That should she incline to play such a vagary, Like sage Lady Branxholm, her contempo-rary (Excuse the false quantity, reader, I pray), She could turn a knight into a waggon of hay, Or two nice little boys into puppies at play, Raison de plus, not a doubt could exist of her Pow'r to turn "Kit Hatton" into "Sir Christopher;" But what "mighty magic" or strong "conjuration," Whether love-powder, philtre, or other potation

She used, I confess

I'm unable to guess,—

Much less to express

By what skill and address

She "cut and contrived" with such signal success, As we Londoners say, to "inwiggle" Queen Bess,



Inasmuch as I lack heart
To study the Black Art;
Be that as it may,—it's as clear as the sun,
That, however she did it, 'twas certainly done!

Now, they're all very well, titles, honour, and rank, Still we can't but admit, if we choose to be frank, There's no harm in a snug little sum in the Bank!

An old proverb says,

"Pudding still before praise!"

An adage well known, I've no doubt, in those days;
And George Colman, the Younger, in one of his plays,
Makes one of his characters loudly declare
That "a Lord without money,"—I quote from his "HeirAt-Law"—"'s but a poor wishy-washy affair!"—
In her subsequent conduct I think we can see a
Strong proof the Dame entertain'd some such idea,

For, once in the palace, We find Lady Alice

Again playing tricks with her Majesty's chalice

In the way that the jocose, in Our days, term "hocussing;"

The liquor she used, as I've said, she kept close, But, whatever it was, she now doubled the dose!

(So true is the saying,

"We never can stay, in

Our progress, when once with the foul fiend we league us.")
—She "doctor'd" the punch, and she "doctor'd" the negus,
Taking care not to put in sufficient to flavour it,

Till, at every fresh sip That moisten'd her lip,

The Virgin Queen grew more attach'd to her Favourite.

"No end" now he commands Of money and lands,

And, as George Robins says, when he's writing about houses, "Messuages, Tenements, crofts, tofts, and outhouses," Parks, manors, chases, She "gives and she grants, To him and his heirs, and his uncles and aunts;" Whatever he wants, he has only to ask it, And all other suitors are "left in the basket,"

Till Dudley and Rawleigh Began to look squally,

While even grave Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh, Himself, "shook his head," and grew snappish and surly.

> All this was fine sport, As our authors report,

To Dame Alice, become a great Lady at Court,
Where none than her Ladyship's husband look'd bigger,
Who "led the brawls" still with the same grace and vigour,
Though losing a little in slimness and figure;
For eating and drinking all day of the best

Of viands well drest, With "Burgess's Zest,"

Is apt, by degrees, to enlarge a man's vest;
And, what in Sir Christopher went to increase it, he
'd always been rather inclined to obesity;
—Few men in those times were found to grow thinner
With beefsteaks for breakfast, and pork-pie for dinner.

Now it's really a difficult problem to say How long matters might have gone on in this way, If it had not unluckily happen'd one day

> That NICK,—who, because He'd the gout in his claws

1 "The grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls, The seals and maces danced before him."—GRAY.

And his hoofs—(he's by no means so young as he was, And is subject of late to a sort of rheumatic a--ttack that partakes both of gout and sciatica,)— All the night long had twisted and grinn'd, His pains much increased by an easterly wind, Which always compels him to hobble and limp, Was strongly advised by his Medical Imp To lie by a little, and give over work, For he'd lately been slaving away like a Turk, On the Guinea coast helping to open a brave trade In Niggers, with Hawkins 1 who founded the slave-trade, So he call'd for his ledger, the constant resource Of your mercantile folk, when they're "not in full force;" —If a cold or catarrh makes them husky and hoarse, Or a touch of gout keeps them away from "the Bourse," They look over their books as a matter of course. Now scarce had Nick turn'd over one page, or two, Ere a prominent item attracted his view, A Bill !—that had now been some days overdue, From one Alice Hatton, née Fanshawe—a name Which you'll recognise, reader, at once as the same With that borne by Sir Christopher's erudite dame! The signature—much more prononcé than pink, Seem'd written in blood—but it might be red ink— While the rest of the deed

He proceeded to read,
Like ev'ry "bill, bond, or acquittance" whose date is
Three hundred years old, ran in Latin,—" Sciatis

Sir John Hawkins, for "his worthye attempts and services," and because "in the same he had dyvers conflights with the Moryans and slew and toke dyvers of the same Moryans," received from Elizabeth an honourable augmentation to his coat armour, including, for his crest, "A Demi-Moor sable, with two manacles on each arm, or."—T. I.

(Diaboli?) omnes ad quos hac pervenient—"
—But courage, dear Reader, I mean to be lenient,
And scorn to inflict on you half the "Law-reading"
I pick'd up "umquhile" in three days' special-pleading,
Which cost me—a theme I'll not pause to digress on—
Just thirty-three pounds six-and-eightpence a lesson¹—
"As I'm stout, I'll be merciful," therefore, and sparing
All these technicalities, and by declaring

The Deed so correct

As to make one suspect

(Were it possible any such person could go there)
Old Nick had a Special Attorney below there:
'Twas so framed and express'd no tribunal could shake it,
And firm as red wax and black ferret could make it.

By the roll of his eye As Old Nick put it by,

It was clear he had made up his mind what to do In respect to the course he should have to pursue, When his hoof would allow him to put on a shoe!!

No, although the Lord-Keeper held under the crown, house And land in the country—he'd never a town-house,

And, as we have seen,

His course always had been,

When he wanted a thing, to solicit the Queen; So now, in the hope of a fresh acquisition, He danced off to Court with his "Humble Petition."

- "Please your Majesty's Grace,
- "I have not a place,

¹ Mr. Barham entered as a student the office of Mr. Joseph Chitty, the special pleader and author of *Chitty's Practice*. He paid the usual fee of one hundred pounds for a year's instruction. Three doses proved sufficient.

- "I can well put my head in, to dine, sup, or sleep!
- "Your Grace's Lord-Keeper has nowhere to keep,
 - "So I beg and entreat,
 - "At your Majesty's feet,
- "That your Grace will be graciously pleased for to say,
 - "With as little delay
 - " As your Majesty may,
- "Where your Majesty's Grace's Lord-Keeper's to stay-
- "-And your Grace's Petitioner ever will pray!"

The Queen, when she heard This petition preferr'd,

Gave ear to Sir Christopher's suit at a word;—

- "Odds Bobs, my good Lord!" was her gracious reply,
 - "I don't know, not I,
 - "Any good reason why
- "A Lord-Keeper, like you, should not always be nigh
- "To advise—and devise—and revise—our supply—
- "A House! we're surprised that the thing did not strike
- "Us before—Yes!—of course!—Pray, whose House would you like!
- "When I do things of this kind, I do them genteelly,
- "A House?—let me see!—there's the Bishop of Ely!
- "A capital mansion, I'm told, the proud knave is in,
- "Up there in Holborn, just opposite Thavies' Inn-
- "Where the strawberries grow so fine and so big,
- "Which our Grandmother's Uncle tucked in like a pig,
- "King Richard the Third, which you all must have read of—
- "The day,-don't you know?-he cut Hastings' head off-
- "And mark me, proud Prelate!—I'm speaking to you,
- "Bishop Heaton !--you need not, my Lord, look so blue--

"Give it up on the instant! I don't mean to shock you,
"Or else by ——!—(The Bishop was shock'd!)—I'll unfrock you!!"

The Queen turns abruptly her back on the group,
The Courtiers all bow as she passes, and stoop
To kiss, as she goes, the hind flounce of her hoop,
And Sir Christopher, having thus danced to some tune,
Skips away with much glee in his best rigadoon!

While poor Bishop Heaton, Who found himself beaten,

In serious alarm at the Queen's contumelious
And menacing tone, at once gave him up Ely House,
With every appurtenance thereto belonging,
Including the strawberry-beds 'twas so strong in;
Politely he bow'd to the gratified minion,
And said, "There can be, my good lord, in opinion

No difference betwixt yours
And mine as to fixtures,
And tables, and chairs—
We need no survey'rs—

Take them just as you find them, without reservation, Grates, coppers, and all, at your own valuation!"

Well! the object is gain'd!

A good town-house obtain'd,

The next thing to be thought of, is now

The "house-warming" party—the when and the how—

The Court Ladies call,

One and all, great and small,

For an elegant "Spread," and more elegant Ball, So, Sir Christopher, vain as we know of his capering, No sooner had finish'd his painting and papering,



Than he sat down and wrote, A nice little pink note

To every great Lord, whom he knew, and his spouse,

- "From our poor place on Holborn Hill (late Ely House),
- "Lord-Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton request,
- "Lord So-and-So's (name, style, or title exprest)
 - "Good company on
 - "The next Eve of St. John,
- "Viz., Friday week, June 24th, as their guest,
 - "To partake of pot-luck,
 - " And taste a fat buck.
- " N.B.—Venison on table exactly at 3,
- "Quadrilles in the afternoon.

R. S. V. P.

"For my good Lord of So-and-So these, and his wife;

"Ride! ride! for thy life! for thy life! for thy life!"

Thus, courtiers were wont to indorse their expresses

In Harry the VIIIth's time, and also Queen Bess's.

The Dame, for her part, too, took order that cards

Should be sent to the mess-rooms of all the Hussards,

The Household troops, Train-bands, and horse and foot Guards.

Well, the day for the rout At length came about,

And the bells of St. Andrew's rang merrily out, As horse-litter, coach, and pad-nag, with its pillion (The mode of conveyance then used by "the Million"),

> All gallant and grand, Defiled from the Strand,

Some through Chancery (then an unpaved and much wetter Lane,

Others through Shoe (which was not a whit better) Lane, vol. II. 353

Others through Fewtar's (corrupted to Fetter) Lane; Some from Cheapside, and St. Mary-le-Bow, From Bishopsgate Street, Dowgate Hill, and Budge Row.

They come and they go,

Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,

Down Snore Hill (which we have since whitewash'd to Snow),

All eager to see the magnificent show,

And sport what some call "a fantastical toe;"

In silk and in satin,

To batten and fatten

Upon the good cheer of Sir Christopher Hatton.

A flourish, trumpets!—sound again!—
He comes, bold Drake, the chief who made a
Fine hash of all the pow'rs of Spain,
And so served out their Grand Armada:
With him come Frobisher and Hawkins,
In yellow ruffs, rosettes, and stockings.

Room for my Lord!—proud Leicester's Earl
Retires awhile from courtly cares,
Who took his wife, poor hapless girl!
And pitch'd her neck and heels down stairs;
Proving, in hopes to wed a richer,
If not her "friend," at least her "pitcher."

A flourish, trumpets! strike the drums!
Will Shakspeare, never of his pen sick,
Is here—next Doctor Masters comes,
Renown'd afar for curing men sick,—

¹ Sir Francis Drake's house, "The Arbour," stood here.—T. I. 354

Queen's Serjeant Barham¹ with his bums And tipstaves, coif, and wig forensic; (He lost, unless Sir Richard lies, his Life at the famous "Black Assizes.")

Room! Room! for great Cecil!—place, place for his Dame!—

Room! Room! for Southampton—for Sidney, whose name

As a Preux Chevalier, in the records of Fame

"Beats Banagher"—e'en now his praises, we all sing 'em,

Knight, Poet, Gentleman!—Room for sage Walsingham!

Room for Lord Hunsdon!—for Sussex!—for Rawleigh!—

For Ingoldsby!! Oh! it's enough to appal ye!

Dear me! how they call!

How they squall! how they bawl!

This dame has lost her shoe—that one her shawl—

My lord's got a tumble—my lady a fall!

Now a Hall! a Hall!

A Brawl! a Brawl!

Here's my Lord-Keeper Hatton, so stately and tall, Has led out Lady Hunsdon to open the Ball!

Fiddlers! fiddle away!

Resin your catgut! fiddle and play!

A roundelay! Fiddle away!

Obey! obey!—hear what they all say!

"Hip!—Music!—Nosey!!—play up there!—play!"

Never was anything half so gay

As Sir Christopher Hatton's grand holiday!

The clock strikes twelve !—Who cares for the clock?

Who cares for—Hark !—What a loud Single-knock !

Dear me! dear me!

Who can it be?—

¹ Called by Sir Richard Baker "The famous Lawyer."—See his Chronicle.—T. I.

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Why, who can be coming at this time of night,
With a knock like that honest folk to affright?—
Affright?—yes, affright!—there are many who mock
At fear, and in danger stand firm as a rock,
Whom the roar of the battle-field never could shock,
Yet quail at the sound of a vile "Single-knock!"
Hark!—What can the Porter be thinking of?—What?—
If the booby has not let him in I'll be shot!—

Dear me! how hot
The room's all at once got!—
And what rings through the roof?—
It's the sound of a hoof!—

It's some donkey a-coming upstairs at full trot!
Stay!—the folding-doors open! the leaves are thrown back,
And in dances a tall Figurant—ALL IN BLACK!!

Gracious me what an entrechat! Oh, what a bound! Then with what an a-plomb he comes down to the ground!

Look there! look there!

Now he's up in the air!

Now he's here!—now he's there—now he's no one knows where!—

See! see!—he's kick'd over a table and chair!

There they go!—all the strawberries, flowers, and sweet herbs,

Turn'd o'er and o'er,

Down on the floor,

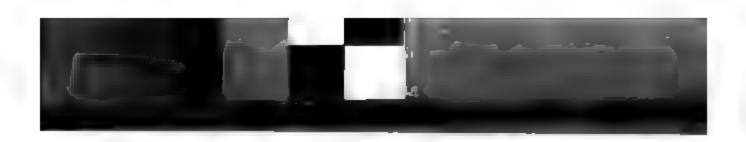
Ev'ry caper he cuts oversets or disturbs

All the "Keen's Seedlings" and "Wilmot's Superbs!"

There's a pirouette!—we're

All a great deal too near!

A ring!—give him room or he'll "shin" you—stand clear!



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ASTOR: LENGT AND TILDER FOUNDATIONS

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te in energy

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

There's a spring again!—oh! 'tis quite frightful!—oh dear! His toe's broke the top of the glass chandelier!!

Now he's down again!—look at the congées and bows

And salaams which he makes to the Dame of the House,

Lady Alice, the noble Lord Treasurer's spouse!

Come, now we shall view

A grand pas de deux

Perform'd in the very first style by these two
—But no!—she recoils—she could scarce look more pale if
Instead of a Beau's 'twas the bow of a Bailiff!—
He holds out his hand—she declines it, and draws
Back her own—see!—he grasps it with horrid black claws,
Like the short, sharp, strong nails of a Polar Bear's paws!!

Then she "scream'd such a scream!" Such another, I deem,

As long after, Miss Mary Brown 1 scream'd in her dream, Well she might; for 'twas shrewdly remark'd by her Page, A sharp little boy about twelve years of age,

Who was standing close by

When she utter'd her cry,

That the whole of her arm shrivell'd up and grew dry, While the fingers and thumb of the hand he had got In his clutches became on the instant RED-HOT!!

Now he whirls and he twirls Through the girls in their curls

And their rouge, and their feathers, and diamonds, and pearls;

Now high,—now low,—

Now fast, and now slow,

In terrible circumgyration they go;

The flame-colour'd Belle and her coffee-faced Beau;

' Vide the celebrated ballad of "Giles Scroggins."—Catnach's ed. 7 Dials, Lond. 1841.—T. I.

Up they go once! and up they go twice!—
Round the hall!—round the hall!—and now up they go
thrice!

Now one grand pirouette, the performance to crown!

Now again they go UP!—and they NEVER COME DOWN!!!

The thunder roars!
And the rain it pours!

And the lightning comes in through the windows and doors!

Then more calling, and bawling,

And squalling, and falling,

Oh! what a fearful "stramash" they are all in!
Out they all sally,

The whole corps de ballet-

Some dash down Holborn Hill into the valley,
Where stagnates Fleet Ditch at the end of Harp Alley;
Some t'other way, with a speed quite amazing,
Nor pause to take breath till they get beyond Gray's Inn.
In every sense of the word, such a rout of it,
Never was made in London, or out of it!

When they came the next day to examine the scene,
There was scarcely a vestige of all that had been;
The beautiful tapestry, blue, red, and green,
Was all blacken'd and scorch'd, and look'd dirty and mean.
All the crockery broken, dish, plate, and tureen!
While those who look'd up could perceive in the roof,
One very large hole in the shape of a hoof!

Of poor Lady Hatton, it's needless to say, No traces have ever been found to this day, Or the terrible dancer who whisk'd her away;

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

But out in the court-yard—and just in that part
Where the pump stands—lay bleeding a LARGE HUMAN
HEART!

And sundry large stains Of blood and of brains,

Which had not been wash'd off notwithstanding the rains, Appear'd on the wood, and the handle, and chains, As if somebody's head with a very hard thump, Had been recently knock'd on the top of the pump. That pump is no more!—that of which you've just read,—But they've put a new iron one up in its stead,

And still, it is said,

At that "small hour" so dread,
When all sober people are cozy in bed,
There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
Standing close by the new pump, a Lady in White,
Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
Though never a drop comes her pains to requite!
And hence many passengers now are debarr'd
From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding Heart Yard!

MORAL

Fair ladies, attend!

And if you've a "friend

At Court," don't attempt to bamboozle or trick her!

—Don't meddle with negus, or any mix'd liquor!—

Don't dabble in "Magic!" my story has shown,

How wrong 'tis to use any charms but your own!

Young Gentlemen, too, may, I think, take a hint, Of the same kind, from what I've here ventured to print,

All Conjuring's bad! they may get in a scrape, Before they're aware, and whatever its shape, They may find it no easy affair to escape. It's not every body that comes off so well From leger-de-main tricks as Mr. Brunel.

Don't dance with a Stranger who looks like a Guy,
And when dancing don't cut your capers too high!

Depend on't the fault's in

Your method of waltzing,
If ever you kick out the candles—Don't try;

At a ball or a play, Or any soirée,

When a petit souper constitutes the "Après,"

If strawb'ries and cream with Champagne form a part,

Take care of your Head!—and take care of your Heart!

If you want a new house
For yourself and your spouse,
Buy, or build one,—and honestly pay, every brick, for it!
Don't be so green as to go to old Nick for it!—
—Go to George Robins—he'll find you "a perch"
(Dulce domum's his word) without robbing the Church!

The last piece of advice which I'd have you regard
Is, "Don't go of a night into Bleeding Heart Yard,"
It's a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square,
With queer people about, and unless you take care,
You may find, when your pocket's clean'd out and left bare,
That the *iron* one is not the *only* "Pump" there!

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

NOTES.

THE HOUSE-WARMING.—The following account of "The Housewarming" is given by the author himself in a letter addressed to a gentleman named Mackenzie, who had published a version, whether in prose or verse does not appear, of the same story:—

"July 25, 1843.

"My DEAR SIR,—The story of Alice Fanshawe, wife to Sir C. Hatton, having had her heart torn out by the Devil, is a very old tradition, and noticed, I believe, in some of the family genealogies. I heard or read it when I was a boy at school; and it was recalled to my recollection by Mr. Mackay's work on 'Popular Delusions,' in the second volume of which, page 315, you will find it alluded to at some considerable length by that gentleman, who also states that twelve or thirteen years ago he himself resided in the house in which the catastrophe took place, &c.

"Yours very faithfully,
"Thos. Ingoldsby."

"Give it up on the instant! I don't mean to shock you,

Or else by ——! (the Bishop was shock'd!)—I'll unfrock you!!"

P. 352.

In the first instance, Sir Christopher Hatton had been admitted tenant of Ely House at a yearly rent of a red rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds per annum—the Bishop of Ely, on whom this hard bargain was forced by the Queen, reserving to himself the right of walking in the gardens, and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly. Hatton, pleased with the acquisition, next petitioned Queen Elizabeth to require the Bishop to alienate to him the whole house and grounds. On the Bishop's reminding her Majesty that he ought to be a steward, not a scatterer, and that he could scarcely justify those princes who transferred things intended for pious purposes to purposes less pious, he was favoured with the following extraordinary letter:—

"Proud Prelate!—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you to know that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God! I will immediately unfrock you.—Yours, as you demean yourself, "Elizabeth."

No wonder the Bishop was shocked. However, further remonstrances were not to be thought of, and Ely Place, vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden, and orchard, were demised to the Crown, and by the Crown made over to Sir Christopher Hatton. See Cunningham's Handbook of London, p. 173.

Bleeding Heart Yard is accurately described as "a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square." It is situated at the back of Ely Place, on the very edge of Saffron Hill, from which it is separated by a row of dingy houses, "the poor remains" of that once notorious haunt of thieves, &c., the rest of which has been swept away to make room for the Farringdon Street improvements. The iron pump still remains, but as for a Lady in White in Bleeding Heart-Yard, pace Thos. Ingoldsby, the idea is a little preposterous.

" Hip !—Music !—Nosey!!--play up there!--play!"-P. 355.

"Play up, Nosey!" was the traditional invitation which elderly play-goers will remember to have been formerly addressed to the orchestra by "the gods" when it was their pleasure that the overture should commence. It owed its origin to the well-developed feature of Ccrvetto, a celebrated musician at Drury Lane Theatre, in the days of Garrick. Once during his performance he was struck by an apple thrown at him from the upper gallery. He immediately took steps to have the offender arrested and conveyed to Bow Street, where he was convicted and ordered into confinement. Cervetto, who was a very humane man, afterwards went to Sir John Fielding, solicited and obtained the man's discharge, paid his fees, and sent him away with some compensation for his loss of time. In a few months afterwards, while endeavouring to cross Oxford Street on horseback, he became involved in the crowd that accompanied the cart in which culprits were then conveyed to be executed at Tyburn. On turning his head to look at the unfortunate malefactor, he recognised the man who had assaulted him at the theatre, and the man,

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

with a degree of levity which sent home poor Cervetto quite ill for the day, made a gesture, as well as his pinioned arms would allow, to show that he, too, recollected his old friend as "Nosey." Another time, a respectable-looking man took his station immediately behind Cervetto, and while he was performing in the orchestra, whispered—"Nosey!" On a repetition of the affront, Cervetto turned round, and, with a smile, said, "Sir, you seem to have mistaken your place; you should be there," pointing to the gallery. The word "Nosey," as has been said, was till quite recent times called out in the gallery; though probably not one of those who bawled, and very few of those who heard the expression, had the least knowledge of him to whom it originally referred. (See Records of My Life, by John Taylor, vol. i. p. 252.)

"It's not every body that comes off so well From leger-de-main tricks as Mr. Brunel."—P. 360.

A curious, and what for some time threatened to prove a fatal, accident occurred to Mr. Brunel, the great engineer, in the year 1843. He was showing some conjuring trick to one of his children, in the course of which he placed a half-sovereign in his mouth. The coin slipped down his throat, and remained fixed in the trachea. The town was thrown into a fever of excitement, and daily bulletins were issued to the effect that one by one the means employed for its removal had failed, and that death appeared imminent. All sorts of suggestions were offered in the papers, and at length, as a last chance, the patient was placed in a machine of his own contrivance, with his head on the floor and his heels in the air, and in that position subjected to the treatment—fortunately with a happier result—described in Colman's poem:—

-" We shook him once."

"Shook him! How!"—Bolus stammered out:—
"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do."

"No, Sir—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes! Od's curse-

'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"-

Then out rolled the half-sovereign, and there was an end of the matter! The case was considered a very remarkable one, and a paper on the subject was contributed by Sir Benjamin Brodie to the Medical Gazette, July 7, 1843.

As for the half-sovereign, it was deposited in the museum of St. George's Hospital, where it may be seen, together with a plan of the apparatus employed in its removal. Among a bundle of letters I find one from Sucklethumb-kin, dated from London, and containing his version of perhaps the greatest theatrical Civil War since the celebrateu "O. P. row." As the circumstances are now become matter of history, and poor Doldrum himself has been, alas! for some time the denizen of a far different "House," I have ventured to preserve it. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to add, that my Honourable friend has of late taken to Poetry and goes without his cravat.

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).

A LEGEND OF THE HAYMARKET.

"Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus."—HORACE.

DOL-DRUM the Manager sits in his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says, as he slaps his hand on his knee,
"I'll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee!"

—"But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd;
Such a singer as he
You'll nowhere see;
They'll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee!"

—"Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear!

The 'glove won't fit!'

The deuce a bit.
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit!"

The Prompter bow'd, and he went to his stall, And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call, And Fal-de-ral-tit sang fol-de-rol-lol;



A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).

But, scarce had he done When a "row" begun;

Such a noise was never heard under the sun.

" Fiddle-de-dee!-

-Where is he?

He's the Artiste whom we all want to see !--

Dol-drum !- Dol-drum !-

Bid the Manager come!

It's a scandalous thing to exact such a sum For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,

And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit!-

Deuce a bit!

We'll never submit!

Vive Fiddle-de-dee! d bas Fal-de-ral-tit!"

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair, With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air;

But he smooth'd his brow,

As he well knew how,

And he walk'd on, and made a most elegant bow, And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights, In his opera-hat, and his opera-tights;

" Ladies and Gentlemen," then said he,

" Pray what may you please to want with me?"

" Fiddle-de-dee !-Fiddle-de-dee !"

Folks of all sorts and of every degree, Snob, and Snip, and haughty Grandee, Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea, And Shopmen, who'd only come there for a spree, Halloo'd, and hooted, and roar'd with glee,

"Fiddle-de-dee!—
None but He!—

Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be !— Agree, agree, or you'll very soon see
In a brace of shakes we'll get up an O.P.!"1

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care, With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,

Looks distrest,

And he bows his best,

And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,

And he says,—says he,

"We can't agree;

His terms are a vast deal too high for me.—
There's the rent, and the rates, and the sesses, and taxes—
I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he axes.

If you'll only permit Fal-de-ral-tit—."

The "Generous Public" cried, "Deuce a bit!

Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—

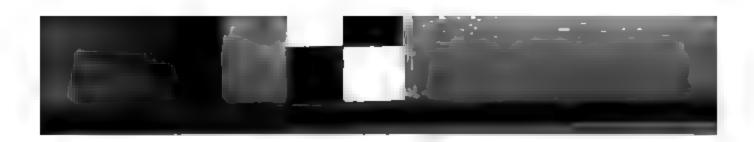
We'll none of us come.

It's 'No go!'—it's 'Gammon!'—it's 'all a Hum:'—
You're a miserly Jew!—
'Cock-a-doodle-do!'

He don't ask too much, as you know—so you do— It's a shame—it's a sin—it's really too bad— You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had!"

Dol-drum the Manager never before In his life-time had heard such a wild uproar. Dol-drum the Manager turn'd to flee;

> ¹ See note, p. 142. 368



A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).

But he says—says he, Mort de ma vie!

I shall nevare engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee!"

Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,
And they jump'd from the Omnibus on to the Stage,
Lords, Squires, and Knights, they came down to the lights,
In their opera-hats and their opera-tights.

Ma'm'selle Cherrytoes Shook to her very toes,

She couldn't hop on, so hopp'd off on her merry toes.

And the "evening concluded" with "Three times three!"

"Hip!—hip!—hurrah! for Fiddle-de-dee!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care, With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,

Saddest of men,

Sat down, and then

Took from his table a Perryan pen,

And he wrote to the "News,"

How M'Fuze, and Tregooze,

Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,

And the whole of their tail, and the separate crews

Of the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,

Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-ral-tit to abuse, And make Dol-drum agree

With Fiddle-de-dee,

Who was not a bit better singer than he.

-Dol-drum declared " he never could see,

For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de-dee,

Who, in B flat, or C,

Or whatever the key,

Could never at any time get below G,

Should expect a fee the same in degree

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As the great Burlybumbo who sings double D."
Then slyly he added a little N.B.
"If they'd have him in Paris he'd not come to me!"

The Manager rings,
And the Prompter springs

To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings
A set of those odd-looking envelope things,

Where Britannia (who seems to be crucified) flings

To her right and her left funny people with wings

Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catabaw Kings;

And a taper and wax,

And small Queen's heads, in packs,
Which, when notes are too big, you're to stick on their backs.
Dol-drum the Manager sealed with care
The letter and copies he'd written so fair,
And sat himself down with a satisfied air;

Without delay

He sent them away,

In time to appear in "our columns" next day!

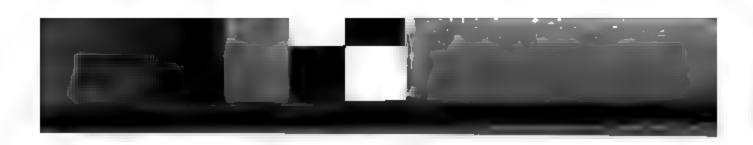
Dol-drum the Manager, full of care, Walk'd on to the stage with an anxious air, And peep'd through the curtain to see who were there.

There was M'Fuze,

And Lieutenant Tregooze,

And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos;
And the green baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And they all began to hoot, bellow, and bawl,
And cry "Cock-a-doodle," and scream, and squall,

¹ The original penny envelope designed by Mulready.



A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).

"Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—
Bid the Manager come!"
You'd have thought from the tones
Of their hisses and groans,

They were bent upon breaking his (Opera) bones.

And Dol-drum comes, and he says—says he,

"Pray what may you please to want with me?"—

"Fiddle-de-dee!-

We'll have nobody give us sol fa but He! For he's the Artiste whom we all want to see."

—Manager Dol-drum says—says he—
(And he looks like an Owl in "a hollow beech tree,")

"Well, since I see The thing must be,

I'll sign an agreement with Fiddle-de-dee!"

Then M'Fuze and Tregooze, And Jenks of the Blues,

And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos, Extremely delighted to hear such good news,

Desist from their shrill "Cock-a-doodle-doos."

"Vive Fiddle-de-dee! Dol-drum, and he,

They are jolly good fellows as ever need be!

And so's Burlybumbo, who sings double D!

And whenever they sing, why, we'll all come and see!"

So, after all
This terrible squall,
Fiddle-de-dee!
's at the top of the tree,
And Dol-drum, and Fal-de-ral-tit sing small!

Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear At I can't tell you how many thousands a year, And Fal-de-ral-tit is consider'd "Small Beer;"

And Ma'm'selle Cherrytoes

Sports her merry toes,

Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,

In what the folks call a "Lithuanian" in boots.

So here's an end to my one, two, and three; And bless the Queen,—and long live she! And grant that there never again may be Such a halliballoo as we've happen'd to see About nothing on earth but "Fiddle-de-dee!"

NOTE.

A Row in an Omnibus (Box).—The "Tamburini Row," as it was called, took place at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1841, and was caused by an attempt on the part of M. Laporte, the manager, to substitute Signor Coletti for the more popular singer. The opposition was organized at the instance, it is said, of Grisi and the other performers known as La Vielle Garde, by a band of fashionables who, on the second appearance of Coletti, filled the famous Omnibus boxes. Here the uproar commenced. Shouts of "Tamburini!" "Laporte!" arose, and were taken up in various parts of The manager appeared and reappeared, but without the house. satisfying his opponents. The row increased; the ballet was stopped, and Cerito not permitted to make her début; at last, in the height of the clamour, the whole party of the aristocratic occupants of the Omnibus boxes, a young prince of the blood among The manager was compelled to give them, leaped upon the stage. way, and the curtain fell on the triumphant victory of—my Lord Tomnoddy and his following.

To whom is the name of Cornelius Agrippa otherwise than familiar, since "a Magician," of renown not inferior to his own, has brought him and his terrible "Black Book" again before the world?—That he was celebrated, among other exploits, for raising the Devil, we are all well aware;—how he performed this feat,—at least one, and that, perhaps, the most certain method, by which he did it,—is thus described.

[The story of "Cornelius Agrippa's Bloody Book"—

"The letters were written with blood within,
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin"—

showing the fate of the young man who peeped into it (versified from J. Heywood's *Hierarchie of Angells*), is by Robert Southey.]

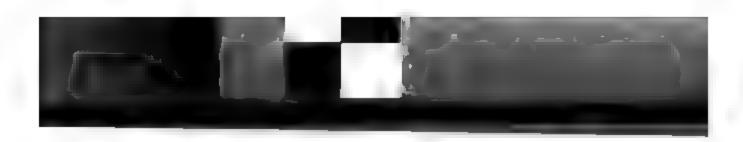
RAISING THE DEVIL.

A LEGEND OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

"AND hast thou nerve enough?" he said,
That grey Old Man, above whose head
Unnumber'd years had roll'd,—
"And hast thou nerve to view," he cried, '
"The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied?—
Art thou indeed so bold?

"Say, canst Thou, with unshrinking gaze,
Sustain, rash Youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye,
That blasts where'er it lights,—the breath
That, like the Simoom, scatters death
On all that yet can die?

—"Darest thou confront that fearful form,
That rides the whirlwind, and the storm,
In wild unholy revel?—
The terrors of that blasted brow,
Archangel's once,—though ruin'd now,—
—Ay,—darest thou face The Devil?"



RAISING THE DEVIL.

"I dare!" the desperate Youth replied,
And placed him by that Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,
Unblench'd his cheek, and firm his limb;
—"No paltry juggling Fiend, but HIM!
—THE DEVIL!—I fain would see!—

"In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape!" the Lad
Rejoin'd in reckless tone.—
—"Have then thy wish!" Agrippa said,
And sigh'd, and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound,
With skull and cross-bones fenced around;
He traced full many a sigil there;
He mutter'd many a backward pray'r,
That sounded like a curse—
"He comes!"—he cried, with wild grimace,
"The fellest of Apollyon's race!"—
—Then in his startled pupil's face
He dash'd—an Empty Purse!!

Among the poetical fragments left by Thomas Ingoldsby is one which, had he lived to finish it, might have proved not the least successful of his efforts. The tone was to have been graver, and the subject more pathetic than that of most of his stories. It is hardly presentable in its unfinished state, but it is thought that in a complete edition of the "Legends" it ought to be included. It was to have been called—

_



THE RADIANT BOY.

"THAT pretty little boy, Mamma,
That stands behind the tree!
Do let him come in-doors, Mamma,
And bid him play with me.

"Papa is busy now, Mamma,
And sister is away,
Oh! bid that little boy come in,
That we may go and play."

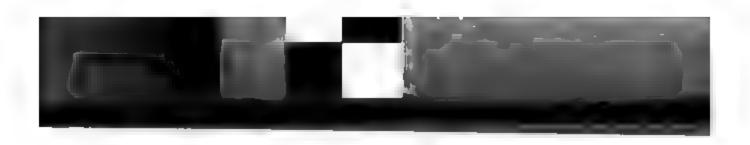
- "What little boy? thou silly child, No little boy I see:"—
- "Oh! there he stands upon the lawn, And weeps beneath the tree;
- "He will not come and play, Mamma,
 I show him every toy!
 I bid him come, but still he weeps;
 Is he a naughty boy?"
- "Why, what is this, Tom Ingoldsby?
 My child, what may it mean?
 I look upon the lawn, but there
 No little boy is seen;

- "The linden tree is straight and tall,
 Its leaves are fresh and fair,
 But there's no little boy at all—
 No pretty boy is there."
- "Now nay, now nay, my mother dear,
 He stands beside the tree;
 He weeps, he sheds full many a tear,
 Yet still he looks on me.
- "Full many a time and oft, Mamma,
 I've ask'd him day by day;
 But there he always stands and weeps—
 He will not come and play.
- "What makes him look so pale, Mamma? Why is he weeping so? There—now at once he's gone away! I did not see him go:
- "He went not down the gravel walk,
 He did not cross the lawn,
 And yet he's gone away at once;
 Mamma, where is he gone?"
- "You little monkey, are you mad?"

 The mother, smiling, said;

 But her voice had something lost its tone,

 And her cheek a little red.
- She look'd adown the gravel walk,
 And across the grass-green sod;
 Of course she'd no belief in Ghosts,
 But she thought it rather odd.



THE RADIANT BOY.

"Go in," quoth she, "thou silly child—
Go in, and mind your toys,
And do not talk such stuff to me
Of pretty little boys."

"Papa! papa! he's there again —
He's come again to-day!
See, there he stands!—do make him stop,
And bid him come and play.

"Mamma was angry yesterday, She said it was not true, But see! he's there again, Papa, Now you can see him too!

"I love this fine old house, Papa, I like its large old hall; It is so very nice a place For us to play at ball.

"Yes! we've been here now half a year,
And yet, though day by day
I've ask'd him, he will not come in,
All I can do or say."

NOTE.

THE tradition upon which THE RADIANT BOY is founded, is connected with one of those seemingly doomed families—there are said to be more than one—in which the eldest son never lives to In the present case the origin of the curse is inherit the estate. attributed to the misdeed of a certain wicked uncle, who, out of greed of gold, made away with the orphan heir committed to his charge. The boy was taken to a pond in his own garden, and therein drowned. The murderer succeeded to house and lands, and, unlike his Norfolk prototype, for a while prospered exceedingly. He married, and was blest with a son, of whom he became extravagantly fond and proud. But the avenger was at his heels. One day the child complained to him that when playing in the garden he was constantly interrupted by a strange little boy, who would neither leave him nor join in his game. He described the intruder as being very beautiful, but pale and sad, and, what was most remarkable, as being surrounded by a soft light which floated about him as he moved! He never spake, but seemed by gestures to invite the narrator to follow him. This the little fellow was not disposed to do. The father, greatly disturbed at the tale, took an angry tone, and forbade his son either to play again in the garden, or to make further mention of his strange companion. He was obeyed; but the child, in consequence of confinement to the house, grew wan and ill; so that one bright day an attendant, moved by his piteous looks, took him out to the forbidden spot, and, meaning to be absent only a few minutes, left him. detained, and on her return the child was gone. Search was made, and he was discovered at length lying dead in the fatal pond, whither, without the shadow of a doubt, he had been lured by the ghost of his murdered cousin. And from that time to this the "Radiant Boy," as he became to be spoken of in the family, has continued to appear at intervals; but he is never seen save by a child —the eldest son of the house. In all cases the result is the

THE RADIANT BOY.

same — death! sometimes by lingering disease, sometimes by sudden blow, but always death! None that has seen him has ever lived to call that fair domain his own.

Had the poem been completed, it would doubtless have presented some considerable modification of the original tradition. The author could never have intended to make the Ingoldsbys subject to the hereditary curse in question; moreover, one youthful heir of the family had already fallen a victim to the vengeful spirit of Uncle Roger, and "two morning guns" are hardly admissable. But what the end was to have been I do not know.

According to another version, the Radiant Boy occasionally condescends to make himself visible to various members of the family; and at times, though rarely, to appear to strangers. In these cases, the visit is thought to be a token of good fortune. The celebrated Lord Castlereagh is said to have been one who was thus favoured by the apparition. About sixty years ago he was on a visit to a gentleman in the North of Ireland, and having retired to bed, he perceived a faint light gleaming on the lofty canopy over his head. posing that some intruder must have accidentally entered his room, he turned to the side whence the light proceeded, and saw, to his great astonishment, the figure of a very fair boy, who seemed clothed in rays of mild and tempered glory, like the faint light of the moon, rendering the objects near him dimly visible. The figure was stationary at some short distance from the bedside; but on his lordship springing out of bed it retreated before him, till, entering the vast arch of the chimney, it appeared to sink into the earth. At breakfast he took no notice of what had occurred, suspecting the whole thing to be a trick, and hoping that some latent smile or conscious look would discover those who were privy But no clue being afforded him, at length he to the plot. mentioned the occurrences of the night. Those who, like himself, were strangers in the house, were certain that some delusion must have been practised. The family alone seemed perfectly composed At last the master of the house interrupted their and calm. surmises by saying:-"The circumstance you have just recounted must naturally appear most extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my dwelling, and are not conversant with the legends connected with my family: to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve to corroborate an old tradition

relating to the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the 'Radiant Boy!' To you it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should be dropped." This latter account is given at greater length in *The Album*, July 1822, professedly on the authority of a gentleman who heard it from Lord Castlereagh himself.—T. I.



FAMILY POETRY.



OF the following series of poems, the greater number appeared in Blackwood's Magazine under the title of "Family Poetry." The "Long-tailed Coat" was first printed in 1831, "and," says the author, "was written by me on the occasion of my eldest son's assuming the 'toga virilis!'" It was afterwards reproduced with some verbal alterations in My Cousin Nicholas. The original form is here restored. "Summer Hill" was given in a letter to Mrs. Hughes introduced in the Memoir of Mr. Barham which was prefixed to the Third Series of the Ingoldsby Legends. I was not aware at the time of making that collection that a revised copy had been published in Blackwood.

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DICK'S LONG-TAILED COAT.

"Modo sumptâ veste virili."—HORACE.

ZOOKS! I must woo the Muse to-day,
Though line before I'd never wrote,
Ask you what theme demands the lay?—
OUR DICK HAS GOT A LONG-TAIL'D COAT!!

Not the coatee which soldiers wear,

Tight button'd up beneath the throat,
But easy,—flowing,—débonnaire;—
In short, a civil Long-tail'd Coat!

One smarter you'll not find in town,
Cut by Nugee, that Snip of note;—
A very quiet olive-brown
's the colour of Dick's Long-tail'd Coat!

Gay jackets clothe the stately Pole,

The proud Hungarian, and the Croat,

Yet Esterhazy, on the whole,

Looks smartest in a Long-tail'd Coat.

Lord Byron most admired, we know,
The Albanian dress, or Suliote;
But he lived much abroad, and so
He never saw Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.



DICK'S LONG-TAILED COAT.

Or else that noble Poet's theme
Had never been the "White Capote,"
Had he once view'd, in Fancy's dream,
The glories of Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.

We also know on Highland kilt

Poor dear Glengarry used to dote,

And had esteem'd it actual guilt

I' the "Gael" to wear a Long-tail'd Coat.

And well it might his eyes annoy;

Monkbarns himself could never quote
"Sir Robert Sibbald," "Gordon," "Roy,"

Or "Stukely," for a Long-tail'd Coat:

But though the fleet red-deer to chase,
Or guide o'er Highland loch the boat,
A jacket's well enough—for grace
There's nothing like Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.

Of course in climbing up a tree,
On terra firma, or afloat
To mount the giddy topmast, he
Would doff awhile his Long-tail'd Coat.

Then whence that supercilious sneer?—
From out your own eye pull the mote
Fastidious Critic !—did you ne'er
In youth admire your Long-tail'd Coat?

Oh, "Dick's scarce old enough," you mean?
Why, though too young to have a vote,
Or make a will, yet sure Fifteen
's a ripe age for a Long-tail'd Coat!

Macdonnell of Glengarry, popularly called "the last of the chiefs," from his adherence to the old state and costume.

What!—would you have him sport a chir Like Colonel Sibthorp, or a goat, Before you think he should begin To figure in a Long-tail'd Coat?

Suppose he visits France—can he
Sit down at any table-d'hôte
With any sort of decency,
Unless he's got a Long-tail'd Coat?

E'en Louis Philippe, Royal Cit,
There soon may be a sans-culotte,
And Nugent's self must then admit
The advantage of a Long-tail'd Coat.

Things are not now as when, of yore
In tower encircled by a moat,
Each lion-hearted chieftain wore
A corselet—not a Long-tail'd Coat.

Chain-mail his portly form embraced,

Not like a weazel, or a stoat,

"Cribb'd and confined" about the waist,

And pinch'd in like Dick's Long-tail'd Coat.

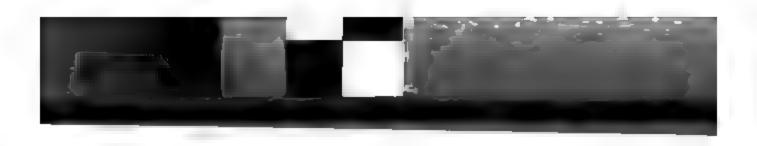
With beaming spear or biting axe

To right and left he thrust and smote.

Ah! what a change! no sinewy thwacks

Fall from a modern Long-tail'd Coat!

To stalwart knights, a puny race
Succeeds,—with locks en papillote,—
While cuirass, cuisses, greaves, give place
To silk-net "Tights" and Long-tail'd Coat!



DICK'S LONG-TAILED COAT.

Worse changes still! now, well-a-day!

A few cant phrases, learnt by rote,

Each beardless booby spouts away,

A Solon in a Long-tail'd Coat,—

Prates of the "March of Intellect"—
The "Schoolmaster"—a Patriote
So noble who could e'er suspect
Had just put on his Long-tail'd Coat!

Alack! alack! that every thickskull'd lad must find an antidote For England's woes, because, like Dick, He has put on a Long-tail'd Coat!—

But, lo! my rhymes begin to fail,
Nor dare I longer time devote!
Thus Rhyme and Time cut off the tale
The long tale—of Dick's Long-Tall'D Coat!!

NOTE.

"And Nugent's self must then admit
The advantage of a Long-tail'd Coat,"—P. 388.

LORD NUCERT'S figure was a remarkable one. On his displaying it at a certain masquerade at Corfu, in the simple *ephippia* of a white horse, the general opinion, expressed in pretty strong terms, was, that a long-tailed coat would have been a more decorous costume—at all events for the representative of Majesty. But Lord Nugent from a boy had been celebrated for his eccentricities. The opening of Hampden's coffin at his desire can hardly, perhaps, be given as an instance, but it suggested to Mr. Barham the following jew d'esprit, which unfortunately he laid aside unfinished:—

CHILDE NUGENT.

Childe Nugent stands by the dead man's grave,
With a picke axe and a spade,
For he longs to view a patriot true,
And to find out of what he is made.

He hath been easte and he hath been weste— He hath roam'd farre and wide— He hath traversed the lande of fayre Englande, And Portingale eke besyde.

He hath been northe and he hath been southe,
A patriot for to fynde,
Bote never yet mote Childe Nugent get
A patriot to hys mynde.

Soe now he stands by the dead man's grave,
With hys spade and hys picke axe;
Was never a resurrection-man
Dyd give more lustie thwacks.

Childe Nugent delved with ryght gode wille, And dygg'd with might and maine; Was never a Byschope and never a Burke Colde sooner a styffe one gayne.

He hath dygg'd easte, he hath dygg'd weste, He hath dygg'd both northe and southe, And he cometh at last to the dead man's skull, With hys thigh bones cross'd in hys mouthe.

Childe Nugent hath read a Runic rhyme,
In a voice both loud and dread;
I wis a tale of Portingale,
That well mote awaken the dead.

"Now awake and arise, John Hampden;
Awake and arise, I praye!
Though I stand here a living man,
And thou art a lump of clay.

DICK'S LONG-TAILED COAT.

"Awake and say, John Hampden,
How I may a patriot be;
For never I ween was a patriot seen,
An' thou, John, wert not he!"

The dead man open'd hys chapless jaws,
And groan'd three eldritch groans,
As from out of hys mouthe, to the northe and the southe,
He spat out hys own thigh bones.

With fear and amaze did Childe Nugent gaze;
Ne wonder that he dydde;
For never, I ween, did mortal eyne,
Spie such an unearthly quidde!

The dead man grinn'd a ghastly grin,
And he laughed loud laughters three;
"Now lithe and listen, thou venturesome wight,
That wouldest a patriot be."

"Repairs going on in the church [of Great Hampden] at the time, search was made there for the body of Hampden, and, as the persons understood, at the instance of Lord Nugent; several coffins were inspected, but not opened, because either the date did not agree with Hampden's death, or the inscription bore a different name; but one coffin was at length found which had neither date nor inscription, and this was opened, although from its form it appears to have been older than his time. Mr. Norris, a surgeon of Risborough, examined the body, which was that of a very lusty man; the head covered with rich auburn hair, reaching beneath the shoulders. It was in high preservation, except that one arm had crumbled off, owing to the action of the air, which had made its way to that part, through a crack in the coffin, but there had been no amputation or operation of any kind."—T. I.

MY LETTERS.

"Litera scripta manet."—OLD SAW.

A NOTHER mizzling, drizzling day!
Of clearing up there's no appearance;
So I'll sit down without delay,
And here, at least, I'll make a clearance!

Oh ne'er "on such a day as this,"
Would Dido with her woes oppressèd,
Have woo'd Æneas back to bliss,
Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they'd have stay'd at home, like me,
And popp'd their toes upon the fender,
And drank a quiet cup of tea:

On days like this one can't be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table—
Bring that Portfolio—stir the fire—
Now off as fast as you are able!

First here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,

"A Ball!"—she knows that I'm no dancer—

That woman's ask'd me fifty times,

And yet I never send an answer.



MY LETTERS.

" DEAR JACK,-

Just lend me twenty pounds, Till Monday next, when I'll return it. Yours truly,

HENRY GIBBS."

Why, Z--- ds !

I've seen the man but twice-here, burn it.

One from my Cousin Sophy Daw—
Full of Aunt Margery's distresses;

"The Cat has kitten'd in 'the draw,'
And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses."

From Sam, "The Chancellor's motto,"——nay
Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em;
"Pro Rege, Lege, Grege,"—Ay,
"For King read Mob!" Brougham's old erratum.

From Seraphina Price—" At two"—

"Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir;"

Two more because I did not go,

Beginning, "Wretch" and "Faithless Monster!"

"DEAR SIR,—

This morning Mrs. P—— Who's doing quite as well as may be, Presented me, at half-past three Precisely, with another baby.

"We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand "—five guineas more, confound it!—
I wish they'd call'd it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames and drown'd it.

¹ Samuel Rogers. It was the fashion to credit the poet, who was said to hate punning, with all the bad jokes of the day. Theodore Hook set the example in the John Bull.

What have we next? A civil Dun:

"John Brown would take it as a favour"—

Another, and a surlier one,

"I can't put up with sich behaviour."

"Bill so long standing,"—" quite tired out,"—
"Must sit down to insist on payment,"
"Call'd ten times,"—Here's a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer, and inform Mr. Snip he needn't "call" so;
But when his bill's as "tired of standing"
As he is, beg 'twill "sit down also."

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,

Thanking me for my annual present;

And saying he last Tuesday wed

His cook-maid, Molly—vastly pleasant!

An ill-spent note from Tom at school,
Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle;
Another from that precious fool,
Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

"D'ye give it up?" indeed I do!
Confound these antiquated minxes;
I won't play "Billy Black" to a "Blue,"
Or Œdipus to such old Sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent to show me,

Left with my bailiff, Peter King;

"I'll burn them precious stacks down, blow me!

Yours most sincerely,

CAPTAIN SWING."1

¹ See note, page 245.



MY LETTERS.

Four begging letters with petitions,
One from my sister Jane, to pray
I'll "execute a few commissions"
In Bond Street, "when I go that way."

"And buy at Pearsal's in the City
Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses:
Colour no matter, so it's pretty;—
Two hundred pens"—two hundred curses:

From Mistress Jones: "My little Billy Goes up his schooling to begin, Will you just step to Piccadilly, And meet him when the coach comes in?

"And then, perhaps, you will as well, see The poor dear fellow safe to school, At Dr. Smith's in Little Chelsea!" Heaven send he flog the little fool!

From Lady Snooks: "Dear Sir, you know You promised me last week a Rebus; A something smart and apropos For my new Album?"—Aid me, Phœbus:

"My first is follow'd by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
And sadly shock'd my first would be.

"Were I but what my whole implies,
And pass'd by chance across your portal:
You'd cry 'Can I believe my eyes?
I never saw so queer a mortal!'

"For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon;
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on."

Come, that's dispatch'd—what follows?—Stay;

"Reform demanded by the nation;

Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail!" Ay,

By Jove a blessed Reformation!

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose— Or no! the filly—she's the fleeter; The devil take the rain—here goes, I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter!

NOTE.

" For once I'll send an answer."-P. 394.

This answer was said to have been given by Lord George Grenville, afterwards Lord Nugent (See Note, p. 389), to an Oxford tradesman who had for once found his customer's—I beg pardon, his client's—oak not sported. "That bill has been standing a couple of years," said the man, taking a chair; "so down here I sit till it is paid." "By all means," replied his Lordship, "and when your bill is as tired of standing as you are, I beg it will sit down too."



It was during the "Honey (or, as it is sometimes termed, the 'Treacle') Moon," that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth passed through London. "A good-natured friend," who dropped in to dinner, forced them in the evening to the theatre for the purpose of getting rid of him. I give Charles's account of the Tragedy just as it was written, without altering even the last couplet —for there would be no making "Egerton" rhyme with "Story."

[The tragedy of "Catherine of Cleves," by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, afterwards Egerton, and, in 1846, Earl of Ellesmere, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1833.]

THE TRAGEDY.

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi."—VIRGIL.

CATHERINE of Cleves was a Lady of rank, She had lands and fine houses, and cash in the Bank;

She had jewels and rings,

And a thousand smart things;

Was lovely and young,

With a rather sharp tongue,

And she wedded a Noble of high degree

With the star of the Order of St. Esprit;

But the Duke de Guise

Was, by many degrees,

Her senior, and not very easy to please;

He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye,

And a frown on his brow,—and he look'd like a Guy,—

So she took to intriguing

With Monsieur St. Megrin,

A young man of fashion, and figure, and worth,

But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth;

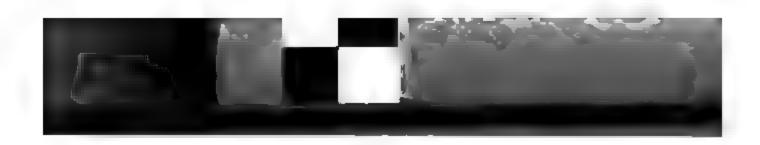
He would sing, fence, and dance

With the best man in France,

And took his rappee with genteel nonchalance;

He smiled, and he flatter'd, and flirted with ease,

And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.



THE TRAGEDY.

Now Monsieur St. Megrin was curious to know If the Lady approved of his passion or no;

So without more ado, He put on his surtout,

And went to a man with a beard like a Jew,

One Signor Ruggieri,

A Cunning-man near, he

Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides,
Perform tricks on the cards, and Heaven knows what besides,
Bring back a stray'd cow, silver ladle, or spoon,
And was thought to be thick with the Man in the Moon.

The Sage took his stand With his wand in his hand,

Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command, Saying solemnly—"Presto!—Hey, quick!—cock-a-lorum!!" When the Duchess immediately popp'd up before 'em.

Just then a Conjunction of Venus and Mars,
Or something peculiar above in the stars,
Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri,
Who "bolted," and left him alone with his deary.—
Monsieur St. Megrin went down on his knees,
And the Duchess shed tears large as marrow-fat peas,

When,—fancy the shock,—

A loud double knock,

Made the Lady cry, "Get up, you fool !—there's De Guise!"—
"Twas his Grace, sure enough;

So Monsieur, looking bluff,

Strutted by, with his hat on, and fingering his ruff, While, unseen by either, away flew the Dame Through the opposite key-hole, the same way she came;

But alack! and alas!

A mishap came to pass,

In her hurry she, somehow or other, let fall A new silk Bandana she'd worn as a shawl;

She had used it for drying Her bright eyes while crying,

And blowing her nose, as her Beau talk'd of dying!

He went home in a fume,

And bounced into her room,

Crying "So, Ma'am, I find I've some cause to be jealous!

Look here!—here's a proof you run after the fellows!

—Now take up that pen,—if it's bad choose a better,—

And write, as I dictate, this moment a letter

To Monsieur—you know who!"
The Lady look'd blue;

But replied with much firmness—"Hang me if I do!"

De Guise grasp'd her wrist With his great bony fist,

And pinch'd it, and gave it so painful a twist,

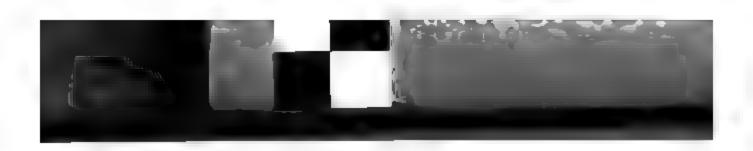
That his hard iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in,—

She did not mind death, but she could not stand pinching;

So she sat down and wrote This polite little note:

"Dear Mister St. Megrin,—
The Chiefs of the League in
Our house mean to dine
This evening at nine;
I shall, soon after ten,
Slip away from the men,

And you'll find me upstairs in the drawing-room then;



THE TRAGEDY.

Come up the back way or those impudent thieves Of Servants will see you.—Yours,

CATHERINE OF CLEVES,"

She directed and seal'd it, all pale as a ghost, And De Guise put it into the Twopenny Post.

St. Megrin had almost jump'd out of his skin For joy that day when the post came in;

> He read the note through, Then began it anew.

And thought it almost too good news to be true.-

He clapp'd on his hat, And a hood over that,

With a cloak to disguise him, and make him look fat; So great his impatience, from half after Four, He was waiting till Ten at De Guise's back-door. When he heard the great clock of St. Genevieve chime

He ran up the back staircase six steps at a time.

He had scarce made his bow, He hardly knew how, When, alas! and alack! There was no getting back,

For the drawing-room door was bang'd to with a whack ;--

In vain he applied

To the handle and tried;

Somebody or other had lock'd it outside!

And the Duchess in agony mourn'd her mishap,
"We are caught like a couple of rate in a trap."

Now the Duchess's Page,
About twelve years of age,
For so little a boy was remarkably sage;
And, just in the nick, to their joy and amazement,
Popp'd the Gaslighter's ladder close under the casement.

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But all would not do,—

Though St. Megrin got through

The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew.

And though never man was more brave than St. Megrin,

Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing;

He thrust carte and tierce

Uncommonly fierce,

But not Beëlzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce;

While his doublet and hose,

Being holiday clothes,

Were soon out through and through from his knees to his nose.

Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjuror gave him

From pistol and sword was sufficient to save him,

But, when beat on his knees,

That confounded De Guise

Came behind with the "fogle" that caused all this breeze,

Whipp'd it tight round his neck, and, when backward he'd jerk'd him,

The rest of the rascals jump'd on him and Burked him.

The poor little Page, too, himself got no quarter, but

Was served the same way,

And was found the next day,

With his heels in the air, and his head in the water-butt:

Catherine of Cleves

Roar'd "Murder!" and "Thieves!"

From the window above

While they murder'd her love;

Till, finding the rogues had accomplish'd his slaughter,

She drank Prussic acid without any water,

And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter!



THE TRAGEDY.

MORAL.

Take warning, ye Fair, from this tale of the Bard's,
And don't go where fortunes are told on the cards,
But steer clear of Conjurors,—never put query
To "Wise Mrs. Williams," or folks like Ruggieri.
When alone in your room shut the door close, and lock it;
Above all,—KEEP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF SAFE IN YOUR POCKET!
Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he,
Be call'd on,—sad poet!—to tell your sad story!

1 A notorious fortune-teller, &c.

THE COUNTRY SEAT.

O SUMMER HILL! if thou wert mine I'd order in a pipe of wine,
And ask a dozen friends to dine!

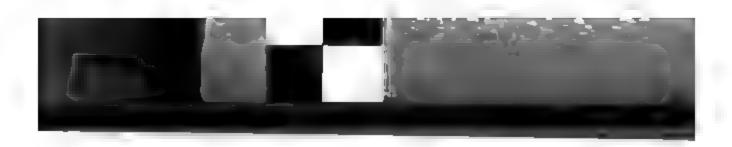
[In faith I would not spare the guineas, But send for Pag—and other—ninies, Flutes, hautboys, fiddles, pipes, and tabors, Hussars with moustaches and sabres, Quadrilles, and that grand waltz of Weber's, And give a dance to all my neighbours; And here I'd sit and quaff my fill Among the trees of Summer Hill.]

Then with pleased eye, careering slowly O'er beech-crown'd ridge and valley lowly, We'd drain a cup to thee, Old Rowley!—
To thee, and to thy courtly train, Once tenants of this fair domain, Soft Stewart, haughtiest Castlemaine, Pert Nelly Gwynne, gay Molly Davis, And many another Rara Avis.

E'en now, 'midst yonder leafy glade, Methinks I see thy royal shade
In amplitude of wig array'd;

¹ Originally—

[&]quot;Pert Nelly Gwynne and Lucy Waters, Old England's fairest, frailest daughters."



THE COUNTRY SEAT.

Near thee, thy rival in peruke,
Stands Buckingham's uproarious Duke,
With Tory Hamilton and Killegrew,
And Rochester, that rake till ill he grew;
When, to amend his life and turn it,
He firmly promised Dr. Burnet—
In time, let's hope, to make Old Nicholas,
Still watching for our sins to tickle us,
Lose all his pains and look ridiculous.
With visage rather grave than merry,
See, too, thy noble host Muskerry
Leads forth,—to crown and end the stanza,
Thy consort, Catharine of Braganza.

Oh, Alexander! loftier far
Now culminates thy natal star,
Than his of old, mine ancient crony,
Thy namesake, erst of Macedony
(Unrivall'd,—save, perhaps, by Boney).
Oh, happier far, in thy degree,
Art thou, although a conqueror He,
Whilst thou art but an Ex-M.P.
Oh, happier far! propitious Fate,
Making thee lord of this estate,
Dubb'd thee in verity "The Great;"
Yea, far more blest, my Alexander,
Art thou than that renown'd commander!

Thou ne'er wast led through wanton revelling
Those silvan scenes to play the devil in,
And I, for one, shouldst thou invite us,
Would never dread the fate of Clytus;
For midst these shades, so loved by Grammont,

Thou never yet thy friends didn't gammon By calling of thyself "Young Ammon."

No frolic dame of easy virtue, E'er made you drink enough to hurt you; And then, with impudence amazing, Bade you set house and all a-blazing; ('Tis hard to say which works the quicker To make folks noodles—love or liquor; But oh, it is a fearsome thing, When both combine to make a king Descend to play the part of Swing!) I dare be sworn thou dost not sigh, Much less put finger in thine eye, For other worlds,—no, Alexander, I know thou art not such a gander; This is thy globe—here 'toujours gai,' Thy motto still—though, well-a-day! Old Sarum's put in Schedule A.

O Summer, Summer, Summer Hill!
Fain would I gaze and linger still—
But ah! the moon her silver lamp
Uprears, the grass is getting damp—
And hark! the curfew's distant knell
Is toll'd by Doctor Knox's bell!
I go, to join my wife and daughters,
Drinking those nasty-tasted waters.

O, Summer Hill! retreat divine!
Ah me! I cannot but repine
Thou art not,—never will be mine—
I haven't even got the wine!

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Sept. 30, 1833.

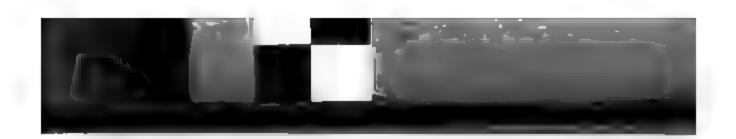
THE COUNTRY SEAT.

NOTE.

Summer Hill, near Tunbridge, the seat formerly of the Lord Muskerry, and now (1833) of James Alexander, Esq. The noble proprietor (Muskerry, not Alexander) entertained Charles the Second and his whole Court here—teste John Britton, whose valuable history of Tunbridge Wells consult for an account of Lord Chancellor Mansfield, and the inhuman Judge Jeffries, who disgraced himself so at the trial of Charles the First, as the worthy antiquary asserts, in direct contradiction to those who maintain that the name of the regicide President was Bradshaw, and that he was afterwards married to Miss Mary Anne Tree, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.—(T. I.)

The passage alluded to above runs as follows:—"One of the houses on Mount Ephraim, adjoining the Tunbridge-ware manufactory, belonged to Judge Jeffries, a man who has rendered his name infamous in the annals of history by the cruelty and injustice he manifested at the trial of King Charles I."—Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells. J. Britton. 1832. P. 39.

Kind, good-hearted, gouty Uncle John! how well I remember all the kindness and affection which my mischievous propensities so ill repaid—his bright blue coat and resplendent gilt buttons—his "frosty pow" si bien poudré—his little quill-like pigtail! Of all my praiseworthy actions—they were "like angels' visits, few and far between"—the neverfailing and munificent rewarder; of my naughty deeds—they were multitudinous as the sands on the sea-shore—the everready palliator; my intercessor, and sometimes even my defender against punishment, "staying harsh justice in its mid career!" Poor Uncle John! he will ever rank among the dearest of my



NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted

Both my cheeks in kindliest mood;

"Then," said he, "you little Fat-head,
There's a top because you're good!"

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer— I remember gazed upon My new top, and said with fervour, "Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While Mamma, my form caressing,— In her eye the tear-drop stood, Read me this fine moral lesson, "See what comes of being good!"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt!

I ran, quaking every limb:

—She exclaim'd, with fond affection,

"Gracious Goodness! look at him!"—

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,

—'Twas a newly-purchased dress—

"Oh! you nasty little Warment,

How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,

—Cruel only to be kind—

And to my exceeding dolour,

Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmanna, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! sarve him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.



NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

And the moral, which they taught, I Well remember; thus they said—



"Little Boys, when they are maughty, Must be whipp'd and sent to bed!"

THE CONFESSION.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
I here's somewhat on my breast!

The livelong day I sigh, father,
And at night I cannot rest,
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me—
This weary weight of woe.

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,

Nor want of worldly gear;

My lands are broad, and fair to see,

My friends are kind and dear.

My kin are leal and true, father,

They mourn to see my grief;

But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand,

Can give my heart relief!

Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Tho' busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my labouring breast,
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate and can't digest.

Poor Uncle John :-

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,"

in the old family vault in Denton chancel—and dear Aunt Fanny, too!—the latter also "loo'd me weel," as the Scotch song has it,—and since, at this moment, I am in a most soft and sentimental humour—(—whisky toddy should ever be made by pouring the boiling fluid—hotter if possible—upon the thinnest lemon-peel,—and then—but everybody knows "what then—") I dedicate the following "True History" to my beloved Aunt Fanny.

AUNT FANNY.

A LEGEND OF A SHIRT.

"Virginibus, Puerisque canto."—Horace.

Old Maids, and Bachelors I chant to !-T. I.

I SING of a Shirt that never was new!!—
In the course of the year Eighteen hundred and two,
Aunt Fanny began,
Upon Grandmamma's plan,

To make one for me, then her "dear little man."-

-At the epoch I speak about, I was between

A man and a boy,

A hobble-de-hoy,

A fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen,—

Just beginning to flirt,

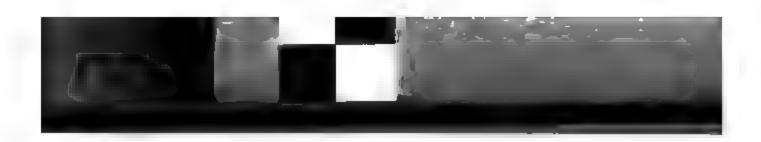
And ogle,—so pert,

I'd been whipt every day had I had my desert,

-And Aunt Fan volunteer'd to make me a shirt!

I've said she began it,—Some unlucky planet

No doubt interfered,—for, before she, and Janet Completed the "cutting out," "hemming," and "stitching," A tall Irish footman appear'd in the kitchen;—



AUNT FANNY.

This took off the maid,—And, I'm sadly afraid,

My respected Aunt Fanny's attention, too, stray'd;
For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,
Cornet Jones of the Tenth (then the Prince's) Hussars,

With his fine dark eyelashes, And finer moustaches,

And the ostrich plume work'd on the corps' sabre-taches, (I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the sashes, Or the boots far above the Guards' vile spatterdashes,)—So eyed, and so sigh'd, and so lovingly tried To engage her whole car as he lounged by her side, Looking down on the rest with such dignified pride,

That she made up her mind She should certainly find

Cornet Jones at her feet, whispering, "Fan, be my bride!"—
—She had even resolved to say "Yes," should be ask it,
—And I—and my Shirt—were both left in the basket.

To her grief and dismay She discover'd one day

Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay;
For, besides that she saw him—he could not say nay—
Wink at one of the actresses capering away
In a Spanish bolero, one night at the play,
She found he'd already a wife at Cambray;—
One at Paris,—a nymph of the corps de ballet;—
And a third down in Kent, at a place call'd Foot's-Cray.—

He was "viler than dirt!"-

Fanny vow'd to exert

All her powers to forget him,-and finish my Shirt.

But, oh! lack-a-day! How time slips away!—

Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these tricks,

Ten years had elapsed, and—I'd turn'd twenty-six!—

"I care not a whit,

—He's not grown a bit,"

Says my Aunt, "it will still be a very good fit."—
So Janet, and She,

Now about thirty-three,

(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee),
Each taking one end of "the Shirt" on her knee,
Again began working with hearty good-will,
"Felling the Seams," and "whipping the Frill,"—
For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had vanish'd,
A Frill like a fan had by no means been banish'd;
People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,
Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.—

Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps
Together, my "Shirt" had been finish'd, perhaps,
But for one of those queer little three-corner'd straps,
Which the ladies call "Side-bits," that sever the "Flaps;

Here unlucky Janet

Took her needle, and ran it
Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, "Ads cuss it!
I've spoil'd myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset!"

For a month to come
Poor dear Janet's thumb
Was in that sort of state vulgar people call "Rum."
At the end of that time,
A youth, still in his prime,



AUNT FANNY.

The Doctor's fat Errand-boy,—just such a dolt as is

Kept to mix draughts, and spread plaisters and poultices,—

Who a bread-cataplasm each morning had carried her,

Sigh'd, — ogled, — proposed, — was accepted, — and married

her!

Much did Aunt Fan
Disapprove of the plan;—
She turn'd up her dear little snub at "the Man."

She "could not believe it"—
"Could scarcely conceive it

Was possible—What! such a place!—and then leave it!—And all for a 'Shrimp' not as high as my hat—A little contemptible 'Shaver' like that!!
With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!!"

For her part, "She was sure She could never endure

A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer.—
Such a name too !—('twas Potts!)—and so nasty a trade—
No, no, she would much rather die an old maid.—
He a husband, indeed !—Well—mine, come what may come,
Shan't look like a blister, or smell of Guaiacum!"—

But there!
She'd "declare,
It was Janet's affair—
—Chacun à son goût—

As she baked she might brew—
She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—
Oh, no—she had made her own bed, and might lie in it.—
They 'repent at leisure who marry at random.'
No matter—De gustibus non disputandum!"
Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,
Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,
vol. II.

And, as the Soubrette Was a very great pet

After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,
And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,
With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal
Stuck in, here and there, each forming a petal.—
—On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,
Of course, that she ceased to remember—my Shirt!

Ten years,—or nigh,— Had again gone by,

When Fan, accidentally casting her eye
On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high
In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,
Took it down to explore it—she didn't know why—

Within, a pea-soup-colour'd fragment she spied, Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside, Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the baking.—

—I still hear her cry,—

"I wish I may die

If here isn't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making!—

My gracious me!

Well,—only to see?

I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be

Why, it looks just as though't had been soak'd in green tea!

Dear me! Did you ever?—

But come—'twill be clever

To bring matters round; so I'll do my endeavour—
'Better Late,' says an excellent proverb, 'than Never!'—
It is stain'd, to be sure; but 'grass-bleaching' will bring it
To rights 'in a jiffy.'—We'll wash it, and wring it;

Or, stay,—' Hudson's Liquor' Will do it still quicker

AUNT FANNY.

And——" Here the new maid chimed in, "Ma'am, Salt of Lemon

Will make it, in no time, quite fit for the Gemman!"—
So they "set in the gathers,"—the large round the collar,
While those at the wrist-bands of course were much smaller,—
The button-holes now were at length "overcast;"
Then a button itself was sewn on—'twas the last!

All's done!
All's won!

Never under the sun

Was Shirt so late finish'd—so early begun!—

—The work would defy

The most critical eye.

It was "bleach'd,"—it was wash'd,—it was hung out to dry,—

It was mark'd on the tail with a T and an I!

On the back of a chair it

Was placed,—just to air it,

In front of the fire.—"Tom to-morrow shall wear it!"—

—O cæca mens hominum!—Fanny, good soul,

Left her charge for one moment—but one—a vile coal

Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole!

Had it been Doctor Arnott's new stove—not a grate;— Had the coal been a "Lord Mayor's coal,"—viz., a slate;— What a diff'rent tale had I had to relate!

And Aunt Fan—and my Shirt—been superior to fate!—

One moment—no more!—

-Fan open'd the door!

The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before; And Aunt Fanny sank down—in despair—on the floor!

You may fancy, perhaps, Agrippina's amazement,
When, looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,
She saw, while thus gazing,

All Rome a-blazing,

And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or Feelings, exclaim'd, "Hang that Scamp of an Emperor,

Although he's my son!—

-He thinks it prime fun,

No doubt!—While the flames are demolishing Rome,
There's my Nero a-fiddling, and singing 'Sweet Home!'
—Stay—I'm really not sure 'twas that lady who said
The words I've put down, as she stepp'd into bed,—
On reflection, I rather believe she was dead;

But e'en when at College, I Fairly acknowledge, I

Never was very precise in Chronology; So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a Mere slip—'twas some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina.

You may fancy that warrior, so stern and so stony,
Whom thirty years since we all used to call Boney,
When, engaged in what he styled "fulfilling his destinies,"
He led his rapscallions across the Borysthenes,

And had made up his mind Snug quarters to find

In Moscow, against the catarrhs and the coughs
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the "Owskis" and "Offs,"

At a time of the year

When your nose and your ear

Are by no means so safe there as people's are here, Inasmuch as "Jack Frost," that most fearful of Bogles, Makes folks leave their cartilage oft in their "fogles."



AUNT FANNY.

You may fancy, I say,
That same Boney's dismay,
When Count Rostopchin
At once made him drop chin,
And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,
With a sort of a mort-de-ma-vie kind of look.

On perceiving that "Swing," And "all that sort of thing,"

Was at work,—that he'd just lost the game without knowing it—

That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians "agoing it,"— Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground, And the deuce of a Turn-cock at all to be found!

You may fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball
(The date we may fix
In Sixteen sixty-six,)

In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,
Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourn'd by all
Who, in his, wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall,)—
Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall—
You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,
As bursts on his sight the old church of St. Paul,
By the light of its flames, now beginning to crawl
From basement to buttress, and topping its wall—
—You may fancy old Clarendon making a call,
And stating in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,
"Sire, from Pudding Lane's End, close by Fishmongers' Hall,
To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall

¹ Not a "row," but a dance-

[&]quot;The grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls,
The scale and macea danced before him."—GRAY.

⁻And truly Sir Christopher denced to some tune. -T. I.

There, in market or street,—not a house, great or small,
In which Knight wields his falchion, or Cobbler his awl,
But's on fire!!"—You may fancy the general squall,
And bawl as they all call for wimple and shawl!—
—You may fancy all this—but I boldly assert
You can't fancy Aunt Fan—as she look'd on MY SHIRT!!!

Was't Apelles? or Zeuxis?—I think 'twas Apelles,
That artist of old—I declare I can't tell his
Exact patronymic—I write and pronounce ill
These Classical names—whom some Grecian Town-Council
Employ'd,—I believe, by command of the Oracle,—
To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,

For adorning the wall

Of some fane, or Guildhall,

And who for his subject determined to try a Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia,

At the moment her Sire, By especial desire

Of "that Spalpeen, O'Dysseus" (see Barney Maguire),

Has resolved to devote

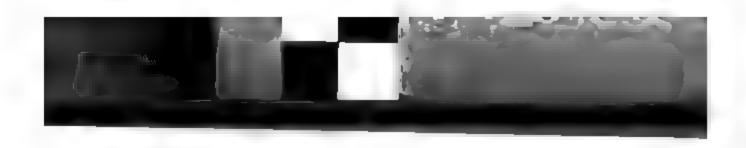
Her beautiful throat

To old Chalcas's knife, and her limbs to the fire,
—An act which we moderns by no means admire;—
An off'ring, 'tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost
No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust,—
Still, although for economy we should condemn none,
In an αναξ ανδρων, like the great Agamemnon,

To give up to slaughter

An elegant daughter,

After all the French, Music, and Dancing they'd taught her, And Singing,—at Heaven knows how much a quarter,—



AUNT FANNY.

In lieu of a Calf!--It was too bad by half!

At a "nigger" so pitiful who would not laugh, And turn up their noses at one who could find No decenter method of "Raising the Wind?"

No doubt but he might,

Without any great Flight,2

Have obtain'd it by what we call "flying a kite."
Or on mortgage—or sure, if he couldn't so do it, he
Must have succeeded "by way of annuity."

But there—it appears, His crocodile tears,

His "Oh!s" and his "Ah!s" his "Oh Law!s" and "Oh dear!s"

Were all thought sincere,—so in painting his Victim The Artist was splendid—but could not depict *Him*.

> His features, and phiz awry Show'd so much misery, And so like a dragon he Look'd in his agony,

That the foil'd Painter buried—despairing to gain a Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana.

—Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's hurt By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—

-Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan-and My Shirt!

MORAL

And now for some practical hints from the story Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid before ye;

¹ Hibernich "nigger," quasi "niggerd," Vide B. Maguire passim.—T I.
* See footnote, p. 49.

For, if rather too gay,

I can venture to say
fine vein of morality is, in each lay
Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing trait!—

First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may,
Without inconvenience, be managed to-day!
That golden occasion we call "Opportunity"
Rarely's neglected by man with impunity!
And the "Future," how brightly soe'er by Hope's dupe colour'd,
Ne'er may afford
You a lost chance restored,

Till both you, and YOUR SHIRT, are grown old, and peasoup-colour'd!

I would also desire
You to guard your attire,
Young Ladies,—and never go too near the fire!—
Depend on't there's many a dear little Soul
Has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,—
And "in her best petticoat burnt a great hole!"

Last of all, gentle Reader, don't be too secure!— Let seeming success never make you "cock-sure!"

> But beware !—and take care, When all things look fair,

How you hang your Shirt over the back of your chair!-

—"There's many a slip

'Twixt the cup and the lip!"

Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,
And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD!

AUNT FANNY.

NOTES.

" — And Aunt Fan volunteer'd to make me a shirt."—P. 414.

The piece of family history connected with the manufacture of the "pea-soup-coloured shirt," might not, perhaps, be particularly interesting to the general reader. Enough that such a garment was actually taken in hand by a certain Miss Fanny; whether it was ever completed is matter of the gravest doubt. One thing, however, is unquestionable, viz., the olive branches that cluster round her hearth abundantly testify that, warned doubtless by the "moral" of the poet, she at least has not missed—

"That golden occasion we call 'opportunity."

"Had the coal been a 'Lord Mayor's coal,'-viz., a slate."-P. 419.

An enterprising merchant of Scotland Yard, on the strength of having supplied the Mansion House with a few tons of exceedingly cheap coals, advertised them as "Lord Mayor's coals," under which name they became notorious for their decidedly antiphlogistic properties.

"On perceiving that 'Swing,'
And 'all that sort of thing,'
Was at work."—P. 421.

Towards the close of 1830, an organized system of rick-burning was set on foot in the agricultural counties, particularly in Kent. The atrocities were supposed to be directed by one Captain Swing, in whose name threatening letters were sent to farmers and others, including many people of note. Extraordinary stories were told of the manner in which the fire was communicated. A blue flame would be seen, so it was said, to run, rocket-like, along the ridge of a stack and down its sides, and in one minute the whole would be in a blaze. Several persons declared that they saw the blue spark traverse the air and descend; and now and then a long slender wire was said to be found among the ashes. A considerable

number of persons saw the fire begin before their very eyes, without being able to discover traces of trespassers. The mischief done was doubtless considerable, and how it was done was never learned. All sorts of exaggerated reports were set afloat, and the panic became extreme, gradually pervading all ranks of society. The following burlesque letter on the subject, by the hand of Thomas Ingoldsby, went the round of the papers:—

"Mr. Editor,—Sir, I protest to goodness I'm all of a tremble. What do you think? I have had a letter from Swing; directed 'PAUL PRY, A SKEWER (that's his bad spelling), M.P., M.D., F.R.S.'—all very proper—and what do you think he says? Why, that if I come peeping about (me peep!) into his consarns, he'll stuff me into a gin-keg, and set me afloat in the Thames, with my head out of the bung-hole! There's a pretty fellow for you! What do you think of that? What's Charles Kemble's letter to that, I should like to know? I protest to goodness I'm all of a twitter. The Thames! so confounded deep, you know; and such cold weather, too. Not that I mind a wetting, but one's umbrella is of no use in a river. Isn't there such a thing as a water guard? Send off to the Thames Police Office to-morrow, and get some of the Preventive Service to prevent him—wish I may die if I don't. Duck an M.P.! Why it's a breach of privilege. I'll have him before the House. Duck a doctor! let me catch him some day wanting his back rubbed! I'll give it him—I'll incendiaryfy him. All my friends are writing to me, and saying that he has become quite a nuisance. He has sent a note to Lord Brougham to say, that 'if he don't keep his nose still, he'll come and cut it off!' There's a pretty letter to a Lord High Chancellor! Another to Horace Twiss, 'that if he talks any more nonsense he'll turn him inside out.' Poor fellow! musn't open his mouth; besides he's been turned out once, you know, already; very sad thing for him too. My friend Joe Hume has had one bidding him wind up his accounts, 'for he'll make a vulgar fraction of him.' Joe in a terrible passion. Letter came by the twopenny post unpaid. Sent one to Lord Melbourne, told him 'if he continued to lie in bed till twelve and shave at breakfast, he'd come and shave him himself with an iron hoop, and soap him with tallow and treacle!' Pretty thing to say to his Majesty's Secretary of State. Popped a note under Bishop Philpott's knocker; says,

AUNT FANNY.

'When he puts on his wig he'll set it on fire!' There's impudence! ten times worse than the stacks! Flung one down Sam Rogers's area; says 'if he don't go quietly home to his coffin he'll kill him over again.' Too bad, after the poor man's been dead and buried so long. Capital likeness of Sam, by the by, that in Fraser—full length, taken from the death. Has written to Drury Lane, and asked Mr. Lee 'for an order for two to kiss Mrs. Waylett.' There's assurance! Did you ever hear the like of that? Very immoral—very improper. But, after all, what is one to do? Where is one to go? Upon my life these letters are very alarming. Life isn't life on such terms—not worth picking up in the streets. As for me—if it last—I shall go to China.

" Yours, &c.,
"PAUL PRY."—(T. I.)

One allusion in the above squib may at this day need explanation. It was a standing joke against Sam Rogers, on account of the somewhat cadaverous hue of his countenance, to speak of him as dead and buried. Hook once asked him, why, with all his wealth, he went about the streets on foot. "You ought," he said, "to keep a hearse like a respectable body." And on the poet telling Sydney Smith that he was going to have his portrait taken, the latter advised him to have it taken with his face in his hat, saying his prayers.

THE SHERIFF'S BALL.

"Raphael, the sociable spirit."—MILTON.

"HERE'S glorious news!" cried Cousin Jack,
One Sunday, in a morning call
He made about a twelvemonth back—
"The Sheriff's going to give a Ball!"

Up started Jane, and I, and Bess;
One general rapture seized us all;
"Pink satin shoes,"—"kid gloves,"—"lace dress,"—
"That angel, Raphael, gives a Ball!"

The Sunday Times has got it in,

The John Bull, too, in pica small,

The Age, th' Observer, all begin

To talk of Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

And Pa's a livery-man, you know,
Of Bassishaw by London Wall,
And so, of course, we all shall go
To Mister Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

Next day Ma sent our porter, Bill,

To call a coach, to take us all

To Ellis's on Ludgate Hill,

To shop for Sheriff Raphael's Ball



THE SHERIFF'S BALL.

There she, resolving to look nice,
Bought for herself a Cashmere Shawl,
A Toque, and Bird of Paradise,
To wear at Sheriff Raphael's Ball;

And Betsey bought the sweetest things,
The last consignment from Bengal,
All green-and-gold and beetles' wings
To be the pride of Raphael's Ball!

And Jane, a new white satin slip
And I, because I'm rather tall,
A sky-blue China crape, to trip
Away in at the Sheriff's Ball;

And Cousin Jack, who's so genteel,
Before he went, engaged us all
To dance with him the new quadrille,
And waltz, at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

Oh, how we teased Madame de Lolme,
And Ma'amselle Victorine St. Paul,
"—Pray don't forget to send all home,
In time for Sheriff Raphael's Ball!"

"Twas all prepared—gloves, bouquets, shoes,
And dresses—Jane's a thought too small;—
But ah! no Jack announced the news,
"To-morrow's Sheriff Raphael's Ball!"

At length he comes! in eager haste

His stock and plaited frill we maul—

Never was man so close embraced—

"O Jack! WHEN'S Sheriff Raphael's Ball?"

- "Why, really—I—that is—the day
 Precisely"—with his Bond Street drawl
 Cries Jack—"I can't exactly say
 What day is fixed for Raphael's Ball;
- "But he who fills the civic chair,
 I find, has promised him Guildhall,
 So ten to one the new Lord Mayor,
 Will dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball,

For though my Lord's a Tory true,
And Raphael's but a Radi-cal,
Yet politics have nought to do,
You know, with any Sheriff's Ball.

And Mister Pearson 1 will be there,
With Galloway from Codger's Hall,
And all the Lumber Troop,"—" Oh dear!
I long for Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

- "For there will be Sir John,2 whose son At sixteen thought for place too small, Grew up, in one night, to twenty-one,— He'll come to Sheriff Raphael's Ball.
- "And Michael Scales will doff his steel,
 And quit his snug Whitechapel stall,
 Blue apron, block, and donkey veal,
 To dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball."
- ¹ City Solicitor.
- ² Sir John Key,—twice Lord Mayor of London,—who had recently fallen into some trifling error in the computation of his son's age.
- * An allusion to a practical joke (not generally appreciated) perpetrated by the worthy Alderman, who killed, dressed, and exposed in his shop a jackass, and pleasantly passed it off as veal.



THE SHERIFF'S BALL.

At morn, at eve, that livelong week,
And e'en when night her sable pall
Had spread around, no tongue could speak
Of aught save Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

Nay, not our waking thoughts alone, Our midnight dreams could we recall, Ma, Jane, and Betsey, all would own, They were of Sheriff Raphael's Ball,

Time flies—three months are gone—again
Our Cousin Jack repeats his call—

"What news?" exclaims th' impatient train,
"What news of Sheriff Raphael's Ball?"

Jack shakes his head—"Alack!" cries he,
—His tones our very hearts appal—

"He's striving to become M.P.,
And must perforce put off his Ball!"

" Spring flies away—and summer, then The autumn leaves begin to fall,

"O Jack! in pity tell us, when, Oh when is Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

"O'er Jane's white slip a bilious hue By slow degrees begins to crawl—

A yellowish tint invades my blue— 'Twill fade ere Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

"And poor Mamma!—although her part
The philosophic Ma'am de Staël
Could not more firmly play,—her heart
In secret yearns for Raphael's Ball."

On leaden wings November flies,
And more disasters still befall.

In rushes Jack—"Alas!" he cries,
"No hopes of Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

"For oh! there has been such a breeze,
A breeze that, freshening to a squall,
Became a hurricane.—Agrees
A whirlwind with a Sheriff's Ball?

"Jane! Betsey! Sue!—that shocking man— He with the tail—who loves a brawl! That horrid, ranting, roaring Dan Has upset Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

"The blunt—the stuff—the rhino—ay,
Two thousand pounds! a glorious haul!
A sum which had gone near to pay
The whole expense of Raphael's Ball!!"

"But 'tis done—all now are idle!"
(So sang Byron in his yawl)
And we now perforce must bridle
Each fond wish for Raphael's Ball!

And yet the Gloves—the Crape—the Toque—
The spangled muslin from Nepaul!

Oh, it would e'en a saint provoke
Thus diddled out of Raphael's Ball!

Shame on their heads! but Dan on thine
Our heaviest maledictions fall—
Pa's, Ma's, Jane's, Betsey's, Jack's, and mine,
Thou Thalaba of Raphael's Ball!!

THE SHERIFF'S BALL.

NOTE.

"Two thousand pounds! a glorious haul!

A sum which had gone near to pay
The whole expense of Raphael's Ball."—P. 432.

In 1835, the elections for the county of Carlow having been declared void, Mr. Raphael bargained with O'Connell for a seat, at the price of £2,000; the latter assuring him that he would never again meet with so safe a speculation. The particulars of the engagement were made public in consequence of a quarrel which took place between O'Connell and the candidate, who was unseated on petition, and whose defence was abandoned—contrary to the agreement, as he averred—by the "Liberator." O'Connell retorted in the most bitter terms, describing his late nominee as "a faithless creature who had never observed any contract, and with whom no person ever had a dealing without being sorry for it." Utterly unjust as this defence was, it was nevertheless decided at the close of the long Parliamentary inquiry which ensued, "that no charge of pecuniary interest can be attached to Mr. O'Connell."

As for the Ball, an entertainment of the sort was at this time promised, or at all events expected; but from some cause or other—possibly that suggested by the poet—it was postponed sine die, greatly to the disgust of the "gay city ladies."

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UNSOPHISTICATED WISHES.

BY MISS JEMIMA INGOLDSBY, AGED 15.

(Communicated by her Cousin Tom.)

OH! how I should like in a Coach to ride,
Like the Sheriffs I saw upon Lord Mayor's day,
With a Coachman and little Postilion astride
On the back of the leader, a prancing bay.

And then behind it, oh! I should glory
To see the tall serving men standing upright,
Like the two who attend Mister Montefiore,
(Sir Moses, I should say, for now he's a Knight.)

And then the liveries, I know it is rude to Find fault—but I'll hint, as he can't see me blush, That I'd not have the things I can only allude to Either orange in hue or constructed of plush;

But their coats and their waistcoats and hats are delightful, Their charming silk stockings—I vow and declare Our John's ginger gaiters, so wrinkled and frightful, I never again shall be able to bear.



UNSOPHISTICATED WISHES.

Oh! how I should like to have diamonds and rubies,
And large plume of feathers and flowers in my hair.
My gracious! to think how our Tom and those boobies,
Jack Smith and his friend Mister Thompson, would stare.

Then how I should like to drive to Guildhall, And to see the nobility flocking in shoals, With their two-guinea tickets to dance at the ball Which the Lord Mayor gives for relief of the Poles.

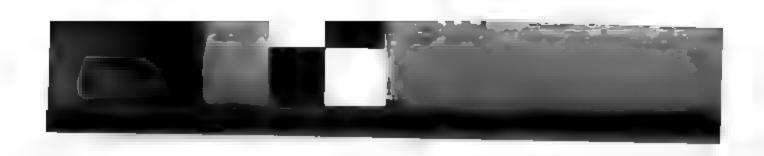
And to look at the gas so uncommonly pretty,
And the stars and the armour all just as they were,
The day that the Queen came in state to the city,
To dine with the whole Corporation and Mayor.

Oh! how I should like to see Jane and Letitia, Miss Jones and the two Misses Frump sitting still, While dear Ensign Brown, of the West Kent Militia, Solicits my hand for the "Supper" Quadrille.

With his fine white teeth and his cheek like a rose, And his black cravat and his diamond pin, And the nice little moustache under his nose, And the dear *little* tuft on the tip of his chin.

And how I should like some fine morning to ride In my coach, and my white satin shoes and gown, To St. James's Church, with a Beau by my side; And I shouldn't much care if his name was Brown. THE foregoing pages contain the whole series of Poems, and Tales in Prose, published under the name of Thomas Ingoldsby; of these, "The Legend of Languedoc," "The Buccaneer's Curse," "The House-warming," "The Lay of St. Romwold," and "The Brothers of Birchington," appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, the remainder in Bentley's Miscellany. "Dick's Long-tail'd Coat," "The Country Seat," and "The Sheriff's Ball," originally printed in Blackwood's Magazine, are now for the first time included in the collection, together with the unfinished poem, called "The Radiant Boy."

The following articles, prior in point of date, are by the same author, and, with few exceptions, of a similar character with his better known effusions. The first three are versions of dramas produced—"Hermann," at the English Opera House; "William Rufus," I believe, at Drury Lane; and "Marie Mignot," at the Haymarket Theatre; to which is now added "The Duchess of Ormond," an account of a play of that name, by Mr. Alfred Bunn. The concluding lines are those alluded to in the Memoir as having been the last that fell from Mr. Barham's pen, and which were written during one of those weary nights of watchfulness occasioned by his disease.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,



HERMANN; OR, THE BROKEN SPEAR.

A N Emperor, famous in council and camp,
Has a son who turns out a remarkable scamp;

Takes to dicing and drinking,

And d-ning and sinking,

And carries off maids, wives, and widows, like winking! Since the days of Arminius, his namesake, than Hermann There never was seen a more profligate German.

He escapes from the City:

And joins some banditti

Insensible quite to remorse, fear, and pity;
Joins in all their carousals, and revels, and robberies,

And in kicking up all sorts of shindies and bobberies.

Well, hearing one day

His associates say

That a bridal procession was coming their way,

Inflamed with desire, he

Breaks into a priory,

And kicking out every man Jack of a friar, he Upsets in a twinkling the mass-books and hassocks, And dresses his rogues in the clergyman's cassocks.

The new married folks

Taken in by this hoax,

Mister Hermann grows frisky and full of his jokes:
To the serious chagrin of her late happy suitor,
Catching hold of the Bride, he attempts to salute her:

Now Heaven knows what

Had become of the lot—

It's Turtle to Tripe they'd have all gone to pot—

If a Dumb Lady, one

Of her friends, had not run

To her aid, and, quite scandalized, stopp'd all his fun!

Just conceive what a caper

He cut, when her taper

Long fingers scrawled this upon whitey-brown paper (At the instant he seized, and before he had kiss'd her)—
"Ha' done, Mister Hermann! for shame! it's your sister!"
His hair stands on end,—he desists from his tricks,
And remains in "a pretty particular fix."

As he knows Sir John Nicholl¹ Still keeps rods in pickle,

Offences of this kind severely to tickle,

At so near an escape from his court and its sentence His eyes fill with tears, and his breast with repentance:

So, picking and stealing,

And unrighteous dealing,

Of all sorts, he cuts, from this laudable feeling:

Of wickedness weary,

With many a tear, he

Now takes a French leave of the vile Condottieri;

And the next thing we hear of this penitent villain,

He is begging in rags in the suburbs of Milan.

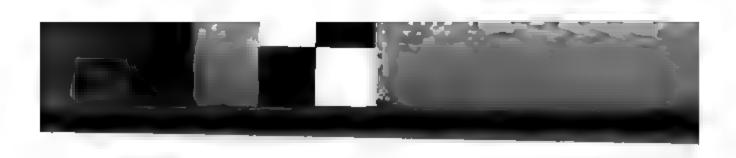
Half-starved, meagre, and pale, His energies fail,

When his sister comes in with a pot of mild ale;

But though tatter'd his jerkins,

His heart is whole,—workings

¹ Judge of the Court of Arches.



HERMANN; OR, THE BROKEN SPEAR.

Of conscience debar him from "Barclay and Perkins."

"I'll drink," exclaims he,

"Nothing stronger than tea,

And that but the worst and the weakest Bohea,
Till I've done—from my past scenes of folly a far actor—
Some feat shall redeem both my wardrobe and character."
At signs of remorse so decided and visible,

Nought can equal the joy of his fair sister Isabel,

And the Dumb Lady, too,

Who runs off to a Jew,

And buys him a coat of mail spick and span new,
In the hope that his prowess and deeds as a Knight
Will keep his late larcenies quite out of sight.
By the greatest good luck, his old friends, the banditti,
Choose this moment to make an attack on the city!

Now you all know the way Heroes hack, hew, and slay,

When once they get fairly mix'd up in a fray:

Hermann joins in the méléc, Pounds this to a jelly,

Runs that through the back, and a third through the belly, Till many a broken bone, bruised rib, and flat head, Make his *ci-devant* friends curse the hour that he ratted.

> Amid so many blows, Of course you'll suppose

He must get a black eye, or at least bloody nose:
"Take that!" cried a bandit, and struck, while he spoke it,
His spear in his breast, and in pulling out broke it.

Hermann fainted away

When, as breathless he lay,

A rascal claim'd all the renown of the day;

A recreant, cowardly, white-liver'd knight,

Who had skulk'd in a furze-bush the whole of the fight.

But the Dumb Lady soon Put some gin in a spoon,

And half strangles poor Hermann, who wakes from his swoon And exhibits his wound, when the head of the spear Fits its handle, and makes his identity clear. The murder thus out, Hermann's feted and thanked, While his rascally rival gets toss'd in a blanket:

And to finish the play—
As reform'd rakes, they say,

Make the best of all husbands—the very same day

Hermann sends for a priest, as he must wed with some lady,

Buys a ring and a licence, and marries the Dumb Lady.

MORAL.

Take warning, young people of ev'ry degree,
From Hermann's example, and don't live too free;
If you get in bad company, fly from it soon;
If you chance to get thrash'd, take some gin in a spoon;
And remember, since wedlock's not all sugar-candy;
If you wish to 'scape "wigging," a dumb wife's the dandy!

HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY;

TO BE CALLED

WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER.

ACT I.

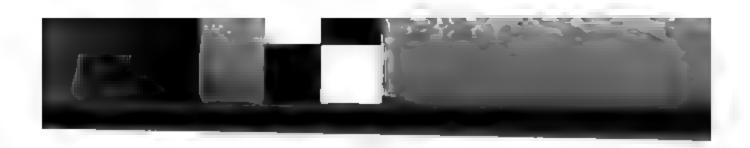
XYALTER TYRRELL, the son of a Norman Papa, Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mamma: Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons, He's a sort of a sub in the Rufus Dragoons; Has travell'd, but comes home abruptly, the rather That some unknown rascal has murder'd his Father; And scarce has he pick'd out, and stuck in his quiver, The arrow that pierc'd the old gentleman's liver, When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone, That his sweetheart has bolted,—with whom is not known. But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady At Court, with her character grown rather shady: This gives him the "blues," and impairs the delight He'd have otherwise felt, when they dub him a Knight For giving a runaway stallion a check, And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

ACT II.

Sir Walter has dress'd himself up like a Ghost, And frightens a soldier away from his post; Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher, Draws it over his ears, and pretends he's a Friar. This gains him access to his sweetheart, Miss Faucit; But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet; Where, oddly enough, among some of her things, He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's, Of the very same pattern with that which he found Sticking into his father when dead on the ground! Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door, Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor, With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye, And blows up King William the Second, sky-high; Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs, That his Majesty bids his men kick him down stairs.

Act III.

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect,
That as King he's been treated with gross disrespect;
So he pens a short note to a holy physician,
And gives him a rather unholy commission,
Viz., to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
Which the chances are Tyrrell may find and drink up.
Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
Perceives in his walks this same cup on the altar.
As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
When Miss Faucit, in tears, comes in running like winking;
He pauses, of course, and, as she's thirsty too,
Says, very politely, "Miss, I after you!"



HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

The young lady curtaies, and, being so dry,
Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
That there's not a drop left him to "wet t'other eye;"
While the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
She merely says "Thank'ee, Sir Walter," and dies.
At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
Pops in en passant on the desperate lover,
Who has vow'd, not five minutes before, to transfix him,
—So he does,—he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
From the strength of his arm and the force of his blows,
The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose;
And Sir Walter, thus having concluded his quarrel,
Walks down to the foot-lights, and draws this fine moral:—
"Ladies and Gentlemen,

Lead sober lives;
Don't meddle with other folks' Sweethearts or Wives;
When you go out a-sporting, take care of your gun,
And—never shoot elderly people in fun!"

MARIE MIGNOT.

MISS MARIE MIGNOT was a nice little Maid,
Her Uncle a Cook, and a Laundress her trade;
And she loved, as dearly as any one can,
Mister Lagardie, a nice little man.

But oh! But oh! Story of woe!

A sad interloper, one Monsieur Modeau,

Ugly and old,
With plenty of gold,
Made his approach
In an elegant coach:

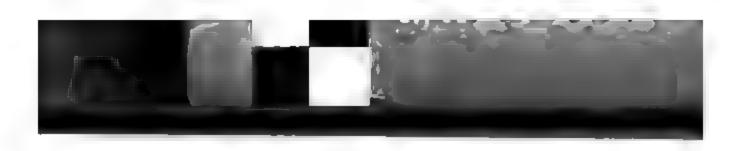
Her fancy was charm'd with the splendour and show, And he bore off the false-hearted Molly Mignot.

Monsieur Modeau was crazy and old, And Monsieur Modeau caught a terrible cold; His nose was stuff'd, and his throat was sore, He had physic by the quart and Doctors by the score.

They sent squills
And pills,

And very long bills,

And all they could do did not make him get well, He sounded his M's and his N's like an L.



MARIE MIGNOT.

A shocking bad cough
At last took him off,
And Mister Lagardie, her former young beau,
Came a-courting again to the Widow Modeau.

Mister Lagardie, to gain him éclat, Had cut the Cook's shop and follow'd the law; And, when Monsieur Modeau set out on his journey, Was an Articled Clerk to a Special Attorney.

> He gave her a call On the day of a ball,

To which she'd invited the Court, Camp and all;

But "poor dear Lagardie"
Again was too tardy,
For a Marshal of France
Had just ask'd her to dance;

In a twinkling, the ci-devant Madame Modeau Was wife of the Marshal Lord Marquis Dinot. Mister Lagardie was shock'd at the news, And went and enlisted at once in the Blues.

The Marquis Dinot Felt a little so so—

Took physic, grew worse, and had notice to go— He died, and was shelved, and his Lady so gay Smiled again on Lagardie, now placed on full pay, A Swedish Field-Marshal with a guinea a day;

> When an old Ex-King Just show'd her the ring:

To be Queen, she conceived was a very fine thing; But the King turn'd a Monk,

And Lagardie got drunk,

And said to the Lady, with a deal of ill-breeding, "You may go to the d---l, and I'll go to Sweden."



THE INGOLDSBY LEGE

Thus, between the two s
Like some other fools,
Her Ladyship found
Herself plump on the gr
So she cried, and she stamp'd, and s
And she drove to a convent and nev

MORAL

Wives, Maidens, and Widows, attended in a fine moral lesson you'd draw from the Haymarket go

And see Marie Mignot;
Miss Kelly plays Marie, and William
Mrs. Glover and Vining
Are really quite shining

And though Thompson in Has almost too much can Yet it's not fair to pass I John Cooper's Cassimir, And the piece would be

Without Mr. Farren;
No matter, go there, and they'll teac
Of coquetting and ogling and playin

Of coquetting and ogling and playin Such folks gallop awhile, but at last

Had Molly Mignot Behaved comme il faut,

Nor married the Lawyer, nor Marqui She had ne'er been a nun, whose fan But the mother of half-a-score little

SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF A NEW DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

THE Duchess of Ormond, rich, comely, and fat,
Is in love with a man in a "shocking bad hat;"
And the Duke coming home from a ball, about two,
Finds the man in her bed-room, and says, "Who are you?"
Says he, "My name's MORTIMER; I'm an old beau
Of her Grace, ere you married her, three years ago!"
Says the Duke, "We were married in France, so, of course,
I must back to France, then, and get a divorce."

ACT II.

Four years have elapsed, and, released from her vows,
The Duchess is now Mr. Mortimer's spouse,
And her happiness has but this single alloy—
Mr. Mortimer don't like the Duke's little boy;
So catching, one day, the young gentleman tripping,
He seizes him rudely, and gives him a whipping:
Mrs. Mortimer grows very angry, and sends
Master Charles, that same afternoon, home to his friends.

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THE INGOLDSBY LE

ACT III.

Six months more are gone, and the Darotake his son with him to France, for And poor Mrs. Mortimer, hearing of Steps across to the garden to give him Mr. Mortimer follows, and, being so that no very great touble in climbing The Duke, spying him out, asks again Mr. Mortimer says, "Here are pistols "By all means," says his Grace, "it's Your Worship for giving my boy such So each cocks his pistol, and no more But the Duke sends a bullet through And they let down the curtain the mo





THE TRUANTS.

THREE little Demons have broken loose
From the National School below!
They are resolved to play truant to-day,
Their primer and slate they have cast away,
And away, and away they go!
"Hey boys! hey boys! up go we!
Who so merry as we three?"

The reek of that most infernal pit

Where sinful souls are stewing,
Rises so black, that in viewing it,
A thousand to one but you'd ask with surprise
As its murky columns met your eyes,

"Pray is Old Nick a-browing?"
Thither these three little Devils repair,
And mount by steam to the uppermost air.

They have got hold of a wandering star
That happen'd to come within hail.
Oh swiftly they glide!

As they merrily ride All a cock-stride Of that Comet's tail.

Oh the pranks! Oh the pranks!

The merry pranks, the mad pranks,

These wicked urchins play!

They kiss'd the Virgin and fill'd her with dread,
They popped the Scorpion into her bed;
They broke the pitcher of poor Aquarius,
They stole the arrows of Sagittarius,
And they skimm'd the Milky Way;
They fill'd the Scales with sulphur full,
They halloed the Dog-star on at the Bull,

And pleased themselves with the noise;

They set the Lion
On poor Orion;
They shaved all the hair
Off the Lesser Bear;
They kick'd the shins
Of the Gemini Twins—

Those heavenly Siamese Boys!— Never was such confusion and wrack, As they produced in the Zodiac!—

"Huzza! Huzza!

Away! Away!

Let us go down to the earth and play!

Now we go up, up, up,

Now we go down, down, down,

Now we go backwards and forwards,

Now we go round, round, round!"

Thus they gambol, and scramble, and tear,

Till at last they arrive at the nethermost air.

And pray now what were these Devilets call'd? These three little Fiends so gay?

THE TRUANTS.

One was Cob!

Another was Mob!

The last and the least was young Chittabob!

Queer little Devils were they!

Cob was the strongest,

Mob was the wrongest,

Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest!

Three more frolicsome Imps, I ween,

Beëlzebub's self hath seldom seen.

Over Mountain, over Fell,

Glassy Fountain, mossy Dell,

Rocky Island, barren Strand,

Over Ocean, over Land;

With frisk and bound, and squeaks and squalls,

Heels over head, and head over heels;

With curlings and twistings, and twirls and wheeleries,

Down they drop at the gate of the Tuileries.

Courtiers were bowing and making legs,

While Charley le Roi was bolting eggs:

"Mob," says Cob,

"Chittabob," says Mob,

"Come here, you young Devil, we're in for a job!"

Up jumps Cob to the Monarch's ear,

"Charley, my jolly boy, never fear;

If you mind all their jaw

About Charter and Law,

You might just as well still be the Count d'Artois!

No such thing,

Show 'em you're King,

Tip 'em an Ordinance,1 that's the thing!"

¹ An allusion to the issuing of the famous ordonnances of July 1830, which proved the immediate cause of the revolutionary outbreak.

Charley dined,
Took his pen and sign'd;
Then Mob kick'd over his throne from behind!
"Huzza! Huzza! we may scamper now!
For here we have kick'd up a jolly good row!"

"Over the water and over the Sea,
And over the water with Charlie;"
Now they came skipping and grinning with glee,
Not pausing to chaff or to parley,

Over, over,
On to Dover;
On fun intent,
All through Kent

These mischievous Devils so merrily went.

Over hill and over dale,
Sunken hollow, lofty ridge,
Frowning cliff, and smiling vale,
Down to the foot of Westminster-bridge.

"Hollo," says Cob,

"There's the Duke and Sir Bob!

After 'em Chittabob, after 'em Mob."

Mob flung gravel, and Chittabob pebbles,

His Grace c——'d them both for a couple of rebels:

His feelings were hurt,

By the stones and the dirt:—

In went he,

In an ecstasy,

And blew up the nobles of high degree.1

¹ It was on the 2d of November, 1830, on the opening of the Session, that the Duke of Wellington, irritated by the violence of the mob, made the intemperate speech alluded to. He resigned on the 15th of the same month.

THE TRUANTS.

"Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hume, May fret and may fume—

And so may all you whom I see in this room:

Come weal, come woe, come calm, come storm-

I'll see you all—bless'd—ere I give you Reform!"

"Bravo!" says Chittabob, "that's your sort.

Come along, schoolfellows, here's more sport.

Look there! look there!

There's the great Lord May'r!

With the gravest of Deputies close to his chair;

With Hobler, his Clerk!

Just the thing for a lark;

Huzza! huzza! boys, follow me now;

Here we may kick up another good row."

Here they are, Swift as a star,

They shoot in mid air, over Temple Bar!

Zach. Macaulay 1 beheld the flight,

Of these three little dusky sons of night,

And his heart swell'd with joy and elation—

"Oh, see!" quoth he,

"Those Niggerlings three,

Who have just got emancipation!"

Lord Key 2 took fright:

At the very first sight,

The whole Court of Aldermen wheel'd to the right; Some ran from *Chittabob*—more from *Mob*, The great *locum tenens* ³ jump'd up upon *Cob*,

¹ Zachary Macaulay, one of the most strenuous labourers of the company who toiled so hard for the abolition of slavery—the friend of Wilberforce and Simeon.

² Sir John Key, Lord Mayor.

³ Sir Claudius Hunter, Colonel of the City Militia.

Who roar'd and ran, With the Alderman,

To the Home Office, pick-a-back—catch 'em who can!

"Stay at home—here's a plot, And I can't tell you what; If you don't I'll be shot But you'll all go to pot."

Ah, little he ween'd, while the ground he thus ran over, 'Twas a Cob he bestrode—not his white horse from Hanover.

Back they came galloping through the Strand, When Joseph Lancaster, stick in hand, Popp'd up his head before 'em.

Well we know,
That honest old Joe,
Is a sort of High Master down below,
And teaches the Imps decorum.
Satan had started him off in a crack,
To flog these three little runaways back.

Fear each assails; Every one quails;

"Oh dear! how he'll tickle our little black tails! Have done, have done,

Here's that 'son of a gun,'

Old Joe, come after us,—run, boys, run!"

Off ran Cob, Off ran Mob,

And off in a fright ran young Chittabob.

Joe caught Chittabob just by the tail,

And Cob by his crumpled horn;

¹ The inventor of the method of mutual instruction in schools before Dr. Bell, though the system is usually named after the latter.



THE TRUANTS.

Bitterly then did these Imps bewail

That ever they were born!

Mob got away,

But none to this day

Know exactly whither he went;

Some say he's been seen about Blackfriars Bridge,

And some say he's down in Kent.

But where'er he may roam,

He has not ventured home,

Since the day the three took wing,

And many suppose,

He has changed his clothes,

And now goes by the name of "Swing!"

1

See note, page 245.

THE POPLAR.

A Y, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
We carved her initials; though not very lately,
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaim'd Georgiana;
Our heart's empress then; see, 'tis grown all askew;
And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D, too, that once stood for Dobbin,
Her loved patronymic—ah! can it be so?

Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been robbing;
A D?—we'll be Deed if it isn't an O!

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,

That thus on our labours stern Chronos should frown;

Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,

And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down!



NEW-MADE HONOUR.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

A FRIEND I met some half-hour since—

"Good morrow, Jack!" quoth I;

The new-made Knight, like any Prince
Frown'd, nodded, and pass'd by;

When up came Jem—"Sir John, your Slave!"

"Ah, James! we dine at eight—

Fail not"—(low bows the supple knave)

"Don't make my lady wait."

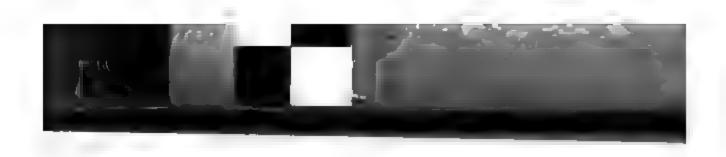
The King can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

EPIGRAM.

"He has exposed himself constantly at the head of his men, and in cases where decision and promptitude were necessary."—Corresp. of the Courier.

BRAVE LEOPOLD, so says a knight of the pen,
"Has exposed himself much at the head of his men."
As his men ran away without waiting to fight,
To expose himself there's to be first in the flight.
Had it not been as well, when he saw his men quail,
To have stay'd and exposed himself more at their tail?
Or say, is it fair, in this noblest of quarrels,
To suffer the chief to engross all the laurels?
No! his men, so the muse to all Europe shall sing,
Have exposed themselves fully as much as their King.

¹ In 1831, soon after the election of Leopold to the throne of Belgium, war broke out with the Dutch. The King, who in person commanded a division of his army, had his position turned at Louvain, and the Belgians were compelled to retire.



SONG.

I,

THERE sits a bird on yonder tree,
More fond than Cushat Dove;
There sits a bird on yonder tree,
And sings to me of love.
Oh! stoop thee from thine eyrie down!
And nestle thee near my heart,
For the moments fly,
And the hour is nigh,
When thou and I must part,
My Love!
When thou and I must part.

IL

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
The pride of the sylvan scene;
In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
And I am his only Queen;
Oh! bound from thy secret lair,
For the sun is below the west;
No mortal eye
May our meeting spy,
For all are closed in rest,
My Love!
Each eye is closed in rest.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

III.

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn!

When the sun's first beams appear;
Oh! sweet is the Shepherd's strain,
When it dies on the listening ear;
And sweet the soft voice which speaks
The Wanderer's welcome home;
But sweeter far
By you pale mild star,
With our true Love thus to roam,
My Dear!
With our own true love to roam!



EPIGRAM.

EHEU FUGACES.

WHAT Horace says is,

Eheu fugaces

Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!

Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!

Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,

Taglionis and Ellslers, Duvernays, and Ceritos,

Sighing, I murmur, "O miki prateritos!"

SONG.

'IIIS sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness; I hear her voice, in still small accents, tell Of realms of bliss, and never-fading brightness, Where those who loved on earth together dwell.

Ah! yet a while, blest shade, thy flight delaying, The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer, To her rapt gaze, in visions bland displaying, Th' unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,
She spurns the thraldom of encumbering clay;
Then, as on earth, in tenderest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day!



And sady say the Bird as it percht upon a bier

That joy our smale was yone

And the face was white and wan

As the down upon the Swan

As I lay a thy why ye of bites book the tear

It I laye a thyphynye the golden hun was linking it glittered in hur breash o maine say the Bird as the flow from the breash while while the stains the seemed to rise it to the stains the seemed to rise it to be a lay a thymhynye her meaning was espect to show flow I have away lime away in show to de lay a thy boots not to de lay "Twas so she seemed to say, Here is not

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

I.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his waye.

II.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!

There seem'd a crimson plain,

Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,

And a steed with broken rein

Ran free;

As I laye a-thynkynge, most pityful to see!

III.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
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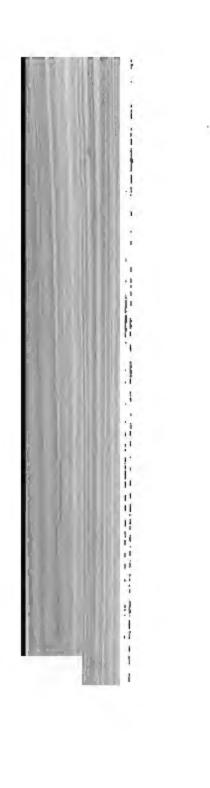
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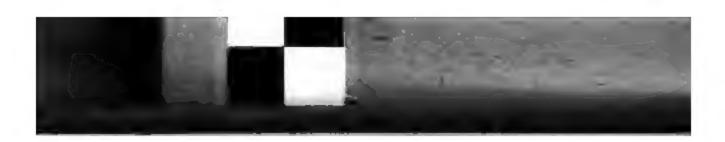
J.W.











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